Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

November

25 CENTS

Beginning—

"No One Man"

by RUPERT HUGHES

...now watch us *tackle* a Milky Way

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

MARS, INC., 2019-2059 NORTH OAK PARK AVENUE, CHICAGO

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for November 1930

"Pink tooth brush". .

I don't like the looks of that–

CHECK
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

YOUR gums may bleed, slightly or occasionally, without causing you any pain. Perhaps it would be better if they hurt you severely!

For then you'd do something about "pink tooth brush"—the first visible sign of an unhealthy condition of your gums.

And, as your dentist will unhesitatingly confirm, "pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of stubborn troubles of the gums. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, yes, even pyorrhea give their warning signal, well in advance, in the presence of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

* * *

Modern life encourages weak and flabby gums. The foods you eat are soft, and lack the stimulating roughage that keeps gums firm and healthy. The circulation of the blood within their walls grows languid, sluggish. Wastes clog the tiny cells, the gums break down—begin to bleed.

So wake up your gums! Massage them with Ipana when and while you clean your teeth. Use either the brush or your finger. Spur the fresh, clean blood to swift circulation through the tiny cells. Let it sweep away poisons and wastes. Regular brushing of the gums with Ipana will soon restore them to firmness, to hardness, to health!

For Ipana contains ziratol—the hemostatic and antiseptic dentists, themselves, use in treating gum disorders.

Ipana, as well, keeps your teeth flashing white. It has a delightfully refreshing taste. It gives to your whole mouth an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

Get a tube today; use this modern and scientific dentifrice for one full month. Note how much firmer your gums are—how much whiter your teeth. There are some tooth pastes that you can buy for a few pennies less than Ipana but a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H.110
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

VOL. LXXXIX NO. 5

Contents of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan for November, 1930

Next Month

Six years ago we published Tom Gill's first important short story. In December we begin his first novel, a romance of Young America in Old Mexico.

¶ We hardly dare to tell you how good it is—a carefree story, crammed with such excitement, such conflict, such drama, that you will look forward to succeeding installments as a thrilling adventure.

¶ And the people Tom Gill has created for you! Adela, daughter of Old Mexico, a goddess of the desert; Ted Radcliffe, a young giant of Young America; Don Bob, mysterious and debonair; old Morales of the Hacienda; Jito, the strong man.

¶ You bet we are enthusiastic about

The Gay Bandit of the Border

by TOM GILL

¶ So will you be enthusiastic when you begin it in

December

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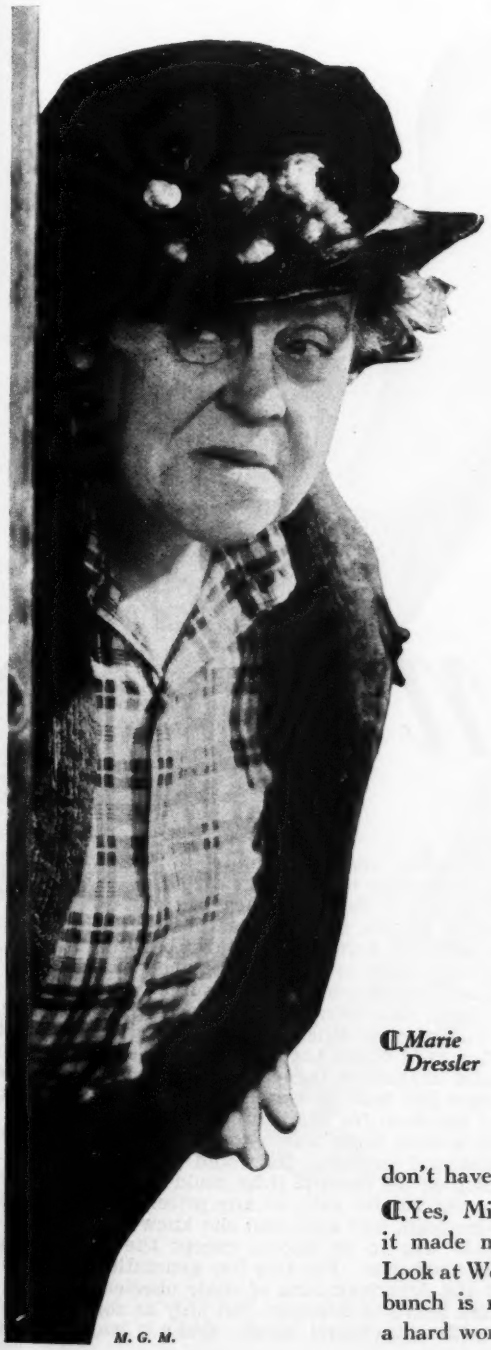
RAY LONG
Editor

By *a* Homely Man, *about a* Homely Woman, *for* other Homely Folks



M. G. M.

¶ *Marie Dressler*

I'VE HEARD recently an inside story which cheered me up a lot and may give comfort to others who—like myself—can no longer kid themselves into believing they are youngsters and who—also like myself—have never had to feel that their beauty was their curse.

¶ It is the story of Marie Dressler. She admits she is fifty-seven. Her best friends wouldn't call her a beauty. And yet she is one of the biggest hits in motion pictures, where, so we've been taught, only youth and beauty can win.

¶ When I first came to New York (Heavens! that's more than twenty years ago) Miss Dressler was playing with great success in "Tillie's Nightmare." She was one of the outstanding comedians of the day. And then she began to slip. Poor plays, bad seasons, ill luck. And the first thing she knew no one knew her at all.

¶ Not so long ago she went to Hollywood. Most former stage stars who go West to enter talking pictures expect the folks out there to make a big fuss over them. They think they should have big parts and big money. She didn't. She took whatever she could get, and what she could get generally was "bits."

¶ But how that woman worked! She put everything that she had learned of acting into parts that might be no more than a few minutes' flash on the screen.

¶ Even so, audiences noticed those "bits" and liked her. Theater owners began to write to the producers, "Send us something more with that Dressler woman in it." The parts got bigger and bigger and each time she seemed to be able to try just a little harder. Then came one big play, in which, to use the Hollywood expression, "she took the picture away from the star."

¶ And now, of course, she's a star on her own. "Caught Short" is one of the most successful talking pictures so far produced. Which goes to show that if you know your job and work just as hard as you can, you are pretty sure to get ahead, even in Hollywood. And you don't have to be "Miss America" or "Mr. America" to do it, either.

¶ Yes, Miss Dressler's story has me all cheered up. Especially since it made me realize that she isn't the only homely one to succeed. Look at Wolheim and Wallace Beery and Emil Jannings. No one in that bunch is much better-looking than I am. And, goodness knows, I'm a hard worker.

R. L.

· *A* New Novel *by*

RUPERT HUGHES

No ONE *Man*

To get a man and keep him from other women—is that all a girl is good for? Is that all there is for her to look forward to? Pft! Yet not to get a man and keep him—— Pft-t!

She was spitting out life in thought, but sand in fact; for her face was nearly buried in it. She wondered if the heat were getting her; her brain seemed to be sputtering and swimming like creamed sweetbreads in the hot little chafing dish of her skull.

It takes a dozen men of different ages and types to keep her entertained, yet she is supposed to single out one of them and sentence herself to life with him in the most exclusive of all clubs—matrimony—a club of two active members; sometimes an associate or two. Pftt! Yet not to get married at all——

For nearly an hour now she had lain prone in the searing Florida sun with nothing on her but a coat of deepening tan and a certain amount of tight jersey around her midwest region—hardly so much as the loin clout of the lesser bedight Africans, whose native hue was her apparent and painful ambition.

Penelope Newbold—known to her cronies as "Nep"—was only one of a score of women and girls face down in the blistered, blistering sand, staining their skins to the new negroid fashion of Palm Beach. They lay outstretched in all the little bayous of the Bath and Tennis Club, between the walks between the tiny bathing cabañas and their gaudy marquees.

A visiting Turk of the earlier days might have walked among them, marveling at the incredible spectacle, unable to decide whether he thridded a slave market or a prison yard where the inmates were extended with their soles meekly upturned for the bastinado. He might have felt that he was at home in his haremlik, if it had not been for the men.

Of the women there was a competent seraglio of all sizes, ages and weights. He would probably have accepted Nep as the favorite if he could have bought her. But she was not for sale, at any price. She was free, white-American, and rich, and she knew almost everything that was to be known except the meaning of womanly obedience. For this her generation had substituted the American idea of male obedience.

She had heard of Solomon, but only as some ancient person with a thousand wives. Quite a wardrobe!—a

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

¶ *Nep had yearned for one great life-long love with the one great godlike man. But she had searched in vain for him. Wild Bill Hanaway—who just now was tickling the sole of her foot with his toes—could awaken or quell her, but when it came to her spiritual longings...*

¶ *"It's nice to have you where I can watch you, Bill," said Nep. She looked up and Mrs. Folsom instinctively, as a poacher. Though she had had two husbands, Sue still*

pair of arms for every whim. But what peculiar women, to consent to live quietly in a female penitentiary! Very sweet for Solomon, but pretty tough on the convicts, each of them his better one-thousandth.

She believed that Boccaccio came nearer to her idea. He said that "ten men are sorely tasked to satisfy one woman." Nep had read him only because she had been forbidden to. But all she brought away from him was this line:

"Ten men are sorely tasked to satisfy one woman."

Now she was a woman, and she wondered. Theoretically she yearned for one great unchanging lifelong love with the one great godlike man. She had read about such men. But she had searched in vain for one of them. She began to think that he did not exist. It would take a dozen of such males as she encountered to keep one wife contented—if anything could.

Here and there she saw couples who seemed to be able to live together forever in infatuated devotion. But it was stupefying how many of the grown-ups were turning monogamy into a serial polygamy. A girl got a husband, added a lover;

saw Mrs. Sue Folsom standing by. She disliked interfered with the quarry of the younger girls.

the husband got a sweetie; there was a divorce; wife married the lover; hubby married the sweetie; the new wife and the new husband branched out; there was a new divorce, the corespondents married and cast about for new corespondents, and so on and on.

Wedlock in 1930! Wasn't it a pretty dish to set before a young girl just coming of age?

A girl had to get married, though—for a while, anyway. But the shortest while was so ghastly long. Even the loosest couples stuck it out for a year or two as a rule. A year or two with the same man! in all his moods and tenses—and all her own! Why, to sit out a dance with most of the men was enough to make her want to scream! The decent ones were so stupid. And the wild ones! Bill Hanaway, for instance——

A wave of flame ran through her like an internal blush from head to heel as she remembered how far she had gone with Bill. A throe of remorse, or triumph (she could not say which) flung her head up and her body back till she remembered where she was and fell into the sand again.

From the neighboring collection of hillocks known as Mrs. Tidings came an occasional rumbling groan: "Heaven help me, I'm fricasseed! I've been here ten years. Isn't my hour up yet?"

Usually Nep did not answer; often she did not hear. Her own skin had been burned past the era of pain. She went on with her meditations.

Nep's great-grandmother had been taught at Miss Willard's school never to lay her palm on a banister when climbing stairs lest it widen her hand; never to go into the sunlight without wearing a heavy veil and gloves and carrying a parasol lest her snowy skin suffer a tinge; never to lift her skirt so high as to reveal an ankle to a staring man.

Nep played golf, tennis, polo, gripped her auto wheel and the brake and gear-shift. Her hands were brown and powerful. Her body was for anybody to see. By patience and assiduity in enduring the prolonged monotony of the daily furnace her skin had passed from the old-ivory stage, where she might easily have been suspected of being an octoroon, to the "high yellow," the warm cinnamon tone of a quadroon. She had nearly graduated from the honor of being easily mistaken for a mulatto, and was proceeding to acquire a rich chocolate hue that would cause less discerning Negro servants to roll their eyes in a torment of indecision as to whether she were white "quality" gone black and to be treated with servility, or just a pretty colored lady to be treated with respect.

Great-grandmother Penelope had been brought up in the utmost possible ignorance of herself, not to mention male-kind. Nep had been brought up like a boy among boys. Yet here she was, just as troubled about men and the catching of them as her great-grandmother had been. Great-grandmamma had been a wild one, in spite of all her pruderies of pretended ignorance. Nep, despite her audacities, felt herself tame and shackled, destined, doomed, damned to be the slave of some dull idiot, or some interesting stranger who would soon prove as dull as the old familiars:

Men gave out of small talk in a few minutes—all except Joe Sturgis, who thrilled her by treating her as if she had a brain, a soul. An hour with Joe was a flight into the sky. But a year alone with him! Three hundred and sixty-five days! And what about the nights—the long, long nights? In leap years three hundred and sixty-six nights. Two years would be twice that—no, ten times that!

Inside her shut eyelids she saw a wedding procession and all that followed. She had few ignorances. Her great-grandmother had hardly known that she had a stomach inside her, and would rather have died than mention it. But Nep knew anatomy inside and out, and

customs, strange customs as well as familiar ones.

She could argue about contraception and obstetrics until the family physician would stammer, till even an artist would blanch. She thought on these things with fierce and scientific cynicism.

To have babies—Lord, what a mess! And dangerous, too. Apt to be fatal to the mother's life, or her looks at least, and certainly to her leisure.

The moment she resolved that she would never have a baby, she wanted one. Her hands in the sand clutched baby flesh! She felt a baby's hand fumbling at her breast, and its lips.

Never to have a baby was never to be really a woman. Yet, yet, yet—life was nothing but yets. Only one thing was sure—a woman had to get a man—or men. She might as well begin the game. But whom to choose for her first partner—or her first opponent?

She thought of Bill Hanaway. He was naturally the first one she would think of, considering what she was thinking of. Speak of the devil and you'll hear the rattle of his chains. Nep felt on the bare sole of her right foot the wiggling of bare toes. They tickled excruciatingly. She bent her knee in anguish.

The toes began on the palm of her other foot. She sat up and twisted round to see who tormented her, knowing full well that it would be Bill. She left in the sand an intaglio of her naked body.

The grin on Bill's face turned to a look of agony as he gasped: "Good Lord, do you want to kill me?" He clenched his eyes and clutched at his heart and she remembered how she was, drove her hands through the armholes of her jersey and swept it up over her shoulders. She was really a little shocked at herself but it was amazing what a stab of ecstasy it gave her to see that Bill was not altogether joking when he cried out against the sight of her. That Phryne-glimpse of her beauty had slashed him like a knife.

It was a merely fleshly triumph perhaps, and over an animal nature, but there is no glory more personal, more poignant. Bill was always telling her how beautiful she was, always treating her as if she were very beautiful. That homage gave him a peculiar power. It made her feel truly beautiful, and gave him certain rights over her as if he were her discoverer. Yet she knew that she was not really beautiful and that he was just as keen about the beauty of other women and that he inflamed them as well.

Only last night at a dance he had almost overpowered her with the silent ardor of his wooing. She had loved it, till she realized that three other women with whom he danced later were also wrought to the edge of collapse. Then she had loathed herself and Bill, and had told him she would murder him if he ever spoke to her again.

Yet here she was on her knees before him as meek as one of Solomon's least exacting concubines, and feeling deliciously foolish and humble because Bill had been hurt by her beauty. Before he would open his eyes, he asked timidly:

"Are you ready to receive callers?"

"Don't be a jassax," she answered, but as she stared up at him she saw that he was beautiful himself. His long athletic bare legs were columns supporting a giant's body in the scant jersey of a bathing suit, the brown arms pendent, his handsome head leaning over the shelf of his chest as he peered down at her.

"Come on into the water," he commanded. "And cover a little of your hide at least. If you get any darker, I'll have to draw the color line. Come on."

She put up a hot hand and he whipped her to her feet with a strength that scared her, almost. Suddenly her smile died.

"Didn't I tell you last night never to speak to me again?"

"Yes; but that was last night. This is tomorrow."

"When I think——"

"Don't you try to think till you get some cold water on that hot head. Come on!"

She tried to snatch her wrist free, but he started to run, haling her after him through the florid crowd of men and women coming in from their cars to undress, and the men and women coming in dripping from the ocean to dress.

Bill did not pause till he reached the swimming pool, still dragging Nep. Then she drew back her foot and planted a hearty kick where it belonged. With a yelp of pretended pain, Bill went overboard, compelling her to follow every which way. They made an enormous pother where they splashed.

Nep managed to curl round, place both her feet on Bill's chest and thrust herself straight with all her

Nep was stunning in a knee-length coat and wide trousers, but she was not dressed to play Juliet to any Romeo. When she offered Joe Sturgis her cigaret case he took one of her father's cigars, in order to make some contrast between the suitor and the besought.

might, breaking Bill's hold and sending him far. He pretended to be dead and floated awhile, then vanished slowly under the scuttering ripples.

There was one among the watchers whom this childish frivolity offended profoundly. He was not an old fogy; his solemnity was the grave and reverend melancholia of youth coming up into a world ruinous to young illusions.

Stanley McIlvaine had grown from babyhood with Nep. He was only a few years older than she and their nurses had sat in the same parks and on the same beaches, exchanging scandals about expensive people while their little clients carried on an infantile romance.

From the first Stanley had constituted himself Nep's guardian. When she learned to toddle and showed a precocious genius for danger, it was he who caught and dragged her back from the bridle path or from the looping ripples of the surf. When she screamed with fear at an inquisitive Scottie, it was Stanley who went to her rescue, tremulously ready to perish in her defense.

By the time Stanley was six and Nep was four they had formally announced their intention of getting married. Their nurses called them "Mr. and Mrs. McIlvaine." Stanley had never changed much since, except in the matter of size and experience. Nep, girl-like, had altered utterly many times, but his love had followed her through all her transmutations, and he still looked on her as his foreordained mate.

He was of the type that believes in loving once and once only, and it was his tragedy to be cursed with an idolatry for one whose levities frightened him, whose adventures in love appalled him, whose rough talk, profanity and tomboyish lapses from dignity jarred him, whose indifferences to costume were as much of a torture to him as if she were his wife and had gone sleepwalking naked in Times Square. He felt that Nep was indeed sleepwalking through life, and would wake up any day.

Then he was sure that she would reward his love; they would marry and raise a flock of children and grow gray together. Young as he was, he was what has always been called "old-fashioned." Nep's liking for wild Bill Hanaway drove Stanley to thoughts of assassination. For her soul's sake he was seriously tempted to kill Bill. But since Nep liked the brute, Stanley spared him—for her sake. Everything was for her sake.

Stanley longed to strike all the men blind when he saw their eyes going over Nep as with paintbrushes.

He wanted to cast a robe about her and huddle her away. But he knew that a protest would provoke only her ridicule, and he meekly obeyed when she climbed out of the water, caught sight of him and cried:

"Come here, Stan, and give me your back for a dive; then we'll all go in the ocean."

He went to her and lifted his hands over his head. She set her fingers among his, walked up his spine and took her stance with her wet bare feet in the hollows of his shoulders. Without delay she launched herself straight out and poised a moment in air in level, exquisite grace before she bent her head and went vertical to the pool, followed through with her dive and drifted underwater all the way till she came up with her finger tips at the farthest tiles. Stanley plunged in and went after her, but so did Bill and easily beat him to her.

The three went out on the beach, passing through coveys of multicolored bathers and watchers, pausing for a word here and there. Nep ran through the scallopy shallows, cleared the deepening water with increasing energy and dived into the lofty volute of an upsurging breaker flexible as silk and vitreous as malachite. But Bill walked and resented the breaker's smashing itself upon him.

"Let's swim 'way out!" Nep cried back as she leaped on into the sea.

"Let's not," said Bill lazily.

"Come on, Bill, I'll race you to Spain," Nep howled teasingly. Spain was only a few thousand miles ahead.

"Race your granny!" Bill shouted, and turned back to sprawl on the dry sand. Stanley did not follow Nep because he was not invited. The neglect wounded him amazingly. Nep swam on alone (*Continued on page 104*)

Of course You *can't* tell

Unto two women in the same Chicago hospital, on the same day, sons were born. A momentous event for two pairs of parents; for a hospital, simply more grist: to a hospital all newborns look alike. Hence the custom of tagging them for the benefit of parents who are particular about details.

The tagging is done by nurses who are human and sometimes err. Did they err in this particular case: put a *B* tag on a *W* baby; a *W* tag on a *B* baby? If they did, if the sons *were* mixed, science cannot say who's whose, and though the parents may after a while suspect one way or the other, they can never be sure they have their own "borned" child. That may mar their happiness, but think what the mix-up may cost the children!

Science can't prove which baby is which. "Another" failure for science! Well, science delivered the children: the children lived; the mothers lived. Had either child died, or either mother parted with life as the price of bringing a new life into this world, that *would* have been failure.

It wasn't science that failed, it was the experts: they failed to admit they didn't know. Having "experted" in three murder trials, I speak feelingly. It is hard to admit ignorance, but it seems almost impossible for an expert witness to say, "I do not know," or for a scientist to say, "It is not yet known."

Science doesn't know the Truth; conceivably never will. But by using fingers, eyes, nose and man-made tools for learning and observing, man has learned many truths, acquired much knowledge. Our civilization is what it is and where it is because it went scientific a hundred years ago and has been going more so ever since. It will be more soundly based with a more scientific attitude toward more things: such as babies, contraceptives and parenthood.

Our ancestry goes back to the beginnings of life, hundreds of millions of years ago; of ancestors we have had hundreds of millions of millions. All life is kin. The uniqueness of living beings is shared by the entire living world.

What makes a child *right?* Seed? But whose—the father's or the mother's?

Just what part of his or her "constitution" each parent transmits is not yet known; it may be known some day. There is a hereditary or genetic transmission from each parent; and of the many books available for finding out what is known, Jennings' "The Biological Basis of Human Nature" is the latest and best.

There is much talk of *genes.* Just what the genes are, no one knows. Are they entities, physical carriers of heritable traits? That is the hypothesis on which geneticists work. Each one of us, they say, is a product of thousands of pairs of genes, one of each pair from our father, one from our mother. How and to what extent these genes predetermine physical structure and behavior, no one, I repeat, knows.

That this world is made up of all kinds of people has long been suspected, and by many people; but that every child, every human being, is unique is not so well known. Only on the average does "like produce like."

As Bernard Shaw is said to have replied to Isadora Duncan's alleged proposal that they mate to produce a genius' brain in a goddess' body: "But how can we know that the product will not have *my* body and *your* brain?" We cannot know. There are as yet too many unknown factors. We are dealing with the most baffling problem known to science.

Both parents may be sound and sane: there is no possible way of foreknowing how much and what part

George A. Dorsey, *who wrote* "Why We Behave
It's *Greatly Important* Whether

whether *it's* Your Baby

of their soundness and sanity they may transmit. No one can know what's in their genes. Whether heredity or environment *causes* physical deformity or feeble-mindedness or insanity, "biology," says Jennings, "furnishes no automatic method of determining." Generalizations about human beings come too easily, too often cloak ignorance, or prevent us from realizing the uniqueness of each human being.

What did the Chicago experts have to expert on? A chip off two old blocks. But to expect that that chip can be identified as struck from this or that particular block is to expect the impossible from any jury of pathologists, dermatologists, neurologists, ophthalmologists or hæmatologists.

Solomon himself would be stumped. A boy may develop a Hittite nose; his father may have a Roman nose, his mother a snub. What does that prove? Merely that there is a Hittite nose gene somewhere in the "woodpile." It is hard to keep a Hittite nose down permanently, but its gene may be buried out of sight for generations.

Laws governing the transmission of certain striking physical traits—such as the amount of pigmentation in skin, hair and eyes—seem fairly well established. But there are pitfalls, exceptions; generalities, averages, useful for statistics, useless for individual prediction.

The Chicago experts dealt not with adults but with babies. Mothers and aunts may rave over the beauties of new-born babes, but the infant that looks "just like its . . ." is *some* infant.

The fact is that no child under six weeks looks much like anything. Anatomically speaking, it isn't really human yet, nor will be for three or four years.

Years later it may have its father's nose; as an infant it has no nose worth mentioning. "Nordic" infantile eyes are as likely to be Mongoloid as Caucasoid. Chin will or will not develop, depending on whether the child is allowed to gnaw everything handy. Teeth may be predestined before birth to premature decay. No growing embryo, though it have the genes of heavyweight fighters, can develop bones and sound dental germs unless the mother, its host, eats and digests some lime-salts-yielding food.

Which means that faulty environmental factors may ride roughshod over sound hereditary factors even before the child is born. There are many ways, chemical and physical, of influencing innate constitution during the nine months of gestation. Unless the embryo finds in its uterine environment the physical protection and the chemical constituents necessary for normal growth, it cannot grow normally, no matter what it has in its genes.

Then, too, physical structure, robustness, general health, normal rate of growth, immunity from disease, et cetera, as well as physiological development, are necessarily dependent upon the care the child gets in its early and rapidly growing years. Tall parents are likely to breed tall offspring; but how tall will the offspring grow? Dysfunctioning of one gland makes for cretinism; of another, for giantism. Faulty diet makes for rickets; insufficient diet stunts growth, physical and physiological.

Beautiful viscera are quite as necessary to health, wealth and prosperity as beautiful exteriors: and are much more easily upset. Even head shape and brain size are determined by no known laws.

The laws which govern the growth of stars are better known than the laws which govern growth in human beings. Stars are simple stuff, subject to few forces. Human beings are of infinitely (*Continued on page 116*)

like Human Beings," says here *that* He Doesn't Think Infants *are* Mixed *or* Not

Meet the Aunt

¶ *Bill looked like something the cook had forgotten to put in the ice box, until Patsy asked him to tear a herring with us that night.*

When I stopped, I didn't realize who he was. I just stopped because he was an American, and sounded as if he needed *beaucoup* help. Obviously he was trying to persuade the taxi chauffeur to drive over the railway tracks into the Golf de Saint-Hubert; but his French was so gruesome that if I hadn't seen him point I'd have understood him to say that he loved railroads, and a policeman had told him he could have this one.

But then I recognized him, and I said: "Well, if it isn't Bill Burdakin, I'll be nibbled to death by ducks!" And he shouted: "Jim Lansing!" and we shook hands. I mean, he shook, and I took back what was left. That was the kind of village-smithy grip he had.

The first thing, of course, was to pour oil on the troubled chauffeur, who in low wild tones was addressing a good deal of anti-American propaganda to his Maker. So I oiled him with francs, and he leaned Bill's golf bag up against a post, and said that I was very gentle, and went away.

"But," protested Bill, motioning towards the clubhouse, fifty yards across the tracks, "why wouldn't the Frog drive in?"

"That proves," I said, "you've never been out here before. Grab your shillelaghs, and I'll tell you. This used to be old Baron Targerouge's private course, and when he——"

"Targerouge? The international banker feller?"

"Sure. The French Rockefeller. Well, twenty years ago when the club was founded he made it a present of the land, on one condition. No cars allowed in the grounds except his family's and their descendants' forever. Everybody else has to park on the other side of the railroad. So when you see a crate in front of the chalet, you can't help thinking Targerouge. One car, one Targerouge. Two cars, two Targerouges. Three cars——"

"Jim," he said, "for outdoor advertising that scrapes the paint off every billboard in America. Why, look!"

"What's the what?"

"One Targerouge," said Bill, referring to about twenty thousand dollars' worth of power, polish and publicity at the door. "Why, you can't get away from it. Gosh, if that bird hadn't been a banker, what a press agent he'd have made!"

We went into the new clubhouse, which was the biggest and flossiest in the Paris area.

"Got a guest card, Bill?"

"Oke. Two weeks."

"Are you dated up with anybody?"

"No, I'm on my own."

"Fine! Me too. So let's celebrate ourselves with one quick drink, and get going."

While we clinched the reunion with a touch of Old Doctor Cognac's infallible weed-killer, Bill told me all. Since we'd graduated six years ago, he'd been working for an emery-wheel concern, and now they'd sent him overseas to help make France emery-wheel-minded. He was knocking off only seventy-five a week, but he was called Assistant to the Consulting Promotion Engineer for Western Europe, so maybe that label counted as the other half of his salary. He was living at a small hotel in Paris—everything was pleasant, he said, except the concierge and the coffee—and where did I live? Why, for the summer, my mother and my aunt and I had taken a villa not far down the road.

"Oh," said Bill, "just for the golf? How are you hitting 'em?"

"A little too often. But if you're going to be over here a while, you ought to join this frat."

Bill put on a wrinkle and said: "I'd sure like to, but I don't quite see it on the books. It costs plenty and a half. Oh, I've got a sort of nest egg, but it wasn't laid by any ostrich, and I figured I'd better stay inside my pay."

"**Well,** if you ever want to belong, just give me the high sign. All set?"

We got some caddies and walked down towards the first tee. I said: "Hold on a sec, Bill. I want you to meet my aunt." Because under the big sun umbrella Aunt Patricia was sitting with a boy friend of about twenty-six years and a hundred and twenty-five pounds. I said to her: "Patsy, I want to present Bill Burdakin—one of the best. Bill, this is my aunt, Miss Allen."

Bill's eyes bulged. Because here's the alibiology: my mother was *née* in '86, and her sister Patricia in 1907, and I was a blessed event in 1905. So Aunt Patsy's two years younger than I am, and she's such a looker that

By Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

she's a visible echo of every man's hope, and she knocks 'em stone-dead, that's what she does. Bill was so pulverized that even when he caught the name of the boy friend he didn't seem to get any kick out of it. And the name was nothing whatsoever except Baron Paul de Targerouge.

We talked golf for a minute. Patsy asked: "And what's your handicap, Mr. Burdakin?"

He was making a stout struggle not to stare at her. "Why, as a matter of fact, I haven't got one. You see, it wasn't till I went to Pinehurst this winter on a vacation that I ever took the game up."

Only took it up this winter! I could make a shrewd guess, then, how much turf he was going to take up at Saint-Hubert. But luckily it was four o'clock, so we'd have the course almost to ourselves—and I'd given the greenskeeper a box of cigars only yesterday.

As we moved away, he said: "You think you're a mad wag, don't you? Telling people to come meet your aunt, and then watch 'em glubber. I suppose that's the best parlor trick you've got."

"It's never flopped yet, Bill."

"Well, I believe you. But which one of the tribe was this pocket baron? If you hadn't told me, I'd have sworn that boy was a limey."

"That's Eton and Oxford. Why, Paul's the juniorest

partner. Grandson of the old press agent. Worth about forty million dollars. And a great pal of Patsy's."

Bill said it must be swell to be born with a gold platter in your mouth, but he wore an expression as if the nurse had just told him that the dentist was ready.

We went out on the prairie. Bill started off with a gory hook into the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree, and I was glad I lived in an environ and didn't have any train to catch. He spaded out with two merciless niblicks, and then topped the ball somewhere near the hem of the green, and went down for a 7.

To promote the old pep in him, I said: "Well, from the lie you had, that was a swell recovery."

"I don't like this new standard ball," said Bill. "It feels like a water-logged poached egg."

From the second tee he hit a tremendous hook that barely stayed inside the realty, and then he bunged an iron hole-high, and got a 5. I thought it was horseshoes, but when he mobilized a 5 on the third and a 4 on the next, I inquired: "Say, Bill, how long did this Pinehurst vacation of yours last, anyhow?"

"Four months," said Bill, slattering a 220-yard lob right down the channel. "That's what a double order of pneumonia did to me. So I had a few lessons, just for something to do besides sit and inhale, and then I got steamed up about it and took a lesson every day . . . What's it from here, a mashie?"

Once in a while his hook made him keep a rendezvous with woe, and he was a little sloppy on the greens, but on the eighteenth he sank a long curly one which drew applause from both the gallery that had come down to spectate the finish.

"*Epatant!*" said Paul Targerouge. "What was your medal?"

"Why," I said, "I had a piazza 80, and Mr. Burdakin——"

"What's a piazza 80?" asked Patsy.

"Why, that's when you're having your *apéritif* afterwards, and figure what you'd have done with a couple of *ifs*. But Bill had an honest 89."

Paul looked agog, and Patsy looked even agogger. "And you've only been playing since this winter? And is that your regular game?"

"Why," said Bill, with the air of a candidate for the modesty championship, "I really don't know. Because, to tell the truth, this is the first time in my life I ever played a full round."

We gazed at him. I said: "Are you positive it was pneumonia, Bill? Couldn't it have been brain fever?"

Bill laughed. "No, I'm not kidding. I've always been such a dub at everything else, I wanted to learn golf right. So instead of hashing round the course and fretting about a score, like most of the

other dubs, I began learning the swing, and then I worked with all the different shots, and then I'd play a few holes. I wasn't going to tackle a full round till I had some sort of form. But before I was ready, I had to jump back to the factory in March, and until today I haven't hit a ball since."

His system hearkened so beany, and so unusual, that we told him he was a man in any given number. We also told him we were dining at the club, and we wished he'd stay and worry a bone with us. And Bill's willingness was anything but dilute.

By the time dinner was through, however, he must have been pretty hungry, because in trying to be polite to Baron Paul, and reminiscent with me, and progressive with Patsy, his eyes were about as busy as a juggler's, so he didn't wreak much havoc among his food. Indeed, from the way he looked at her, I don't believe he knew whether he was eating nightingales' tongues or cold fried eggplant. But when she suggested a foursome for Saturday, I noticed that he could wrap his mind around the calendar, all right.

Later, at the villa, Aunt Patricia demanded: "But why did Mr. Burdakin say he was always a dub at everything, when he looks like all the athletes there ever were?"

I said: "Yes, but he went out for darned near every team in college and never even got his numerals. He's strong as an onion, but he just happened to be at the tail end of the line when they gave out the knack. That's why I understand this golf idea of his. He craves to be a wow at something, and this is his last chance."

"Well, anyway," said Patsy, "he's cute."

On Saturday, Bill turned in an 87, and how he did it I don't know; because Patsy was his partner, and anybody could see that his head was about as volatile as a toy balloon. Furthermore, Mother was toddling around with us, and betweentimes he used up quite a lot of zeal in entertaining her. Afterwards, she remarked that she liked him because he could be respectful without making her feel decrepit.

While we were laundering ourselves, prior to tea, Bill said: "By the way, Jim, how long does it generally take to buy into this tong?"

"Why, I've got a pull, so I could get you in in about three weeks. But from what you said the other day, I was afraid you (*Continued on page 160*)

I could hardly blame Bill for being a trifle Yankee at Patsy's boy friend, Baron Paul de Targerouge. But when we arrived at the château I could see that he was more impressed than he intended to be.

I, *Augusta Montgomery*, *know what it means to be* HUNTED

There is nothing so demoralizing as being a fugitive from justice. I know this because I was one. My husband was the hunted man. My three children were stalked with us. I was more than merely hunted myself. I was hunted in four other lives, the lives of my husband, my daughter and my two sons.

Austin H. Montgomery, my husband, was arrested for alleged fraudulent use of the United States mails in connection with stockbroker operations which had included a "blind pool." These "blind pools" were legally countenanced when the company was organized in 1920. But the government frowned upon them after the many Wall Street crashes of 1922.

Previous to my husband's arrest and release on $100,000 bail his business had failed. At the moment there was a great hue and cry for brokers' blood. I am a lawyer. I knew we could not hope to obtain a fair trial until some of the anti-broker fever had subsided. We decided to wait for trial until it had.

But fate took a hand. Our situation changed. Two more indictments were returned against Monty in Baltimore. The receivers appointed to handle the defunct company suddenly threatened to attach the collateral we had furnished the bonding company which had provided Monty's $100,000 bail. Without bond, or bail, the father of my children would have been put behind bars to await his trial. Thus the ugly shadow of prison fell across our lives.

An associate who had not been indicted advised Monty to forfeit his bond and "blow to Canada." In the Dominion a person cannot be extradited lawfully for alleged fraudulent use of the United States mails.

At first I did not want Monty to become a fugitive from justice. He was innocent of any intentional wrongdoing. In the event of his capture and trial, I knew his flight would prejudice a jury. Again, it is my nature to stand and give battle. I wanted to remain and fight the case to clear his reputation and his children's name.

There was another moral reason. As an attorney I had taken an oath to uphold the law. I was really an officer. If Monty ran away I knew I would break my oath and flee with him.

I thought of the many sinister things that would happen to all of us if we fled from justice. We would be relentlessly and pitilessly hunted. Two packs would ever be snapping at our heels—the long arm of the United States law and the bonding company's detectives. I feared the latter even more than the government trackers. The company's main object would be to get Monty back on American soil and deliver him to the Federal authorities. This accomplished, the government would refund the company's forfeited bail money.

From my experience as a lawyer I knew some of the company's hirelings would stop at nothing. They would kidnap Monty if possible. Or worse, they would abduct our children and hold them as hostages until my husband surrendered. We loved our babies above everything. Monty would have given himself up in a twinkling for them.

Prison or pursuit?

The shadows of these two forbidding questions lowered swiftly across our destiny, and the destinies of our ten-year-old daughter and our two growing boys of twelve and fourteen. We had to think of them first.

Fundamentally we were the "right kind" of people. We had brought up our children to be honest, clean and unafraid. By nature they were proud young idealists, eager and ambitious. They were fine generous young playfellows and good sports. We had afforded them the advantages of exclusive academies, European residence and culture. Monty and I would have given anything to have kept their young lives untouched.

If Monty ran away the children would have to share in our hunted life of aliases and deceptions. We shrank from this, and its possible bad effect on their characters and future lives. On the other hand, if my husband remained and was taken, the disgrace of prison bars would fall upon them like indelible marks. They would be beaten by life before they started.

It was a desperate, heart-breaking situation. We struggled to make a decision in the throes of our uncertainty. A warning suddenly came that officers were on the way to arrest Monty. Jail keys rattled in my heart. The air whirled with convict stripes. All of life seemed swiftly barred. The terrorizing fear born of panic swept over us.

I suppose we are all the same when this fear seizes us. We go back to the beginning, to the primitive and the animal in us. It is instinctive for the frightened beast, big or little, to run for its life. Flight is the first impulse generated by the oldest law—self-preservation.

So we ran for our freedom, and our lives, to Quebec. Our dash from New York was flashed all over the world. Law, order and civilization were roused against us, a lone family. Yet let me say here that people turn strangely kind to hunted humans. Something of the hunted's dire distress and danger must touch deep within our natures, even though the pursued is an enemy of the very civilization men have fought and

(*Cont. on page 131*)

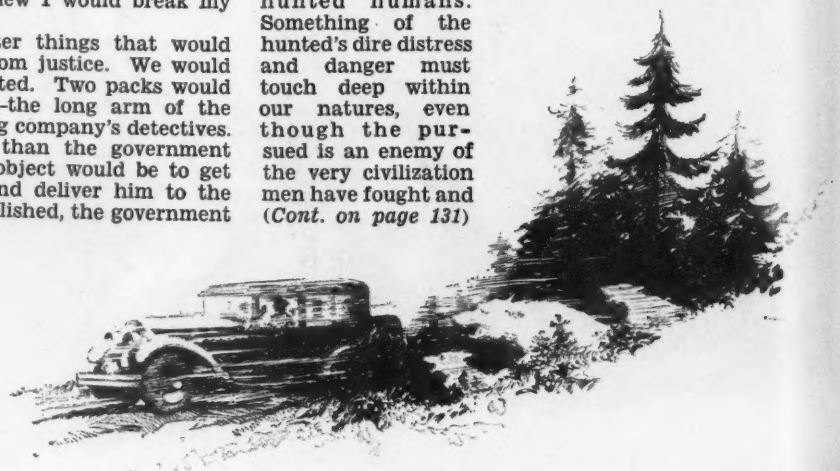


Photo by
Hal Phyfe

Augusta Montgomery

Three Cheers *for a* Writer *who can Make you* LAUGH!

hoofer's

¶ Mr. Champeau was so glad to have me stop at his place that he kissed me when I stepped in the lobby. That's part of a French custom.

Salem, Mass., May 23rd, 1910.

Stopping at Atlantic House.....Rate..... 2.00
Fare from Lynn..... .10
Tips, Bell hop, 50c (Mistake)..... .50

SALEM THEATER

No. 1. Cycling McClouds—(2 Women, 1 Man. Bicycle Act. Big finish)
No. 2. In Old Versailles—(3 Girls—singers and instrumentalists. Good for big cities)
No. 3. Jack Donahue.
No. 4. Bengali. Hypnotist—(Awful fake. Goes good here)
No. 5. John Barker. Home Talent. Singer and whistler —(Good for Salem)

$20.00 for three days.

Dear Mud:

I couldn't get in the other night but I'll be in next week, anyway. If you ever saw a case of bad booking this is it. They go and stick in some home-talent act, a guy by the name of Barker that won a cooking contest at the County Fair. He can't do a thing but they're nuts about him here. Nobody else goes at all and he gets a big reception every time he comes out. He must be pretty clever in his own line but it don't belong on the stage.

At this fair, he caught, killed, cleaned, cooked and ate a chicken in eleven minutes flat, that's what it says on the program. Of course he can't do that on the stage, so he just gives imitations of different animals and birds and sings a couple of old numbers and winds up his act eating a fried chicken in three and a half minutes. He has to do that three times a day but I don't think he'll last the three days out. He keeps borrowing my bicarbonate all the time.

In spite of everything I gave a pretty good show last night. I went out there and my heart was as heavy as lead but I knew those people had paid their good dough to see me and I worked harder than ever and none of them knew what I was going through to make them happy. This is a swell business for a guy that feels things real deep like I do.

There's a great act on the bill called "In Old Versailles," three French girls, they play all kinds of musical instruments and get great harmony singing together. I took them all over for coffee after the show last night. They're good sports and we do a lot of clowning around in French.

The Cycling McClouds are father, mother and daughter. I never watch that kind of an act but these people do a great trick for a finish. The father rides one of those one-wheel bikes, the mother gets up on his shoulders, and then the daughter gets on the mother's shoulders and while he's riding around like mad the girl plays a trombone solo. I've never seen anything like it.

This Bengali that has to follow me is a hypnotist. He's supposed to be an East Indian but the porter in the theater told me he knows him from Beale Street in Memphis. Anyhow, he's an awful fake; he calls for subjects from the audience and a lot of bums rush up on the stage. He picks them up around the parks and gives them fifty cents a day.

This is a very historical place, Mud. In the old days it was a great shipping place and all the boats from China used to come here. This is also the place where they used to hang the witches. I saw the courthouse where they were tried. They hung 19 of them in one day out on Gallows Hill.

Of course they wasn't witches at all but anybody that knew too much for them, they'd give the works to. It's practically the same thing I've got to contend with in these places today. Because my act is way over their heads, some of these yokels would like to murder me. The only thing that stops them is we've got laws today.

This is the home of Nathanial Hawthorne and he used to be a collector at the Customs House here. What a sweet graft that must have been! Anyway, he worked at that a couple of years, and then retired to write books.

One is called "The Scarlet Letter" about a minister who gets jammed up with a dame named Hester Something. See if you can get it at the library. I hear it's very hot stuff, so don't let little Joe get hold of it.

I took a nice long walk this morning with Lucienne La Rochefort; that's one of the girls in the Versailles act. The funniest thing is that all these French girls tell me that my act would be a riot in Europe. They wouldn't get my gags, but my mugging and dancing

Here are more *Hilarious Letters* by that *New Humorist*—

Luck

Jack Donahue

Illustrations by Will Grefé

will get me over anywhere. They know an artist when they see one. The same way when Sarah Bernhardt comes over here, they don't know what she's talking about but they eat it up.

In your letter you spoke about Mary Rocco. See if you can get her address. I'd like to see her when I play Boston next week.

That wasn't a mink muff that she had, it was a muskrat and I shot it myself and had it dyed for her. She was very nice to me and always used to short-check me when I ate in Gridley's.

I don't know who that Leary girl is that's been looking for me, but tell her to come around to the Palace and see me. Every hand helps, so get everyone you can to come down.

I didn't tell you about that terrible fight that Cap. Flaud and his wife—the glass eaters, remember?—had on Saturday night in Westerly.

He was showing off for some of his friends and ate a bunch of glass grapes his wife had had in her family for years. So she got sore and ripped off his glasses and ate a lens before he could stop her, and from then on it was murder.

Well, I've got to stop now. I can hear Lucienne doing her flute solo and that's my cue to come upstairs.

I still feel pretty bad about Adrienne, but the girls are coming up to my room tonight to cheer me up. I wanted to give the other two a couple of tickets for a dance but they always stick together, and I may get some laughs anyway.

Hugs and kisses.

Johnny

I feel Lucienne's head again and what do you think? It's a wig.

Charlestown, Mass.
May 25th, 1910.

Dear Son:

No sooner do you get through with that La Tour woman than you're getting yourself mixed up with three of them that are just as bad. If it isn't one thing with you it's another. How far do you think your $20.00 will go if you take three of them out at a time for meals? We could live a month on that money.

And don't ever bring women in your room. I'm certainly glad they at least had the decency to go up there together. I'm glad the other girls could see through your scheme to get rid of them. They must be pretty nice girls, at that.

I tried to get little Joe to tell me what he was doing with the carnival, but he's just like you, son, he won't tell his mother anything until it's too late and he's in trouble. I went through his pockets this morning before he got up, but I couldn't find anything there that would give me an idea of what he's up to. It's a funny thing, all he had in his pockets was three walnut shells and some little black peas.

If you get a chance, ask that Bengali fellow about Uncle Tim. His poor wife hasn't heard a word from him since she sent him out with a $20.00 bill to get her some cough medicine. That's almost five months ago and even if he went on one of his drunks she would have heard from him before now. Some of those mind readers are very good; one of them told me, at the time your father was courting me, that he could see nothing but trouble ahead.

I just read your letter over again and see that you're paying $2.00 a day for a room. Was that with meals or are you losing your mind altogether? I don't see how they can charge anyone more than .75c a day just to sleep.

Don't take it for granted that everyone is as ignorant as yourself. If you'd stop fooling around with that foreign nonsense and read a few good American books, you might be able to talk with intelligent people.

Every child knows who Nathanial Hawthorne was. I read the "Scarlet Letter" when I was a girl and it's a very beautiful and sad story.

I have no doubt that those witches got only what was coming to them. You can't tell me that there aren't such things because I've seen them in the old country and your father has, too.

I see I was right about that Capt. Flaud, after you telling me how well he got along with his wife. You'd never catch an Irish girl doing (*Continued on page 169*)

Brown

"Be careful, there's the *djongos!*" All over the islands they tell about it—whispering, with sidelong glances to make certain that no native servant is within earshot—*goena-goena,* black magic of the Malay.

Often it's a love philter, but just as often it's revenge. Sometimes it's a liquid or a powder, something tangible; but at other times it's a rag that's been mumbled over, a doll that's been stuck full of pins, a bit of bone that's been buried beneath a threshold. And not infrequently it's something subtler than any of these—something that just travels through the air by itself, but that reaches its mark all the same.

A man may wash his face every day in water brought and poured by his boy, perhaps a boy whom he's beaten—with ample reason, no doubt, but still the boy doesn't like it. And so one morning the man washes his face and suddenly goes blind. And the water is examined, investigations are made; but nothing is discovered. Nothing to put a finger on. There isn't even anything findably wrong with the man's eyes. Yet he can't see.

Some say it's only suggestion; but the wise saying

n Witch

A Drama of the Mysterious East

by

Vennette Herron

doesn't give the man back his sight. Only occasionally when a *doekoen,* a native sorcerer, can be bribed . . . But that's difficult, because they're loyal to their own race, as a rule. *"Tida taue, tuan*—I know nothing, lord." A poor ignorant man squatting on a dirt floor, filthy, spitting betel—how can he know?

A woman who's dismissed her *baboe* for stealing may sicken and die, or go insane, months after the girl has been swallowed up by the jungle. Returning to Europe sometimes effects a cure, though not always, if the curse is on her when she leaves. And frequently she can't even try that, because her husband's tied to Java, hasn't money to send her home alone, or hasn't anyone to send her to, or—all the petty circumstances which make prisoners of people. Also, it comes on gradually, and they think for a long time that it's something else. And then it's too late.

One may scoff as one pleases; but these things happen, and anyone who has lived long enough in the East knows it. And there are happenings wilder and weirder still, with far-flung consequences, calling forth unsuspected strengths and weaknesses.

Oftener than not the white man loses when it comes to combating the brown man's magic, his very superiority to superstition, all the cold clean qualities of his civilization turning against him. But once in a while Fate, or

Illustrations by
Ralph Pallen Coleman

¶ *Ona was a darling, and Dal Trevelyan gave her everything—everything, that is, except love. "You must be on your guard, Dal," Dirk warned his friend. "For these girls are dangerous. They're possessive in a way no white woman ever could be."*

a woman, or some other potent force, works for him, and he wins. As, for instance, did Dallas Trevelyan—though heaven knows he paid a price.

Dal, so called by his friends, was manager of the tea plantation Kalalajaran. It was high in the hills—a silver stripe, like a sardine filling, sandwiched between the blazing red of cinnamon groves above it and the dusty green of bamboos below. The rice terraces were lower still, cut into the slopes toward the valleys. It was as hot as Hades up there at midday, close and open to the sun—and as cold as the same place at night.

The plantation was a large one; nevertheless it was a cup, hedged about with jungle, and the manager's house was perched on its rim like a handle, backed up against the trees for shade. The divers kampongs—little clusters of *billiek* huts, where lived the company's coolies—were tucked out of sight in hollows, beside running waters and beyond view of the manager's verandas.

The trees behind the spacious establishment were tall and towering. An infinite variety of palms, mixed with mountain pines, *tjemaras*, other evergreens. Monkeys lived in them; enormous black ones, middle-sized gray ones, tiny reddish-yellow ones. All day and sometimes all night they chittered and chattered, swung out on branches, surveying like viciously mocking little gods; jibbering, taunting, hurling twigs or nuts—whatever they could lay their tendril-twining hands on. Also there were parrakeets, wild peacocks and other birds which screamed, heavy beasts which tramped, leopards and tigers which snarled and roared in the darkness.

There were noises enough in the jungle, including at all hours the rasping rustle of the palms; but these sounds seemed only to accentuate its fundamental silence and secrecy—they were all on the surface.

Of course there were seasons when all the spare quarters were crowded; when gay girls in tennis frocks and boys in flannels ran hither and thither, while the courts rang with their laughter. When white-toothed, barefooted and petticoated brown boys pattered here and there, bearing trays of clinking glasses and heaped platters of curled pink *kroepoek*. When the ten-o'clock dinner would be a great feast, followed by riotous dancing until dawn.

And there were other seasons when the guests were all men, hunters and gun-bearers, daring the lurking silences and the patient perils of the forests by sunlight and torchlight, at all hours and in all ways except one: they never went alone, but always in parties of at least two or three, and with a number of natives who knew the paths, invisible to all but themselves.

But at best these several seasons were brief; and between them were long periods when Dal Trevelyan would be alone in a tremendous house built for plantation hospitality, containing practically every modern comfort, whirling fans for the noons and blazing logs for the evenings. But—have you ever sat alone in a huge empty house on a Java hilltop, with trees all around and a black jungle behind you, listening to the noises lacking all meaning one moment, pregnant with terrible, intangible presences the next? That was the way Dal Trevelyan had to sit night after night, sometimes for uninterrupted months. And he was a sensitive chap under his muscular shell, one to whom the noises said things, and a nervous, eager chap to whom monotony spelled destruction.

Then there were the rains—weeks and weeks during which the sky was a gray gauze sieve. When the flowers were all pulp and the gardens a marsh. When floors and ceilings were full of vermin driven in by the floods. When drops stood like steam upon screens and walls, and shoes, belts and silk stuffs were all streaked with green mold which had to be wiped away afresh each morning.

Dal was snarling like an animal—a tiger. Betty screamed—and he sprang!

Of course, there were accounts to go over, correspondence to catch up with and books to read; even a radio to switch on. But with none of these occupations or luxuries could Dal shut out the noises which yet were no noises, but only emanations from a silent, brooding, secret something—waiting, always waiting, with hideous, relentless, unchanging patience outside.

There was also, to be sure, his friend Dirk van Haeften, *administrateur* of *Theeonderneming* Taletatan, the nearest neighboring plantation; and when it was possible the two kept each other glad company. But to be neighbors in a Java jungle is not what it is in a city. It took an hour by motor car, when the road was dry, to cover the distance between their respective abodes. Both men had to be up and about at eight o'clock in the morning, and had to keep about until seven or eight in the evening, when they were dog-tired. And there were times when the factories had to be kept running nights as well as days to take care of the tea while it was in the right state. And during the six months of rain both road and path were practically impassable.

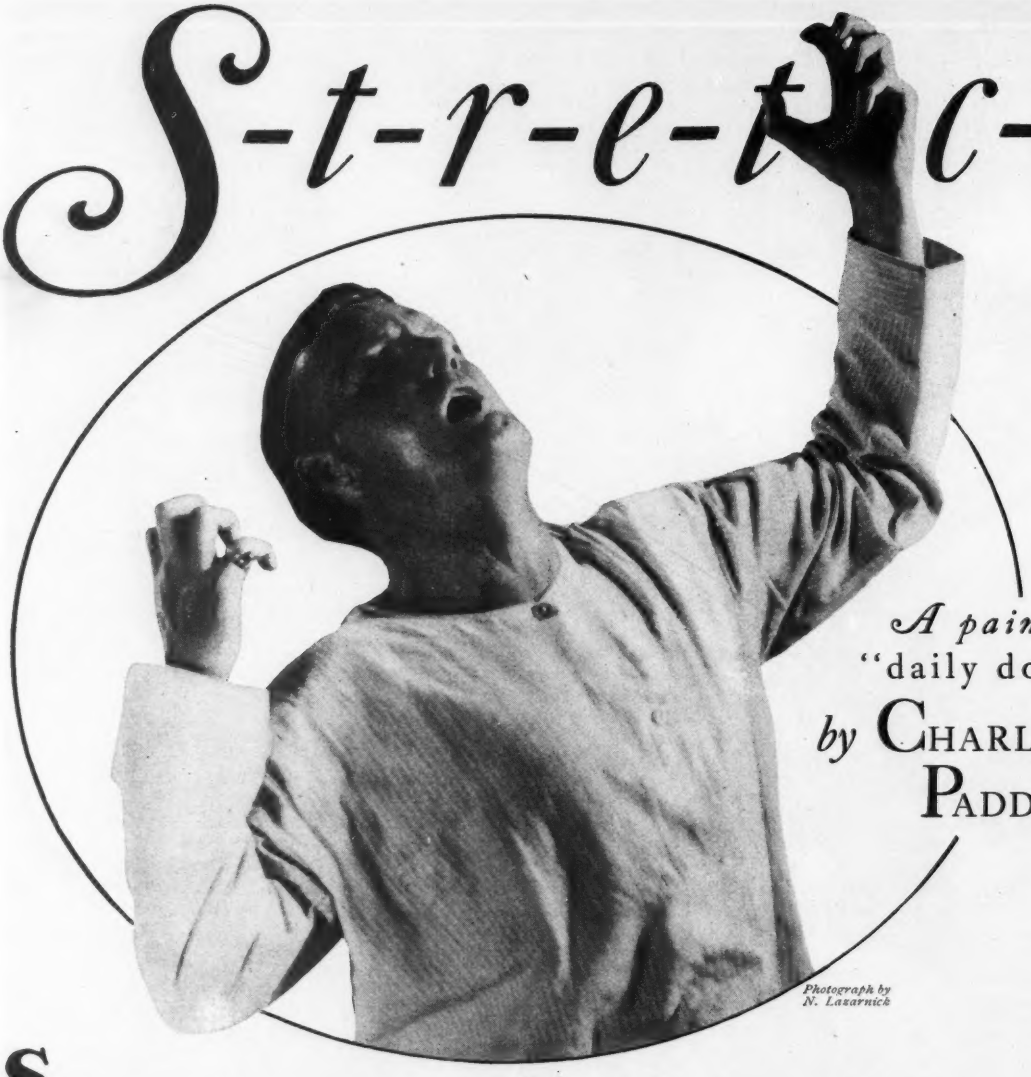
Yet no matter how exhausted or even how (*Continued on page 119*)

¶ *Fear entered Dirk; for it was Betty—Betty with bleeding bare feet!*

S-t-r-e-t-c-h

A painless "daily dozen"

by CHARLES W. PADDOCK



Photograph by N. Lazarnick

Someone asked me the other day, "What do you keep on sprinting for, anyway? Don't you realize that most of these boys like Wykoff, Simpson and Williams can run off and leave you?"

It does seem silly, I suppose. But I know that I am keeping myself in condition by running and I enjoy every moment of it.

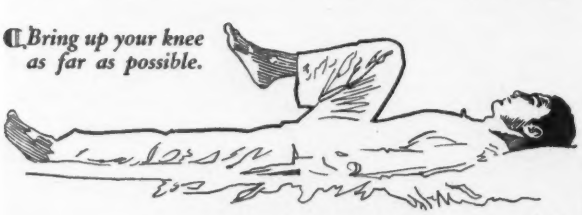
I am not suggesting that every professional and business man, every artist and office worker should get out and sprint madly around the block. But I do say that if he wants to preserve his health he should engage in some kind of beneficial exercise.

The easiest and quickest and the most important for the majority of us is the simplest in the world, just plain everyday stretching. When you get up in the morning and when you go to bed at night, allow yourself a generous stretch. During the day, whenever it is possible, stretch. Make it a habit. Make it instinctive.

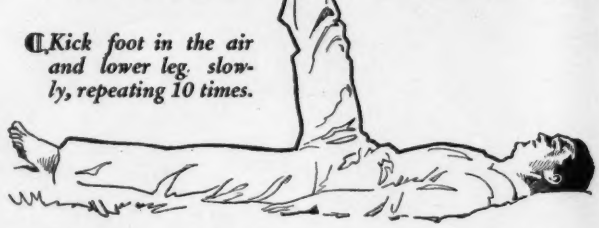
If you have ever watched a wild animal in the zoo, or even your own dog or cat, you have noticed that it seldom gets up or makes a move without stretching. By this simple exercise it forces its blood to course faster and keeps itself in condition. Most of us could stand something more strenuous than stretching, and even if our time is limited we always have enough for jogging or, as we used to say as boys, "dog-trotting." Jogging is an exercise which may be taken as strenuously as its devotee desires, and can be safely recommended to men of all ages. Whenever you feel tired, all you have to do is to drop into a walk, and when your weariness is over, commence easily jogging along again. Fifteen minutes of jogging twice a week will do more to put you into shape than a daily game of golf. Nothing can afford greater relaxation, which in work or play is a prime essential.

Of course there are many of us who do not have the inclination, the time or the place to engage in this helpful exercise. I have found myself in that situation for long periods and have resorted to a few simple exercises which are so easy to do and so soon over that even

Bring up your knee as far as possible.



Kick foot in the air and lower leg slowly, repeating 10 times.



those who are least ambitious to keep themselves fit should be willing to indulge in them. They consist of leg movements which may be taken before you get out of bed in the morning, and which strengthen the stomach muscles, tend to remove surplus fat where it is most likely to accumulate and keep the legs in the best of condition—and no man is stronger than his legs.

Lying flat on your back with your hands at your sides, raise the right leg and bring up your knee as far as possible. Then kick your foot into the air and lower your leg slowly on the bed again. Do this ten times with each leg, and then ten times with both legs. Rest for a moment, then raise your legs alternately as high as possible, keeping the knee stiff and letting the leg down slowly. Follow this by bringing both legs up, with knees stiff, as high as possible, and letting them down slowly ten times.

If you make a daily habit of these simple exercises, considering them as necessary as putting on your clothes, you will be surprised at the results obtainable over a period of years or even months.

If we apply the same amount of common sense in the care of our bodies that we display in other fields of endeavor, it is not at all impossible for us to have health and the good things of life, and to satisfy our several ambitions at the same time. Keeping fit seems to me to be based primarily upon five rules: Mental attitude, rest, exercise, abstemiousness, and proper food, varying in their importance according to our age.

The relative importance of these five health requisites may be shown as follows:

Before twenty-one: 1. Food. 2. Rest. 3. Exercise. 4. Abstemiousness. 5. Mental attitude.

Twenty-one to thirty: 1. Exercise. 2. Rest. 3. Mental attitude. 4. Abstemiousness. 5. Food.

Thirty to forty: 1. Mental attitude. 2. Exercise. 3. Rest. 4. Abstemiousness. 5. Food.

Forty to fifty: 1. Mental attitude. 2. Rest. 3. Abstemiousness. 4. Exercise. 5. Food.

After fifty: 1. Mental attitude. 2. Abstemiousness. 3. Rest. 4. Food. 5. Exercise.

Mental attitude, the most important of all for men past thirty years of age, means virtually nothing to those under twenty-one, and is rated beneath exercise and rest during the great strength-building period of our lives from twenty-one to thirty.

Food, on the other hand, which plays such a fundamental part both before and during the adolescent period, surrenders its position of importance as we grow older. Though it is essential that we should always eat good, wholesome food, the less we eat the better off we are certain to be. Of course, there are exceptions;

Then 10 times with both legs.

certain kinds of physical machines demand far more fuel to be kept going at high speed than others, but few of us really need all the food we stow away.

If half the energy which is being expended in ineffectually trying to establish Prohibition could be turned into propaganda against overeating, how much better off we should be!

Nature did not intend us to spend our lives in stuffing ourselves. A hungry lion which goes out to forage for his evening meal is indeed the king of beasts. Every fiber of his body is alive. His quickness of perception and the speed with which he can cover the ground when necessity demands are almost incredible. After the kill, when he has eaten his fill, what a sorry picture he presents! For now he fairly crawls back to his den, his eyes heavy with fatigue and sleep, his movements languorous and slow, his energy at a low ebb.

The lion, eating only once a day, sleeps off his orgy and is in fighting trim again by the next night. We humans, however, no sooner finish stuffing ourselves than we are ready to sit down for another meal.

We excuse ourselves and say that we are working hard and need the strength which food can give us. Often we have meat three times a day, accompanied by plenty of starches and sweets. When we finally realize that we are eating too much, we eliminate vegetables and green foods, which most of us least enjoy. We overeat until the rarest delicacies do not tempt us.

I certainly do not recommend that men should starve themselves or take up a severe reducing diet. If a man has allowed himself to accumulate layers of unnatural fat, he should eliminate certain flesh-producing foods and substitute those which contain valuable vitamins.

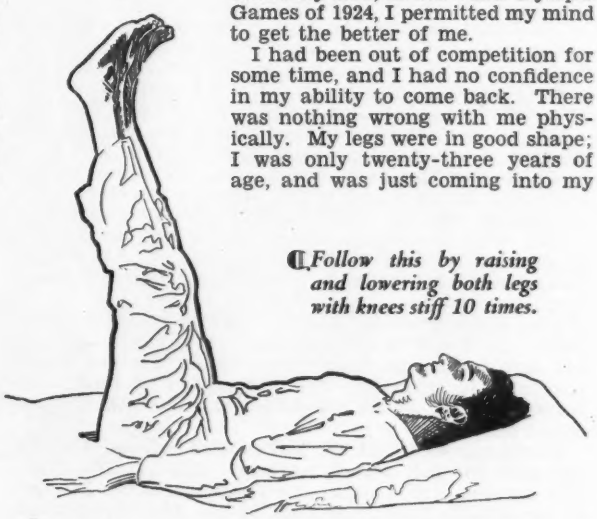
Women are more inclined to be foolish in the matter of reduction than men. Sometimes, in order to save their figures, they will resort to the most extreme measures, particularly if by doing so they may still enjoy eating foods which are not good for them.

Each night, for several years, a young lady of my acquaintance had a whole grapefruit placed in enough boiling water to cover it and the following morning drank the liquid, which had absorbed all the bitterness of the fruit.

It was a vile concoction, but it did its work, counteracting the effect of the fattening foods which she ate during the day. Though she retained her figure, she sacrificed her youthful charm, just as many another woman is doing today by fanatically following some diabolical dieting schedule.

It has already been said that mental attitude is more important for physical success and good health than the food we eat or the exercise we take, for some of us who may be in perfect condition still allow our mental attitude to whip us and affect our best efforts. I remember distinctly how, at the Paris Olympic Games of 1924, I permitted my mind to get the better of me.

I had been out of competition for some time, and I had no confidence in my ability to come back. There was nothing wrong with me physically. My legs were in good shape; I was only twenty-three years of age, and was just coming into my full strength. But I talked myself out of condition. I felt that because I had been out of competition, I could not possibly regain my former speed, and that other sprinters in whom the spirit of youth was more strongly asserting itself would defeat me.



Follow this by raising and lowering both legs with knees stiff 10 times.

Even though I was running in the lead, I allowed my lack of confidence to destroy my physical strength, strange as that may sound, and I did not have the power to force myself through the closing yards to victory. I was beaten in mediocre time. Several students of sport told me what was wrong. I did not believe them then; but a short time later a (*Continued on page 193*)

Yellow hair

By Ida M. Evans

The last game of the series ended in a downpour of rain. The Giants won, and Gloria and Dick ran with a huge crowd for taxicab, uptown and dinner.

"Under my umbrella, sweetheart," fretted Dick.

Gloria's gray satin pumps, gray satin béret and gray satin cape dress were new. So was the marcel that had laid her hair in close molten-gold waves. Dick often told Gloria she did not need a hat.

"By George!" he yelled in joy. The umbrella skidded sidewise like a dwarf dirigible whose pilot has gone slightly mad. Gloria naturally thought he had signaled and secured a taxi; though how in the middle of that crowd—— "There's the Junior Partner! Isn't that marvelous! Wait here, Gloria. I'll be back in a minute."

Later, Gloria told him he was certainly mad.

"Do you think I'd ever marry a man," she panted, "who'd leave me standing in a pouring rain while he raced off to deliver a perfectly unnecessary business message?"

Crestfallen, Dick tried to explain that although he shouldn't have rushed off and left her in that downpour, the message was important. His rushing off in that fashion was important. The Senior Partner at noon had told Dick that if he, Dick, ran across the Junior Partner at the game, Dick should tell him that a telegram from the Osler firm of Toledo had come after the Junior Partner had left the office.

The Senior Partner had been understanding. He had said it was a thousand-to-one chance against Dick's finding the Junior Partner in a ball park; and no one knew where were the Junior Partner's seats. But he'd be greatly obliged if Dick would keep an eye open.

"My clothes are ruined," said Gloria bitterly. "People laughed at me standing there in that rain. The umbrella blew away. People shoved me. They trod on my feet. And for no reason at all. Because you could have phoned the man in thirty minutes after he got home."

Dick, who was twenty-three, drew a long breath and again tried to show Gloria how much better it was to run into the Junior Partner by chance than to phone him later.

Why, the accidental meeting would be the talk of the office! In a mob of fifty thousand, he'd found the person he'd been sent after! The Senior Partner would remember it, and laugh over the element of luck. The Junior Partner would not forget it. The other chaps would envy Dick.

Gloria repeated that her pumps were sodden. She did not care for ball games, anyhow. She loathed them. She did not care whether the Giants beat the Phillies, or the Phillies boiled the Cubs in oil. She thought the Senior Partner was an idiot if he deemed such a silly incident worth his attention. And the Junior Partner was another.

Finally, Dick forwent trying to explain to her that the Senior and the Junior Partners held destinies like his in the hollow of their hands. He said, "We'll forget it."

"No," she contradicted. "I've found you out. And I'd love"—in sarcasm—"to live with a man who'd keep his eyes so well fixed on duty's pennant. I know girls who have married such men. Dinner will be ready to serve—and Tom or Ellis phones that he won't be home because the Senior Partner has kept him in the office. And Ethel or Grace can dine alone and give the maid an evening off. And it's a movie alone for Ethel or Grace, or a fourth at some bridge table that is unexpectedly short a player. No, thank you, Dick Tracy."

Her voice was high and sweet in the taxicab. At the door of her parents' apartment, she gave him back his ring.

Striding off in the rain, Dick spoke plenty of fierce words on the other side of the picture. "Ye-eh! And wouldn't I like to go through life"—hotly—"slaving my neck off for a woman who was too dumb to understand all a chap has to contend with in the business world? Does Gloria Pope think I ran after George Vilas in the rain and got my trousers wet and my shins kicked, and got yelled at by ninety women and shouted at by more men than I can count, just because I like to do errands?

"She ought to realize that any fellow at the office would have been tickled pink to be asked by the old man to take a message to Vilas. I thought Gloria was different from other girls. Cleverer."

Then, because he was only twenty-three and not so hard-boiled as some university lads would like the world to believe they are, his lips trembled as he stopped to light a cigaret. Gloria's yellow hair had lain in such adorable close waves! Like a cap.

But he straightened his shoulders. "Oh, I guess she isn't the only yellow-haired girl in the world."

She wasn't.

A few days later, he met the Junior Partner's new secretary, who had hair almost like Gloria's; she liked ball games, too. But she was twenty-four. Dick believed that a wife should be younger than her husband.

Her sister was twenty-two and had the same kind of hair, and she liked to go to ball games and understood Junior Partners' rung on the ladder. But she had a contralto voice. Dick liked a high sweet voice.

At a party, he met a graduate nurse with flat gold-colored hair, who knew the Giants by name and had a high sweet voice. But she had large hands. Dick liked a girl with small fingers.

During a week-end at a college friend's home, he met a girl with beautiful sunny hair who had a brother in baseball. Her voice was high and sweet, and her father was a Junior Partner. But she was limply amiable on all occasions. Dick liked a girl with spirit.

In time, he came across the only one. It was by accident. In a restaurant, she sat with her brother at a table next that occupied by Dick and two other chaps from the office. Dick knew her brother, and, naturally, greetings followed.

She wore a gray satin cape dress. It was not so trim and catchy as that which Gloria had worn the day she and Dick quarreled. But it was a chic garment, and so were gray satin pumps and béret. Her hair lay in close molten-gold waves. She had a high sweet voice.

Dick knew that this was the only girl for him. So in a few months they were married. There were three children. In time, Dick became a Junior Partner.

And one night, across the dinner table, he had a petulant story for the ear of the wife who in twelve years had never failed to love him and accompany him to ball games.

¶ *"Do you think," Gloria panted, "I'd ever marry a man who'd leave me standing in the pouring rain while he raced off to deliver a perfectly unnecessary business message?"*

Illustration by R. M Crosby

"Young Hollister's in a way." Dick's frown was worried. "Heard him bawling around in a washroom the other day because I'd asked him to try to run across Hillard Saturday afternoon at the airdrome show, and his girl refused to be neglected for business and rode home by herself and won't speak to him now. So he's sore at me. May quit. He's worth keeping, too."

Across an epergne, Mrs. Richard Tracy glanced sharply at her husband. Was the tale pointed, a harking-back?

No. She was reassured. Dick was the most open-faced, open-minded, open-hearted husband in captivity. He had forgotten! Dick would.

"Perhaps young Hollister's girl had only one perfectly right outfit, and it was raining. Suppose you bring the two out to dinner some evening. I'll talk to her," decisively spoke Gloria Tracy, *née* Pope.

Cider of

by Booth Tarkington

Illustrations by

SEM

the celebrated

French Cartoonist

¶ *Mr. Ellis had made his first voyage across the ocean indignantly and not for purposes of culture.*

One day in Paris I asked a French friend to help me understand the puzzling behavior of some of my compatriots, transient visitors in that city. My friend seemed qualified to solve the mystery, for, though he indulged in painting as an avocation or amusement, his real business, a family one, was the export of cheeses to America. He was only twenty-six but had visited the United States several times on business; moreover, he studied Americans, consorting much with those resident in Paris, and although his disposition seemed at times of a Gallic liveliness almost fantastic he was capable of a little seriousness when pressed.

His name is Emile Buzot and he had come to my rooms in the Rue de Tournon to go with me to hear a string quintet in the house of an American woman in the Avenue Henri Martin. "Yes, I know exactly what you mean," he replied, from my workroom, to the question I had called through the open door of the dressing room. "You wish to know why a respectable, quiet, dignified American business man which go to church with his family in the States will come to Paris and sometime' pretty soon conduct himself like a child lunatic escape' from a nurse. You ask me is it something in the man himself or in Paris itself. Which has the element, Paris or the American, which make' a explosion when the two come into a fusion? I am right? This is what you wish to inquire of me?"

"Yes, something like it."

"I will explain it to you," Buzot said promptly. "It happen' mos' to the American who is made to come to Europe by his wife and the daughters for the firs' time and perhaps the only time.

¶ *"I'm no bigot, but I don't drink," said Mr. Ellis. "All I require is a little seeder doo Normandy sivvaplay."*

"He speak only American; he know' nobody, and when his wife and the daughters have drag him through the Louvre, to Notre Dame, to Versailles and Fontainebleau about which he know' nothing and give him a headache, they spend their time buying a thousan' thing' to wear, putting new wave' in the hair, going to the opera, which he will not after once, and he is left nearly all the time to himself. At no time at all has he somebody to talk with except the wife and the daughters, which

Normandy

In this story You read *the* TARKINGTON *whose* Pranks *still are* Traditions *from* His Home Town *to* Paris

an American father seldom think' to be talking in the interesting sense of that word. Well, you see, there you have a man in a desperate condition. Am I clear?"

"You seem to be, so far," I said. "But you haven't——"

"I haven't finish'," Buzot interrupted. "The man is desperate inside him, not realizing his own condition. Remember, too, he is a shrewd man about a few simple thing'—his own town at home, his loan from the bank, his taxes, his golf club, perhaps his church—those few simple thing' are the complete element in which he immerse his life. But now he is far, far out of that element; he has no experience at all of the new element in which he find' himself, yet he still has the impression that he is a shrewd fellow, and then all at once the contagion of liberty that is in the air of Paris infiltrate' his soul. He find' himself in the middle of an enormous city full of people which cannot ever tell anybody of his acquaintance anything he do; he behol' before him as much freedom as if he were an invisible man. Bom! He walk' out and proceed' to explode. You see?"

"Well—yes——"

"I also see something," Buzot said. "It is not a coincidence that you ask me this question today jus' as we are starting like good boys to go to Mrs. Pinney's music where we shall find among the guest' Mr. and Mrs. Alexandre W. Ellis. You are wishing that on account of poor Sharlie Day an explosion would occur to Alexandre W. Ellis. Do I read your thought?"

I laughed and told Buzot, as I came out to join him and we set forth, that he was right; I had indeed been thinking of our troubled friend, Charlie Day, and wishing that Paris might have at least a mollifying effect upon Mr. Alexander W. Ellis. Buzot and I, like most of our friends, thought Day one of the best young landscape painters in the world; he had won several medals not lightly esteemed among his fellows, and, although his earlier years in Paris had been of an economic stress cheerfully borne, he was now far from destitute. He was the most likable of men; everybody who knew him respected him, and there was nothing against him in the world, yet Mr. Alexander W. Ellis would have none of him.

This was important only because Mr. Ellis strangely happened to have a lovely daughter about whom poor Day saw the universe revolving in a faint and distant background.

Fanchon Ellis had spent the spring in Paris with her aunt, Mrs. Pinney; in May she had written home, asking her parents' consent to her engagement to Day, a consent immediately and decisively refused by cables now followed in June by the inflexible appearance of the parents themselves upon the scene. Mrs. Ellis, we learned from the distressed Charlie, was not really an

¶ Alexander had instructed Mrs. Ellis to surfeit Fanchon with new adornment.

Mr. Ellis, the hard-headed man of affairs, as Columbine

opposition; Alexander W. Ellis was one of those dominating Americans, less rare than is legendary, who are the heads of meek and defeated households as well as of triumphant and successful businesses. His objection to Charlie Day was upon broad, impersonal grounds, so to say; he would never allow his daughter to marry anybody so foolish, useless, impractical and effeminate as to spend his life painting pictures. Mrs. Ellis, in her early married life, had taken lessons in painting flowers upon china and the results had not greatly interested her husband. His conception of painters was based upon her instructor, and he did not feel that a painter could rightly be called even a professional man.

Thus, he had made his first voyage across the ocean indignantly and not for purposes of culture or entertainment but with the determination to wrench his daughter out of her hallucination and to take her home in a strictly unengaged condition. Brought up to be obedient, or, more accurately speaking, to be afraid of her father's finding out when she was disobedient, Fanchon was in distress and saw her troubled lover only surreptitiously. Here then, in brief, was an ancient state of affairs and the oldest of triangles: the tyrant father, the damsel with a breaking heart and the banished, wretched lover.

At Mrs. Pinney's, while the quintet supposedly concentrated the attention of some thirty or forty of us upon lovely but rather too easily anticipated Eighteenth Century harmonies, I spent a little more time in the observation of Mr. Alexander W. Ellis than had been afforded by the moment of my introduction to him. He was across the room from me but I had a clear view of him, and my first impression was that I had seen him hundreds of times, he was so completely of the type that must always be alarmed and even horrified by the thought of a family connection with an artist. He had all the marks: the stoutness, the dryness, the visible prosperity, the eye that says "No," the neat gray hair and the golf-club tan. Buzot sat beside him; the music evidently was a tedious affair to both of them and during the intervals they conversed, Buzot with apparent sprightliness and Mr. Ellis with a dry condescension. My surmise was that their subject had been winningly suggested by Buzot and that it concerned the American tariff upon cheeses.

My chair, at the end of a semicircular row, almost touched a pair of closed portières that excluded the too-glaring light of a small, glass conservatory, and I was a little startled when a pale hand issued from between the curtains and tugged urgently at my coat sleeve. At the same time my name was whispered huskily in company with the words, "Come out here!" I obeyed, slid unobserved between the portières and found myself upon the other side of them, among potted plants and facing a haggard and burning-eyed Charlie Day. "One of her aunt's housemaids did this for me," he whispered, with a gesture toward an open window behind the foliage. "I'm really pretty desperate. I haven't seen her for two days, but this morning she got a note through to me—they're to sail a week from Tuesday. She's sitting in the row behind you and only two chairs to your left. For heaven's sake, find some way to get her to come out here!"

No one could have looked at him without compassion; I immediately passed through the portières and resumed my seat in Mrs. Pinney's salon. Then, as the quintet tuned for a fresh number and the audience stirred and buzzed in the interregnum, I leaned back and to my left and spoke to the pale, preoccupied Fanchon. "Charming of your aunt to give us this Mozart," I said. "It seems as characteristic of her taste as the plants in her exquisite little conservatory. Have you looked at them lately?"

She stared at me, her lovely, pained eyes seeming incredulous. "Why, naturally I see them every day. I don't see what——"

"I meant the new one there, Miss Ellis," I interrupted. "A fine specimen, but wilting, I fear, and needing attention."

"Oh—does it?" She stared harder; her lips parted and the lower one trembled. Then she closed them, murmured "Pardon" to the old French lady with whom she had been perfunctorily talking, glided to the curtains and disappeared through them. Without difficulty I was able to picture the tragic little scene that must be taking place upon the farther side of those symmetrical folds during the covering music, and I did not see Fanchon emerge. I had no further sight of her, indeed, until the end of the afternoon, when Buzot and I were in the act of

A little practice with Mlle. Rose

¶ *"Vite! Vite! Napoleon! Il va pleurer . . . Git ap! Napoleon! It looks like rain."*

departure and I caught just a glimpse of her over Mrs. Pinney's shoulder and heard her say to her small, fat, disturbed mother, "I'm going up to my room; I can't stand any more—I can't."

"You chose a peculiar entertainment for your afternoon," I said to Buzot as we walked homeward. "Talking the whole time to an old scoundrel who pleases himself by breaking two gentle young hearts!"

"**Oh, he's** not so bad," Buzot returned surprisingly. "He inquire' all the figure' of the annual exportation of Buzot et Cie; then we talk of collections. He is a collector. At home he has two musket' from the battle of Bonker Hill, a pocket compass use' by your General Grant, a pair of spectacle' worn by the firs' Governor of Missesota and other objects. Here in Paris he has discover' one place which please him, the Tomb of Napoléon. In his youth he has read a Life of Napoléon, he forget which and also what was in it, but the Tomb has remind' him he once had an admiration for the Emperor and some day he think' he will read that book again to refresh himself upon the information. Upon art he say' the French have waste' too much time, but historically he has heard not only of Napoléon but of Charlemagne and Lafayette. Yes, and others! He say to me, 'Let me see, Jo-ann of Arc, she was a good while *before* Mary Antanette, wasn't she?' You see, his visit to Paris begin' to agitate inside him chemically. Something ought to be done with that for the sake of poor Sharlie Day."

"Ought it?" I asked rather coldly. "You seem to enjoy talking nonsense and I'm sorry not to be able to fall in with your mood."

"No nonsense at all. I am serious. What is more, I ask Alexandre if he enjoy' our wines; but he inform' me that he is no bigot but even on foreign soil conform' to the law of his own nativity. Mrs. Alexandre W. Ellis naturally is buying many thing' for herself, and evidently he has instruct' her and Mrs. Pinney to surfeit Fanchon with new adornment and the theater—Alexandre himself is much alone and has discover' bottle' cider from Normandy at the Devon Bar in the Rue Daunou. Cider he can drink with a law-abiding conscience, you see. Well, you take the chemical working of this cider and combine it (*Continued on page 175*)

Back

by Fannie hurst

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

The Story So Far:

In the beer gardens and Over-the-Rhine cafés of Cincinnati in the Gay '90's Ray Schmidt, of Baymiller Street, was often to be found in company with one or another of the traveling salesmen who came to her father's shop. It was this habit of appearing in public, unchaperoned, with married salesmen and the "sports" of the day that had earned for her the disapproval of her neighbors. "Fast," they called her, and in a measure they blamed her father, Adolphus Schmidt, for her "fresh" ways. He didn't even try to keep Ray off the streets; let her "run wild," as the saying went.

Ray herself was sometimes angered and often bewildered by the men, old and young, who inevitably asked for favors beyond her acquiescent kisses. These meant nothing to Ray. The truth was, the impulse to please was part of her very texture. This she confessed to Kurt Kesseler when he asked her to marry him.

Kurt had proposed to her many times—the only man, indeed, who had ever spoken to her of marriage—but Ray had never even considered marrying him until after her father's death, which had left her dazed with grief. Kurt's evident desire to care for her had touched Ray, but she was afraid to marry, she told him; she'd never really cared for any man.

"You haven't been waked up yet," he said.

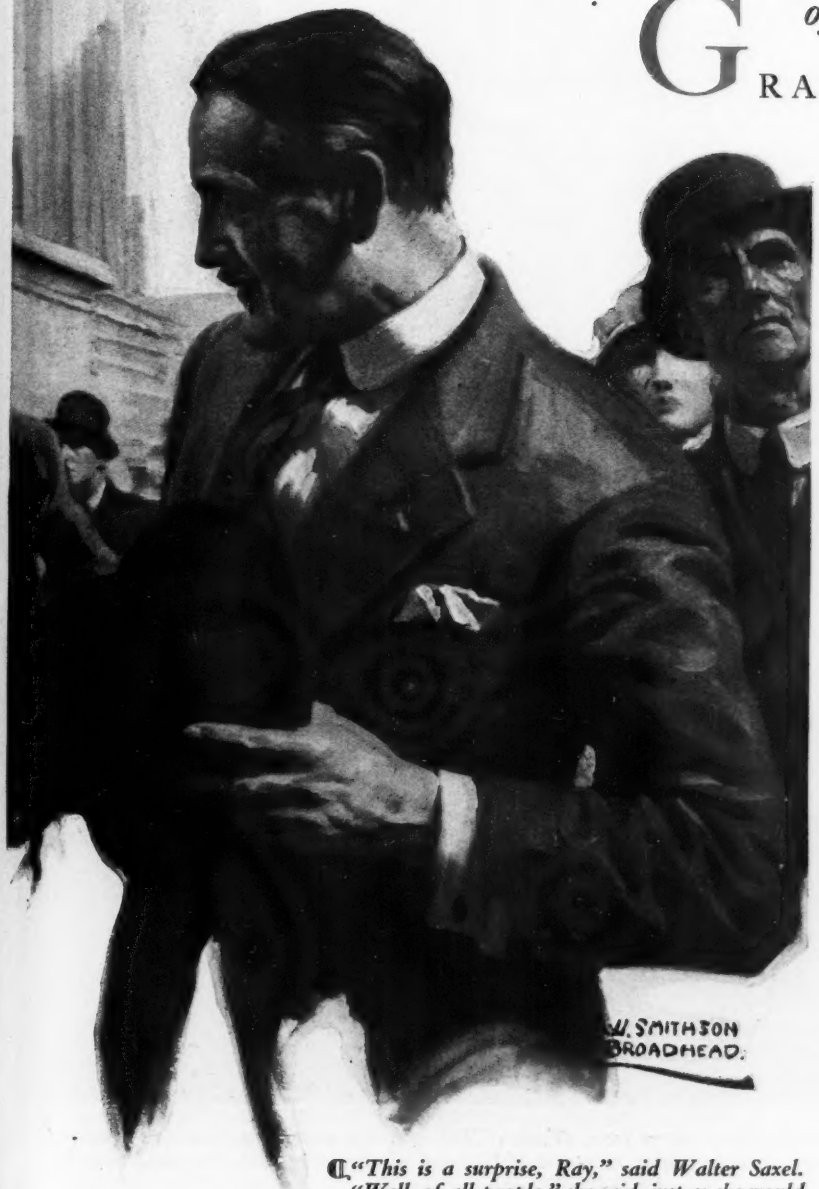
"That's what I'm afraid of," she answered. "What if it should come after I'd married you?"

But Kurt was willing to take the chance and content to wait until she should make up her mind. Meanwhile Ray continued to live in the old house, which now belonged to her stepmother, once the widow Tagenhorst. Freda, her blond stepsister, lived there too, and after Adolph's death Marshall, a married stepbrother, had come from Youngstown to be with his mother.

Tagenhorst had inherited all Adolph's effects, since he had made no will, and the grief-stricken Ray had refused to quarrel over his meager estate. The

Streets

A Novel of a Grand Passion



¶ *"This is a surprise, Ray," said Walter Saxel. "Well, of all people," she said, just as she would have said to any other from home. They stood for an hour, tearing apart the obscuring years.*

trimmings and dressmaking findings shop was now in the hands of a man named Heyman Heymann and Ray had stayed on there as clerk.

Life for Ray, dazed with her sorrow, became gray and monotonous, until one night its color and glamour were restored by a chance meeting with Walter Saxel. Almost at once Ray discovered that Walter was a Jew and a sense of foreboding quelled her joy in the meeting. Jewish men, she knew, were prone to marry girls of their own kind; and, indeed, on that first evening with Walter she learned that he called steadily on Corinne Trauer, whom she knew as a plump blonde whose mother had wealthy connections in New York.

Her meetings with Walter, sandwiched in between his more regular engagements, constituted her only happy times, for the Tagenhorsts were planning to sell the old home and the little shop was fast losing ground.

Then came a day when Walter wanted her to meet his mother; it was to be, seemingly, a chance encounter in front of the lion cubs' cage at the Zoo, before they went to Sunday dinner at the Trauers', but Ray's heart had leaped with joy at the suggestion. Perhaps—just perhaps, it might mean undreamed-of happiness for her!

That meeting never took place. In the dawn of that Sunday morning Freda Tagenhorst came to Ray for help in her serious trouble. She and Hugo Hanck . . . Ray needed no further explanation. Freda's pitiful state, her threats of suicide were enough. And so it was that at eleven o'clock of the morning that might have changed the whole course of her life, Ray was dragging a reluctant Hugo to his wedding.

Two days later Ray read in the paper of the betrothal of Corinne Trauer and Walter Saxel. Thereafter, nothing seemed to touch her. Numbed and listless, she lived amid the excitement of the selling of the old home and the merging of the store with a St. Louis company.

The young Hancks had returned from a honeymoon

"I've been a business girl for fifteen years, Walter," Ray said. "And now your business is me, Ray. I need you." The suffusing sweetness of that was almost more than she could bear.

trip with high hopes that Hugo's uncle, a wealthy retired brewer, would take them into his home. But so far he had not offered to open his doors to them.

Ray had given them her room, and her only interest, these days, was the secret knowledge that Freda was soon to be a mother. Even that small comfort was taken from her one night when Freda confessed that she had lied to Ray in regard to her condition in order to force Hugo to marry her.

"You won't tell Hugo, Ray?" she whimpered, then.

"I won't tell him," said Ray. "But if you don't get out of my sight, I might hurt you. Go!"

But the damage had already been done. She had lost Walter—and for what?

There was still Kurt, but even though Ray knew that Kurt was the man she should marry, she couldn't say Yes to him with Walter in her heart.

Soon after Christmas she read the announcement of

the date of Corinne and Walter's wedding, and the thought came to her: Why should I stay around here? I'll wire Eddie Longmans and ask if the job he offered me in New York is still open.

She was always to say, even when her residence in New York had lengthened out into years, that to her it was never more than a resting place between trains. A Cincinnati girl, visiting New York, she was to remain with the feel of every bone in her body. Even after five years, she was still using such allusions as: "When I go back home . . ."

Strange too, because, from the first, roots of a sort had gone down into the new soil. Her business affiliation with Longmans-Black started off a success. With the exception of the first few months, when she changed address frequently, she had found permanent residence at "Mrs. Blaymey's," on Twenty-third Street—three red-brick houses joined by bridges and giving the combined effect of a small hotel.

There had been little time for the alleged loneliness of the big city. The work at Longmans-Black, mere stock supervision in the veiling and artificial-flower department, which she regarded as child's play after the more responsible buying and selling rôles she had been accustomed to assume, was nevertheless confining. She arrived at Longmans-Black at eight-thirty and she signed out at six.

Supper at six-thirty in the basement dining room at Blaymey's was a noisy, gregarious affair, where you made social connections, such as they were. At least such as they were to Ray. Middle-aged business women in "Bryan for President" celluloid buttons, who came down to meals bearing copies of "David Harum," "Eben Holden" or "The Man with the Hoe."

Most of the married men looked as if they were insurance or bond salesmen, with typical boarding-house wives and children who were being reared in the miscellaneous but respectable atmosphere of Mrs. Blaymey's. The single men represented lumber firms in the Northwest, or constituted the New York agency of a patent high-chair corporation that manufactured in Grand Rapids.

Not a few of them held desk positions in freight offices or with the wholesale merchandise firms along lower Broadway and Fifth Avenue. A credit man from Lord and Taylor's with his wife and two children had resided at Blaymey's for eleven years. Also a head bookkeeper for one of the New York offices of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and his wife, a deaf mute of arresting beauty, were among those whose long residence attested to the stability of Blaymey's.

As a matter of fact, the original Mrs. Blaymey had died during the second year of her proprietorship, and two middle-aged bachelors, Ragland and Stooey, had carried the business on ever since. One of the popular witticisms in which everyone indulged was to refer to "Old Lady Ragland" and "Miss Stooey."

Miss Taddie Silcox of Blaymey's, a stenographer, had once suggested to Ray that they pool their resources and rent rooms where they could arrange for kitchen privileges, but the idea stirred Ray not at all.

Curious, but the need for recreational and social contacts in the new city scarcely troubled Ray, for whom the constant public excitements of hotel lobbies, race tracks, variety theaters had once been staff of life. There were always men to be met, but gone was much of the zest that had once given her the vitality to rig herself in the most extreme accouterments of fashion and sail past the Stag Hotel on Vine Street for the paradoxical emotions of resentment and thrill as the comments flew.

Though she was still given to the vagaries of fashion, the zest for parade was gone. Once or twice, in something spick-and-span off her dressmaker's form, she had sailed down that aisle of a thousand eyes known as the "Peacock Alley" of the Waldorf Astoria hotel, and as of old, heads had swung. Once on an Easter morning as she had paraded down Fifth Avenue attired in a brand-new navy-blue bolero suit with a gored skirt whose brush binding swept the ground and a bolero jacket trimmed with brass buttons, newspaper cameras had clicked after her.

But while she was still given to the vagaries of fashion and thought little of stitching away until past midnight on the newest thingumabob in millinery, the real zest was gone. She dressed well because she had a figure, needed to look well at business and because—well, because she was that kind of person. She had style!

A couple of stockbrokers in Wall Street whom she had met—never mind how—were fond of taking her out for that reason. To Madison Square Garden; to Tony Pastor's or to Martin's or Shanley's or Jack's. One of these brokers, Albert O'Ryan, who already had laid the foundation of what was to be the fabulous O'Ryan fortune, was fond of driving Ray, of a Sunday morning, along Fifth Avenue to Central Park.

Albert owned one of the few motor cars in town, and these weekly excursions of his, which kept him perspiring over switches to be pressed, a complexity of pedals and levers to be operated simultaneously, were in the nature of adventure.

"Get a horse!" rose in ribaldry along the harassed route of the itinerant motorist of those days.

"Albert, do you think it's right to scare all the horses so?"

"It's not my machine that is stopping traffic; it's the girl I've got beside me!"

One Sunday evening, as O'Ryan was driving her along the city streets, this conspicuous performance almost threatened to bring her notoriety; in fact, did so, to the extent of her seeing herself in a news item which appeared in the paper the morning after the event: "Unknown Young Woman Leaps from Horseless Carriage of Wealthy Broker."

They had been rumbling along late one evening in O'Ryan's car, when suddenly the plump-faced youngish man turned into Sixteenth Street and drew up before a house as brown and as narrow as a prim-looking spinster. To Ray, who had never seen it before, there was something about this house which struck at her consciousness as if cymbals had been hit, causing her to ring with apprehension.

"Why are we stopping here, Mr. O'Ryan?" she asked and moved to the far side of the seat, clutching the leather tufting as if she did not mean to be pried off.

"Ask me no questions, sweet, and I'll tell you no lies."

"But I do ask. What do you want me to get out here for? It's twelve o'clock. Take me home."

"Don't you want a good time?"

"Take me home."

They had been dining in what O'Ryan called his club, a handsome house near the reservoir, where men and women in smart street and evening attire ate and (*Continued on page 20*)

A Masque of Liverpool

Liverpool

I am the English sea-queen; I am she
Who made the English wealthy by the sea.

The street of this my city is the tide
Where the world's ships, that bring my glory, ride.

Far as the tide along my highway swings,
The iron of my shipwrights clangs and rings.

Far inland as the gulls go are my stores,
Where the world's wealth is lockt with iron doors.

And these my merchants gather day by day
The wealth I bring, the wealth I send away.

The Northern Merchants

We have been told that in the northern snows
And green icet sea the living sperm whale blows
And narwhals that have ivory in the nose:

And seals, that scrape along the ice and shine
In their sleek coats, and wolves with yellow eyne
And white-pelt bears, with small heads viperine.

And fish beyond all telling in the far
Cold depths wherein the cod's sea pastures are
Where the one sign of home is the North Star.

The Eastern Merchants

We have been told that in the East are things
Flame-guarded by the Phœnix' burning wings,
The Sunstones of the Everlasting Kings;

The Moonstones from the Woman of the Sea,
The Changestones that compel Eternity
To that which IS, but yet can never be.

And myriad balms; and spices such as nard
The unicorn and the camelopard
White, velvet-horned, in forests moonlit-starred.

And blood-gum, from the dragon poison-tusht,
Such as the Ctesiphon high-priestess crusht
On the sweet altar before swooners husht.

And grain from glittering fields, the which at dark
Strange three-toed stags will rob yet no man mark,
Unseen they come and go before the lark.

And silks, that the worm spins and man refines
Silk of the East with sunlight in its lines
That, at each turn, with other colour shines.

Berries, and fragrant leaves, and scented wood
Hard as thick glass and smooth, and red as blood,
And painted clays, and all drugs ill and good.

And muslins, delicate as dew, scarce seen;
Jade, carven and uncarven, serpent-green;
Blue from Madras, and scarlet from Cocheen.

Rubies that flame at midnight, pearls like moons
Pluckt from green depth at lulls in the monsoons,
Turquoise of Pasht, blush-coloured settaroons.

Salt lamprons, sun-dried waltrons, durians, dates,

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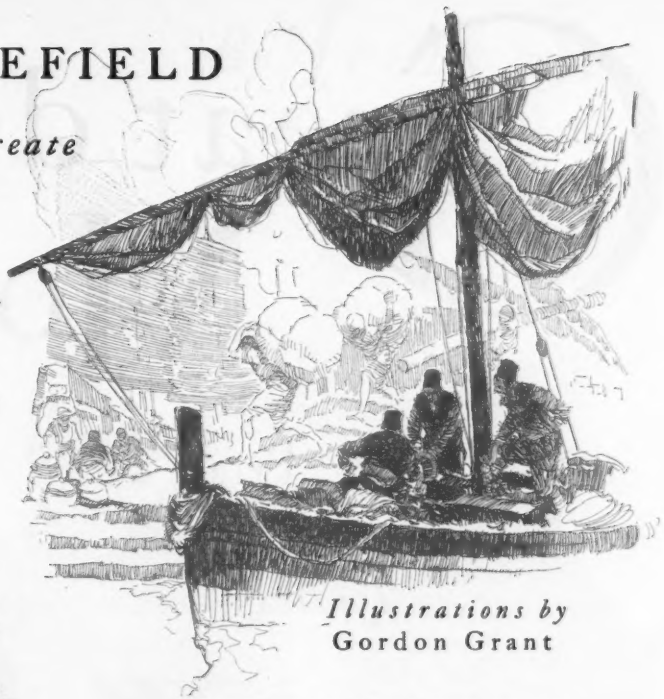
By JOHN MASEFIELD

the new Poet Laureate



Illustrations by
Gordon Grant

Peaches whereon the Paradise Bird baits,
Almonds thick-candy'd from the Mogul's cates.

And perfumes such as burn by night and day
In Sarn, the city in the Himalay,
Where gods feast nightly, so the travellers say.

The Southern Merchants

We have been told that in the South are men
Whom we can buy for beads to sell agen
Betwixt the Trinity and Darien.

And gold in dust, like sand upon the strond,
And soft blue soapstones from the hills beyond
Within whose dullness gleams the diamond.

And wood so dense it sinks, and wood so tough
Not even a blacksmith's rasps can make it rough,
Plank fit for gun-decks and for coaming-stuff.

And palm-oil and palm-matting and palm wine
And palm-rope, hawser-laid for towing line,
And palm wood corded with pajuka-bine.

And beasts for men to stare at, put in cage,
Monkeys like people of a former age,
And shag-maned lions, bound, for all their rage.

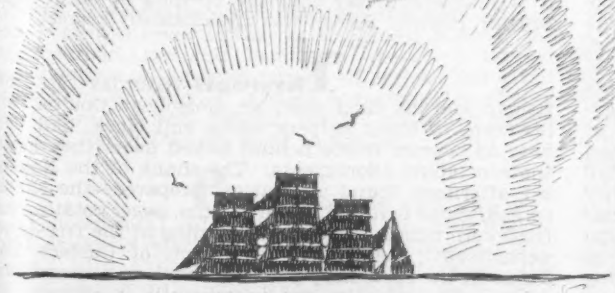
And pelts like armour cut from serpents grim
And striped pelts from the beasts that haunt the dim
And man-pelts stufft by dwarf folk shrunken slim.

And dwarves themselves, that click, but cannot speak,
Of all mankind the smallest and most weak,
Who poison elephants and hew the teak.

And giants, reared on milk, whose two-edged spears
Have foot-wide blades more fatal than Fate's shears,
Who drink a foeman's blood and wear his ears . . .

But beside these, the lucky man may find
The gold mines that the Kings of Egypt mined,
Rich still in gold though all the shafts are blind.

And in them in the darkness, crowned and throned,
Sits the dead Pharaoh's mummy, staring-boned
Surrounded by the treasure that he owned.



The Western Merchants

We have been told that in the West the grain
In harvest time so yellows all the plain
That the blue sky seems dippt in a green stain.

And that beyond the grain, the pasture runs
Well watered on, to distant horizons,
Feeding the cattle in their millions.

And that beyond the pastures is the wood,
Mile beyond mile in leafy multitude
Of red-hearts, each dark shadowing a rood.

And that beyond the wood, the mountains are
Gleaming with ore and shimmering with spar
Wealth like a beacon burning from afar.

And that beyond the mountains there are lakes
Where fish so stuff the net that the mesh breaks,
And men can tread the track the salmon takes.

And that beyond the lakes are glens wherein
The hunter Indian with the painted skin
Has heard the mammoth trumpet to his kin.

And seen, from out the dim green forest-hold
Vast tusks outcurve and hairy trunk unfold
Beyond the glens are mountains made of gold.

All the Merchants

And for these things we offer English wares,
The harvest that the slag-soiled foundry bears,
The fruit of blackened boughs in poison'd airs.

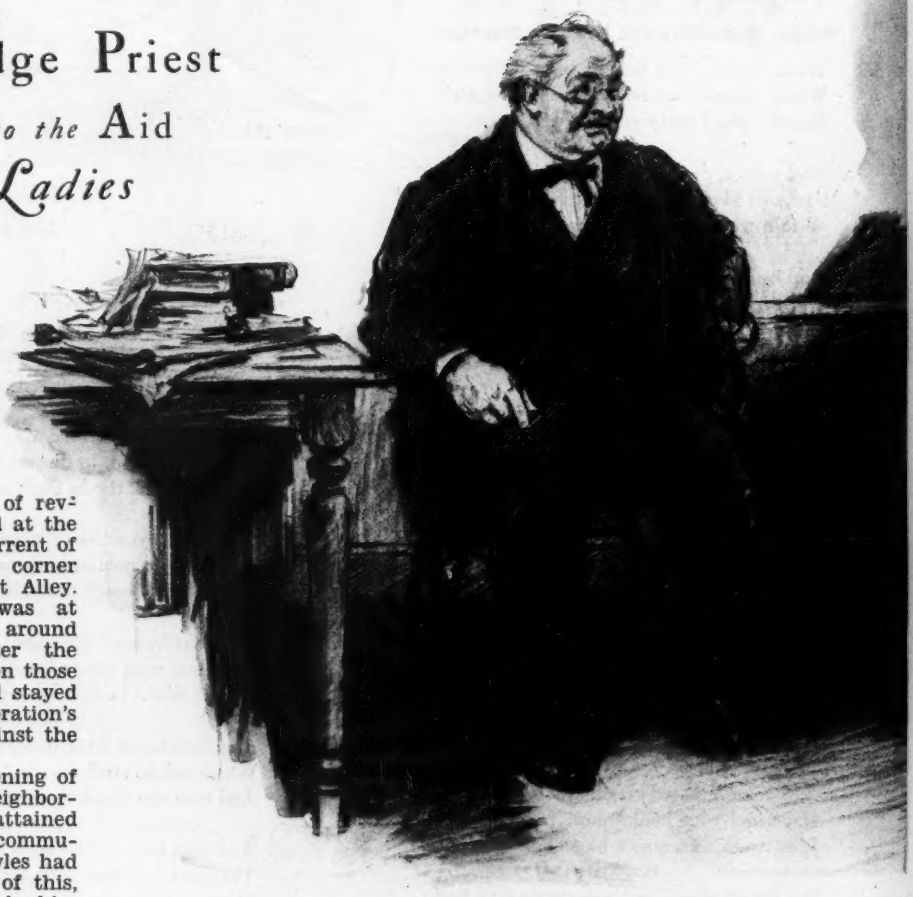
Coal from the mines, and iron, crude and wrought,
Machines, the slaves begotten of man's thought,
Cottons and woollens, these shall be the fraught.

These, and the sons of men, we offer these
To send as our exchange across the seas,
For all the planet's beauty, wealth and ease.

(*Continued on page 150*)

Great day *in the* Morning

Old Judge Priest Comes *to the* Aid *of the* Ladies



There were sounds of revelry by night—not unmixed at the latter end with an undercurrent of hiccups—on the southwest corner of Clay Street and Contest Alley. That clicking submotif was at its highest and strongest around eleven-forty-five P.M., after the crowd thinned out and when those valiant consumers who had stayed on and on for the celebration's wind-up were working against the clock.

In a town where the opening of a new saloon was ever a neighborhood event and sometimes attained the importance of being a community event, Mr. Crispin Broyles had declared that the opening of this, his newest saloon, would make history. Quoting him in this connection, the words were she'd shore be one humdinger of a blow-out or else he'd know the reason why. He made good on the promise, sparing neither pains nor expense. Until midnight, which was closing time for Mr. Broyles, he being a law-abiding person and the Sabbath impending, she both hummed and she dinged.

With so great a speed does modern civilization alter modes, manners and morals that to a present generation any adequate description of this festal scene must read like writings from some most musty, some most sere and yellow manuscripts. But to certain oldsters among us it must bring back a flow of memories bittersweet and deeply fragrant; commingled memories of scented clove and aromatic cinnamon, the parched coffee bean and the succulent pretzel; memories of tall schooners with bellying sails of whitest foam and they amber-laden to their transparent Plimsoll marks; memories of vasty polished cuspidors and delightful soapsud scrolls on broad mirrors and pleasant oil paintings of ladies, with practically nothing on but their flowing tresses, surprised while taking baths in sylvan pools; memories of a brazen foot rail shining like a slim golden ghost across the intervening void of one whole decade and its dragged-out fraction of a decade.

Far be it though from this age-withered adventurer to dabble with disturbing fingers in the dust of an unreclaimable past. For the intents of this narrative it is sufficient to say that the opening of Mr. Crispin Broyles' Idlewild Saloon was ritualistically correct.

Through Saturday that gentleman and his chief aide, Mr. Horsehead Coulter, and his corps of lesser helpers, white and black, had been busy as beavers where behind locked doors they added the concluding adornments. The shank of the November afternoon found all matters prepared—the special spread, which featured baked possum, sweet potatoes and fresh corn pones, smoking and sizzling at the free-lunch department; the framed lithograph of Custer's Last Stand in the customary place of honor on a nearer wall space; only slightly less prominently displayed, the

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

familiar printed warnings, two in number, one abruptly proclaiming "Minors Keep Out" and one pointedly presenting this motto: "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash."

In the front window, with a stuffed bald eagle outspreading its wings between them, the brace of magnums of champagne which were of course for advertising and not beverage purposes; fronting the wide looking glass behind the counter the bottled goods properly set out: bourbon, rye and Tennessee whisky in labeled decanters and in the order named—if anyone had asked for Scotch, Mr. Broyles, puzzled but always courteous, would have inquired: "Scotch whut?" inasmuch as the high ball had not as yet come to his ken.

Bestowed in an alcove were two supplemental signs for outdoor use—the first a florid design in black and red reading: "Bock on Tap Today," with a painted he-goat rampant above; the second, even more ornate, showing in blue on a white board the heads of a span of yoked oxen coupled with the almost unnecessary legend: "Hot Tom and Jerry," thus and thereby stamping the establishment as an establishment complete down to the last seasonal touches.

But a solitary feature was lacking. As yet this saloon did not smell as a true saloon should smell. Only time and rancid air and staling food fragments and fumes of spirits and fumes of spilt beer fusing together there where swinging inner doors and frosted windows shut out the sunshine—and the prying gaze of the morbid—could effect that atmospheric consummation. Otherwise and absolutely, all was fashionably complete.

Sharp on six o'clock, Mr. Broyles, standing in the center of his assembled fixments, cast about him a final appraising eye which swept approvingly from the tissue-paper fringes at the ceiling to the virginally gleaming oilcloth upon the floor and, finding naught now to criticize, in his tripled rôle of chief entertainer, sole proprietor and jolly good fellow which nobody, and least of all Mr. Broyles himself, could deny, he molded his ample

¶ *"Say, fellers," pleaded Crispy Broyles, "come on in anyhow, won't you, please? I'll set 'em up."*

features into a professional cast of smiling welcome and called out:

"All set, boys? Then throw her wide open and let 'em in!"

With that, Dink Givens the porter threw her wide open and let 'em in. And in they came, wave on wave of them, like breakers of an eager and an onpouring sea, with Gus Rapp and Hy Brody, rival brewery agents, and Will Ed Tinker, local representative of the Old Fairfax Distilling Company, riding the crest of the front swell; and in less time than it takes to tell it, that toothsome possum supper with all its accompanying dainties had suffered the first devastating onslaught; and the cash register sang practically a continuous chime; and Mr. Broyles and Mr. Coulter and two extra barkeepers who had been taken on for the occasion were juggling glassware like so many Swiss bell ringers.

You—or Mr. Broyles—couldn't have dreamed a more auspicious launching; couldn't have asked for a brighter augury of future prosperity.

Little, as the fancy writers are wont to say, recked Mine Host Broyles—which was what the Evening News had called him in its preliminary write-up—and little recked the genial and congenial troupe who gathered together to enjoy his hospitality and the generosity of Messrs. Rapp and Brody and Tinker, that at the selfsame hour when the Idlewildian festivities were at their gayest and brightest, a discussion, the unsuspected outcome of which would bear directly upon the immediate destinies of the new enterprise, had just neared a head at a spot approximately a quarter of a mile distant, or, to be exact about it, in the sitting room of Judge Priest's homestead less than three blocks to the westward.

The judge sat behind his cluttered desk, with his co-consultants, of whom there were four, grouped in pairs at either side of the fireplace. All four of them were ladies. Without exception they were elderly or middle-aged ladies; women of substance and efficient housewives, you would have said at a glance.

If Judge Priest inwardly had registered surprise at the unexpected convening under his roof of this delegation, he masked his feeling beneath a fine show of gladness, and ushered them in with cordial words and called upon Jeff Poindexter to replenish the grate with more hickory logs. Nor had they kept him in suspense touching on the object of their call. In Mrs. Abby Whittemore they had a spokeswoman of merit. Here was one representative of the so-called gentler sex who, as the saying is, never beat about the bush when she had on her mind something calling for utterance. It was she who had, for the judge's prompt enlightenment, outlined the subject in hand.

For emphasis she now was recapitulating the principal points. "And so, Judge Priest," she was saying, "that's how this outrageous thing stands. We've nothing against this man Broyles. Probably he's no worse and no better than the average run of his kind——"

"Better than some I mout mention," interrupted the judge. "I don't believe Crispy would hurt a fly."

"Probably not," agreed Mrs. Whittemore. "But he's fixing to hurt the reputation of this whole neighborhood by deliberately coming in here and turning that old saddlery shop down yonder into a barroom. And in all these years there's never been a barroom on Clay Street."

"Possibly, ma'am, that's why he hit on this purticular location."

"No doubt," stated Mrs. Whittemore crisply. "But he steals a march on us by getting a license, or whatever it is he has to have, before anybody around here has an inkling of what's afoot. And then when several of us go to the City Hall to see if we can't do something to stop him before it's too late——"

"To nip it in the bud, as it were," put in Mrs. Bruckner Merrill, who had facility in classical quotation.

"Quite so," went on Mrs. Whittemore. "We go there and the city attorney tells us that unless we can prove this man Broyles is of bad character—which apparently he isn't—or unless it should turn out later that he's running a disorderly resort or creating a common nuisance, or unless we can show there's a place of worship within a specified distance of the place—which we can't—there's nothing we can do or the authorities can do, nothing anybody else can do, legally, I mean."

"Yessum, that happens to be the law ez laid down on the statute books."

"And then when we get the Reverend Father Minor and the Reverend Doctor Hendrickson and the Reverend Mr. Ramsey to wait on this man with a protest, he politely tells them he's not in business for his health and naturally likes to have a business where there's no competition close by, and then goes on to say he's already paid his first month's

¶ *"Say, Crispy, this here is Coulter. I don't believe I'm comin' over, not jist yit, anyhow."*

rent in advance and while he doesn't want to hurt anybody's feelings, that he's going right ahead with his plans.

"And he does go right ahead with them and tonight he starts up—I do wish, judge, you could have seen that mob of men rushing in there at supper time; I saw it from my side parlor windows—and so, being desperate, we've come to you as a last resort. Because we *are* desperate, Judge Priest."

"Of course you ladies understand that I'm powerless to act fur you or with you or even treat with you in an official capacity," said he.

"But as a taxpayer, as a resident of this vicinity, as a tried and proven friend of the women and children—

¶ Dink was waylaid by groups putting eager questions. "Don't ask me whut it means," parried the flabbergasted colored man. "De way hit look to me, we's fixin' to be ganged on."

and of the men, too—of this section of our city——"

"Ef you're puttin' it that way, why, natchelly that's different," the old man conceded. "Mebbe I better make my own position clear to you ladies before I start offerin' you advice, ef any.

"To begin with, I'll have to tell you I ain't got any grudge ag'inst the said Broyles. He's always struck me ez bein' a clever, good-hearted kind of a cuss. And I'll likewise have to admit to you that, ordinarily speakin', I ain't got any deep-settled prejudices ag'inst a convenient place fur droppin' in to git me a dram, not ef it's run decent. You may even 'a' heared me accused by my political enemies of openly patronizin' sich concerns.

"**But in** this case my sympathies lean your way. I don't believe we actually need a saloon right here amongst our very midst, ez you mout say. So, ef I could be of any aid to you-all in this emergency that's arose, without bein' drug into the controversy ez an active participant——" He broke in on himself: "Ladies, did it ever occur to you that about onc't in a great while when all measures and all known remedies seem to give out on you, you kin cure a complaint by jest natchelly killin' it with kindness?"

"Exactly what do you mean by that, Judge Priest?" demanded Mrs. Whittemore, hitching her rocker closer to his.

"Strictly in confidence, I'm fixin' to elucidate right now," he said. "Whut I've got in mind mout not work but shorely it wouldn't hurt any to try it."

There was a rustling of starchy underskirts, a subdued hum of expectancy, and immediately the five of them went deeply into conference, a phrase which in these latter days has come to be much abused and greatly overworked, but which in this instance was, in the use of it, amply justified.

The conference lasted the better part of a half hour and at its conclusion the quartet of ladies likewise concluded their visit, departing in a body and all with the palpitant airs of persons sharing a thrilling and an audacious secret. Whereupon Judge Priest, looking somewhat like a satisfied fat Machiavelli, poured himself a stiff nightcap at the dining-room sideboard and betook himself off to peaceful though rumbling slumber.

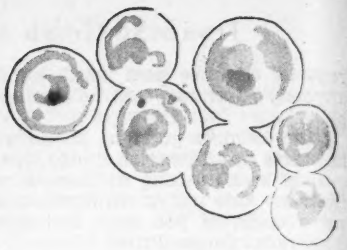
It is fair to assume that Mr. Broyles, retiring at a much later hour, also enjoyed a rest unbroken and harmonious. Were he even dimly aware of the machinations going on behind his back, sleep for him had surely been broken. But he was totally unawares. And so through the languid Sunday his conversation was distinguished by a rosy confidence. With an impatience born of his optimism he looked forward to the morrow and the resumption of trade at the new stand.

"Great day in the mornin'!" exultantly and more than once chanted Mr. Broyles, employing the term, which was by way of being a favorite of his, both as slogan and as prophecy. "Yes suzz, great day in the mornin'!"

By arrangement, Mr. Horsehead Coulter had the first turn. Accordingly, on Monday (*Continued on page 157*)

Waltz of Youth

by JOHN HELD, JR.



Tubby Wheeler had insisted that his people attend Rush Week. Rush Week consisted of four days and evenings of serious collegiate ceremony. The first day was Frosh "Welcome"; second day was Sophomore "Jamb"; third day was Junior "Prom," and fourth day was Senior "Recept." This Rush Week was a four-day week, but the days were full.

Tubby's interest was Sophomore "Jamb," a day that was a turning-point in his scholastic life: it meant the end of his freshman slavery.

The morning ceremony was of great importance. When the entire Sophomore Class marched down the campus singing their song and with grim, set expressions threw their freshman caps into the pond, this was the casting-off of handcuffs: they were slaves no longer.

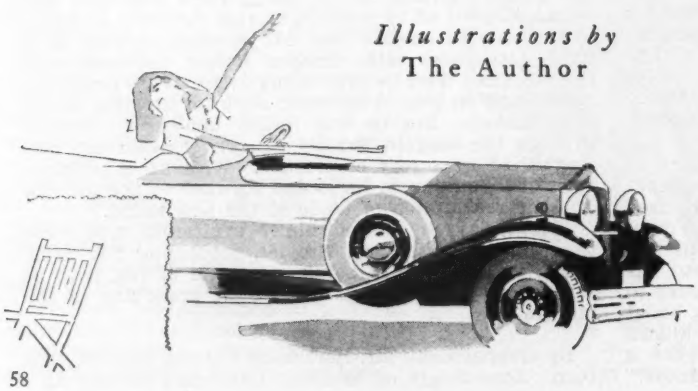
Tubby wanted his people to see him open into collegiate blossom. So Mr. Wheeler had taken a couple of days from his insurance business. He had come up alone, as Mrs. Wheeler was not in the best of health.

Mr. Wheeler had long since forgotten the seriousness of student days. His was the seriousness of rapidly graying middle age, and the performance seemed rather silly to him. As he stood there with his hat off, he felt the warm morning sun on his neck. Suddenly his attention was attracted by the musical notes of what was half laughter and half giggling. He turned, and his eyes were arrested by a vision in a pink organdie frock. The morning sun beyond silhouetted the lines of her figure through the ruffles.

He noted that the figure was trim and young as his gaze followed up from the ribbon bows of her slippers. Her face was hidden under the brim of a wide floppy leghorn hat. She continued to giggle and chatter with the others in her group. She became conscious that she was being stared at. She turned and met Mr. Wheeler's gaze unembarrassed.

He saw her face framed with the wide hat she was wearing. Her eyes were soft blue. He noticed the absence of cosmetics. Her cheeks were pink with the excitement of youth; her skin was clear and smooth.

Illustrations by The Author



Mr. Wheeler continued to stare. She went on chatting with her companions.

"Gad, she's lovely!" he thought as a strange feeling went through him. This new feeling irritated him a bit. He snorted to himself and turned to watch the pageant. But his thoughts insisted on talking to him. "I haven't felt this way for years. I wish I knew her. I wish I had a daughter like her. Gad, she's lovely!"

Then his thoughts switched to his son, who had always been a fat boy, and to his wife, who wasn't well.

"I'd like a chance to talk to the young lady, just to tell her that I think she is beautiful. I'd like to take her slim young body in my arms and feel her close to me.

"No, I don't mean that. I'd like to tell her that I wish she were my daughter. Yes, that's it. I wish she were my own daughter, so I could always keep her young and soft and pink and heavenly as she is now."

As he stood listening to his thoughts, the cap ceremony ended. Mr. Wheeler continued to stare at the pink lady as she moved over to a shining roadster. She seated herself behind the wheel and as the motor roared at starting she turned with a smile and waved her hand.

Mr. Wheeler smiled back and returned the hand wave, just as he realized that she was waving to someone behind him. He turned and saw his perspiring son approaching on the run, shouting, "Hey, Babs! See you at the 'Jamb' tonight."

Tech Hall was gayly decorated with many-colored balloons and was crowded with sophomores and their house dates. The band was in fine form, crooning soft melodies. Fond parents watched the festivities with sleepy eyes.

Mr. Wheeler was with a group composed

of his son and his son's friends and their girls. He hadn't attempted to dance. He just stood and waited for the couples to return after each encore. The group used him as a marker to show where to come back to. His dress collar rubbed his sunburned neck.

The young lady who had attracted his attention in the morning was a member of the group. He had been formally introduced to her. Her name was Barbara Porter. That is, that's what it sounded like to him.

She was again in pink; a smoky-pink evening gown, long-waisted, with a full long skirt of ruffled tulle. Her soft dark hair was evenly waved and held in place by a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds. The evening was at its height when the band started a soft slow waltz.

"Hey, Dad!" said Tubby. "Do this waltz with Babs, will you? I've got to go down to the coop for cigs."

"I'd be pleased to, if the young lady thinks she can stand it," he replied. But Tubby was gone.

"Why, Mr. Wheeler, don't say things like that; of course I can stand it," said Babs.

He held out his arms and she snuggled into them like a kitten, and in his embarrassment at her lack of it, he started with the wrong foot and there was a slight mix-up. She giggled and he said, "I beg your pardon."

Then he got into the waltz time and they started around.

"Old-fashioned?" she said.

"Yes, I suppose I am a bit old-fashioned."

"Oh, I don't mean you. I mean the kind of waltz you're doing."

"Oh, yes—yes."

"I think this tune is divine, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I think it's very nice. One of the newer waltzes?"

"No, it's an old tune called 'Dancing with Tears in My Eyes.' It's been out for weeks."

As he felt her live young body in his arms, he realized that he was having the same sensation he had had that morning. She was soft and damp and cool. Her small pink fingers were in his palm and her head was against his chin.

"Weren't you at the party this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, I was there. Wasn't it wonderful?"

"A perfect day, I should say."

"Yes, sir," she said.

He wished that she weren't quite so respectful. "I thought you looked very lovely this morning," he said.

"Did you like my dress?" she asked.

"I said to myself, 'There's a girl that should always wear pink.'"

"I always do."

"I'll wager you always do look lovely."

"I mean I always wear pink."

"I'll tell you something else, if you won't think that I'm silly."

"Why, Mr. Wheeler, why should I think you were silly?"

"Well, this morning when I saw you, I thought I'd like to take that girl in my arms and tell her how lovely she is, and here I am doing just that. Here you are in my arms and I'm telling you that you are lovely."

"You're just telling me that so as to make my evening a success."

"No, really. I mean it. I kept thinking this morning that I wished I had a daughter just like you."

"Why, Mr. Wheeler, if you had a daughter like me you would wish you hadn't. My dad is always telling me that I am a great expense."

"No, I wouldn't think that. I'd appreciate having a little girl like you for my very own so I could always tell her that she was lovely. You see, all I've got is Tubby, and it wouldn't do to tell him anything like that."

"Why, Mr. Wheeler, I should think you would be proud of having Tubby for a son. Just think, he's a sophomore this year."

"Oh, don't think I'm not proud of Tubby. He's as fine a son as any man could have."

"You've got a wife, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Wheeler hasn't been well lately. What with that and Tubby home all summer, I don't have much fun, you know."

Then Babs looked up into his face. Her eyes twinkled as she said:

"Now, Mr. Wheeler, don't tell me that your wife doesn't understand you!"

"In fact, that is just what I was about to say. How did you guess?" he answered.

Babs suppressed a giggle and they waltzed a few bars without speaking. Babs replaced her head on his shoulder and with closed eyes lost herself in the rhythm of the music.

As the conversation ceased, Mr. Wheeler realized that his starched collar was stiff no longer and that it clung close to his sore neck.

Then he heard a voice saying, "Hey, Dad, can I cut?"

It was Tubby. So he released his partner and made for the side lines as his son and the pink lady continued with the dance.

"How did things go while I was gone?" asked Tubby.

"With the old man? We got along fine. Gosh, he's got a hot line," she said.

Babs

WHITE

Lorna Weston showed no sign of life. Doctor Marford,

The Story So Far:

No one, of course, really knew anything about White Face, but Michael Quigley at least had a theory. It was the young crime reporter's idea that the spectacular white-masked marauder of London's West End might be run to earth in Tidal Basin, though he was far from foreseeing the strange series of happenings in that sinister slum.

If, as the rumor presently ran, White Face was the Devil of Tidal Basin, Doctor Marford, the "baby doctor" of Endley Street, was certainly its guardian angel. An angel of another sort—to Michael Quigley, at any rate—was the doctor's volunteer helper, Janice Harman, a charming girl of some wealth and social position. Naturally, the newspapers had found a story in the "rich young society woman" who had become a nurse in an East End baby clinic, and it was as a result of this publicity that Donald Bateman, Michael's rival for her affections, had come into her life.

To Janice the handsome stranger from South Africa was Romance and Adventure; but to the young newspaperman he was almost as much of a mystery as White Face himself. Certainly there was something in Bateman's past that he wished to conceal, as one might have guessed from his odd behavior in the Howdah Club at sight of Doctor Rudd, the police surgeon of Tidal Basin. Certainly, too, there had been other women in his life besides Janice—a woman named Inez, for one, and for another, Lorna Weston, now living in some disrepute in the same evil neighborhood.

Of all this Janice suspected nothing, though she felt strangely reluctant to marry Donald at once as he begged her to do. However, wanting to surprise him by a gift, she cabled a friend of hers to buy property adjoining Bateman's in South Africa—property about

FACE

by Edgar Wallace

at Inspector Mason's request, exhibited two tiny punctures on the left arm.

Illustrations by Sydney Seymour-Lucas

which he had spoken enthusiastically. The answer she received sent her hastily to the telephone with one thought in her mind—to get in touch with Michael Quigley. This was at ten o'clock of a night when an extraordinary murder had been committed in Endley Street, and Michael was not to be found . . .

Earlier in the evening there had been a casual tragedy in that street. Doctor Marford had just returned from a visit to one of his patients, old Gregory Wicks, who owned a taxicab and lived in Gallows Court where he rented a room to a mysterious lodger, and was chatting with Detective Sergeant Elk, when two drunken laborers started fighting.

One of the combatants, fatally injured, was dispatched to the hospital, and the doctor thought no more of the incident until a woman who would not give her name called at the surgery.

"Is he dead?" she asked, an unconquerable fear in her eyes.

The good doctor was puzzled, for there was nothing in his visitor's dress or manner to explain her presence in Tidal Basin. Soon it developed, however, that the woman had merely mistaken what had happened for something she had been expecting to happen, which should have prepared him for the curious scene he witnessed from the surgery somewhat later.

Across the street a man in evening dress had been talking with a woman of the neighborhood. They parted, and when the woman was out of sight he was suddenly struck down and apparently left for dead by another man, who ran off in the direction of the Eastern Trading Company's main gateway. When he had

disappeared, the man in evening dress got to his feet and lighted a cigaret.

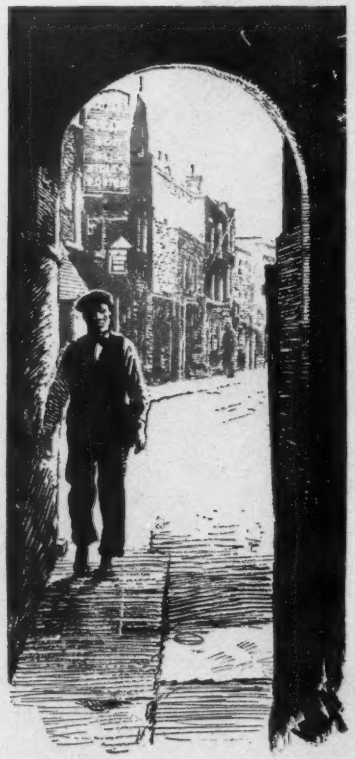
To Police Constable Hartford, who came upon him as he was wiping the mud from his coat, he explained that he had recognized his assailant and had saved his life by shamming death. When the constable was satisfied that the man was unhurt and would give no further information, he resumed his beat. He had not seen the attacker, who had escaped through a small wicket door in one of the great gates that led to the Eastern Trading Company. Louis Landor hated the man he had struck down, but fear had replaced hatred when the man lay still. He had fled to save himself, thinking his victim was dead.

A thief lurking opposite the Eastern Trading Company saw the man in dress clothes come slowly along Endley Street, pause a moment and then suddenly and without warning stagger and crash. Approaching with stealthy footsteps, the thief—a certain Harry Lamborn—was rifling the stranger's pockets when he was surprised by the return of P. C. Hartford, barely having time to throw away a watch and note case before the hand of the law fell upon him.

Hartford had thrust his struggling prisoner against the wall when Doctor Marford crossed the road to investigate and stooped gingerly by the prostrate figure in evening dress. Then Hartford's whistle sounded shrilly in the night, and Elk, who was at the end of the street, came flying towards the sound.

It was at that moment that the policeman heard an exclamation from the stooping, peering doctor.

"Constable, this man is dead—stabbed!"



When Detective Sergeant Elk came back from phoning the divisional surgeon the doctor was washing his hands in a bucket of water that a policeman had brought for him.

"Mason's at the station; he's comin' along."

"Here, Elk, what's the idea of holdin' me?" Lamborn's voice was pained and hurt. He stood, a wretchedly garbed figure of uncouth manhood, between two towering policemen. "I've done nothin', have I? This rozzer pinched me——"

"Shut up," said Elk, not unkindly. "Mr. Mason will be along in a minute."

Lamborn groaned. "Him!" he almost howled. "Sympathetic Mason? What a night!"

Chief Detective Inspector Mason was visiting his area that night and was in the police station when the call was put through. He came in the long, powerful police tender with a host of detectives, and a testy and elderly police surgeon.

Doctor Rudd was a police surgeon because it offered him the maximum of interest for the minimum of labor. He was a bachelor, with an assured income from investments, but he liked the authority his position gave him, liked to see policemen touching their helmets to him as he passed them on the street.

He knew Doctor Marford slightly, and favored him with a cold nod; he resented his being in the case, for the penny doctor was one of the poor relations of the profession.

Doctor Rudd made a careful examination of the still figure. "Dead, of course," he said. He gave the impression that, had he arrived a little earlier, the tragedy might have been averted.

"There is a knife wound," began Marford, "which penetrated——"

"Yes, yes," said Doctor Rudd impatiently. "Of course. Naturally." He looked at Mr. Mason. "Dead," he said. "I will make an examination. Obviously a knife wound. Death was probably instantaneous." He looked at Marford. "Were you here when it happened?"

"Soon after," said Marford; "a minute after—probably less than that."

"Ah, then you'll be able to tell us something."

Mason intervened. He was a bald man, with humorous eyes and a deep, unctuous voice. "Yes, yes; we'll see all about that, doctor."

He showed no resentment at this attempt to usurp his function; he was jovial in the face of an impertinence which was not an unusual experience when Doctor Rudd was in a case.

"We'll see all about that. Doctor——"

"Marford."

"Doctor Marford, you were here soon after the murder was committed: you'll be able to tell us something. But now naturally you're upset."

Marford smiled and shook his head. "There's nothing I can tell you, Mr. Mason, except that I saw the man fall."

"I'm detaining this man, sir." It was Hartford, stiffly saluting.

Mason bent over the body and let the rays of his hand lamp pry into ugly places. "Where is the knife? We want to look after that."

"There is no knife," said Elk, with gloomy satisfaction.

"Excuse me, sir." P. C. Hartford, unrebuffed, stood regimentally stiff: accuser, prosecutor and expositor all in one. "I've got a man here detained in custody."

Mason became aware of his humble subordinate, took him in from the rose on the crest of his helmet to the toes of his polished boots. "He should be at the police station," he said gently.

It was Elk who explained. "I kept the man here, sir, till you arrived."

"All right," said Mr. Mason. "It's a pleasure to know that everything is being done in strict accordance with the rules of procedure. You seem to have a nice bunch of highly intelligent police officers in your division, inspector."

He addressed Divisional Inspector Bray, who accompanied him; but Bray had no sense of humor, and was oblivious of sarcasm.

"They're a pretty useful lot," he said complacently.

Mr. Mason looked at the body at his feet, thence to the man held between the two policemen, and back to the body again. "No knife? You might search the body, will you, Elk? Help him, will you, Shale? Thank you."

He peered round at the crowd, and there were a few who, desiring at the moment to escape his scrutiny, melted quietly into the darkness.

Suddenly Elk lugged something from beneath the body. "Here you are, sir."

It was a knife sheath, and at the moment was not pleasant to handle. Mr. Mason found an envelope in his pocket and took it carefully. "Is the knife there?"

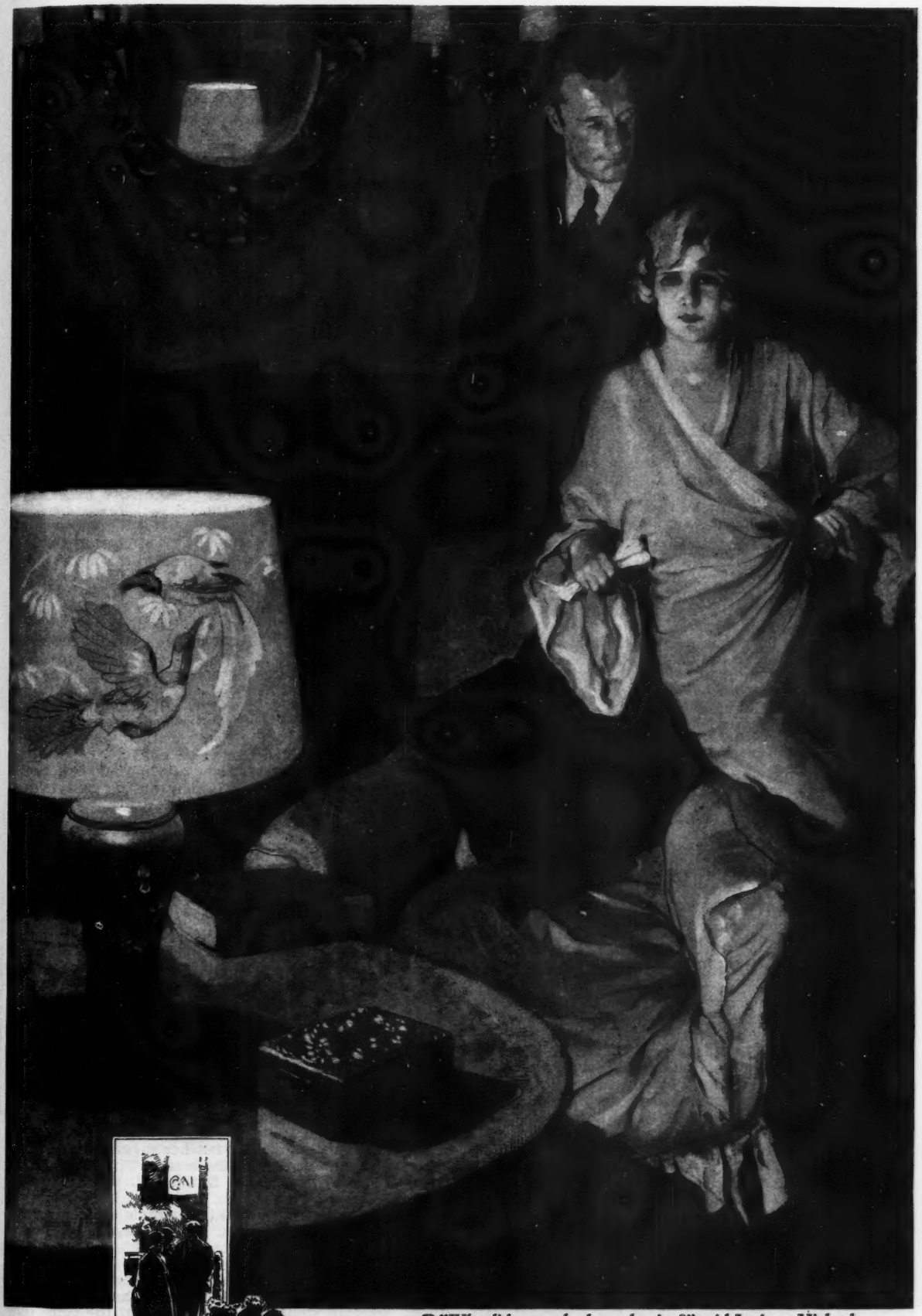
"No." Bray had joined the search party and was emphatic on the point. They had moved the body slightly.

"No knife?" Mason looked up at the high wall. "It might have been thrown over there," he mused.

"Excuse me, sir." Hartford froze to attention.

"Wait," said Mason. "Now tell me, doctor, what did you see?" He addressed Marford, who, brought suddenly into the ambit of publicity, stammered and was ill at ease.

"I came out of my surgery"—he pointed awkwardly—



¶ *"Why did you ask about the ring?" said Janice. Michael made the plunge. "Because I've been lying about it to Mason of Scotland Yard. I picked it up near the place where the body of a murdered man was found."*

"that place with the red light. I—er—heard two men fighting—I thought I heard a little altercation before that—and I went in and got my hat and mackintosh."

"So you'd have a better view of the fight, eh, doctor?" Mason smiled blandly.

Marford could return the smile now. "Not exactly," he said. "Fights are not a novelty in this neighborhood. I was going out to see a case—a maternity case. When I came out I heard the commotion. The policeman was arresting a man when I came over."

"Wait!" said Mason sharply. "You saw two men fighting—could you distinguish them?"

"Not plainly"—Marford shook his head—"although they were opposite my surgery."

"Very handy for them," said Mason. "Was one of them this man?"

Marford could not swear. He was inclined to think it was. He was certain one of them was in evening dress.

"You don't know him?"

Marford shook his head again. "I've never seen him here before. When I saw him lying on the ground I thought it was a resumption of the fight I had witnessed."

Mr. Mason whistled softly, fixing his eyes just under the doctor's chin. Marford thought his collar was awry and put up his hand, but that was a practice of Mr. Mason, who was sometimes called "Sympathetic Mason."

"Hartford." He beckoned the constable forward. "What did you see?"

P. C. Hartford saluted. "Sir," said the constable punctiliously, "I had seen the deceased——"

A look of weariness passed across Mr. Mason's face. "Yes, yes, my boy, but you're not in court now, you know. You needn't call him 'the deceased.' I don't mind what you call him. You saw him before he fell?"

P. C. Hartford saluted again. "Yes, sir; I saw him. He stopped me when I was passing and asked me if I'd met a man he'd had an argument with. I said, 'No.'"

"Did he describe the man?"

"No, sir," said Hartford.

"He said nothing else?"

Hartford repeated what the white-faced man had said.

"**You** didn't meet his assailant—I mean, you weren't dreaming about the beer you were going to have for supper?"

P. C. Hartford was prepared with an indignant repudiation, but swallowed it. "No, sir. A few minutes later, when I came back this way, I saw him lying under the lamp, and I saw another man walking away and I stopped him. Then I saw the doctor coming across. By this time I'd arrested Lamborn, who tried to run away."

"Oh, no!" said Mason, pained.

Mr. Lamborn grew voluble. He was running for a doctor, he protested.

"The man was on the ground before you touched him: is that what you're suggesting?" asked Mason.

The prisoner not only suggested but swore to this fact. He had a witness: a woman who carried a can in her hand. She might have preferred to remain anonymous, but that natural sense of justice which is the possession of poor and innocent people overcame her modesty. She was haled forward into the clear circle. She was a respectable woman. She had seen the man fall; had been a witness to Lamborn's going across to him.

Mason looked at her thoughtfully. "What is in that can?" he asked.

There was a lid to the can. All her inclinations were against satisfying his curiosity, but she had a respect for the law and told the truth.

"Beer."

Mason seemed oblivious of the dead man behind him, of the thief in custody, and of the very existence of secret murderers who stalked their prey on the highway.

"Beer? That's funny." A clock chimed half past ten. "Why are you carrying beer about the streets at half past ten, Mrs.——"

Her name was Albert. She had no explanation for the beer, except that she was taking it home. There was a sympathetic murmur in the crowd.

P. C. Hartford was desperate. He had something to say—something vital, a solution which would sweep aside all the cobwebs of mystery which surrounded the pitiful heap lying under the electric light and yielding very little to the busy men who were searching it.

"I wanted to say, sir, that I saw this man throwing something over the wall."

Mason looked at the wall, as though he expected it to give confirmation of this statement. "Lamborn, you mean?" He glanced keenly at the thief. "Take him away," he said; "I'll see him at the station."

Mr. Lamborn went between two policemen, hurling back sanguinary defiance.

"I'll see you at the station too, ma'am," said Mason.

Mrs. Albert nearly dropped her can in her agitation. She was a married woman with several children, and had never entered a police station in her life.

"It's never too late to learn," said Mason sympathetically.

"**Another** ambulance came, one of the baser kind, hand-pushed, and then a police car, with photographers, cheerful fingerprint experts and men of the Identification Bureau. Willful murder lost its romance and passed into its business stage.

"Just plain murder," said Mason to his subordinates as he moved towards his car. "One or two queer features about it, though."

And then through the crowd came a woman. Mason thought she was a girl, but in the cruel light of the arc lamp he saw that she had left girlhood a long way behind her. She was white-faced, wide-eyed, a ghost of a woman. She stared from one to the other. Doctor Marford watched her curiously; knew her for Lorna Weston, a lady of uncertain profession.

"Is it—he?" Her voice, starting as a croak, ended in a wail.

"Who are you?" Mason stood squarely before her.

"I'm—I live around here." She spoke spasmodically; every sentence seemed an effort. "He came to see me tonight, and I warned him—of the danger. You see, I—I know my husband. He's a devil!"

"Your husband killed this man, eh?"

She tried to push past Mason, and he held her back.

"Steady, steady, my girl. It may not be your friend at all. What's his name?"

"Donald——" She checked herself. "May I see him? I'll tell you."

But Mr. Mason must proceed methodically, in the way of his kind. "This is what you say: that this man came to visit you tonight, and you warned him against your husband. Now, is your husband living in this area?"

"Yes," she said. There was defiance in her voice.

"Where does your husband live? What's his name?"

She was moving from side to side, and stooped once to look under his arm at the still thing on the ground.

"Let me see him," she pleaded. "I shan't faint—it may not be he. I'm sure it's not he. Let me see him!"

"**Mr. Mason** nodded at Elk, and Elk took her by the arm and led her to the place where the man lay, half in and half out of the circle of light. She looked down, speechless; opened her lips but could say nothing. And then:

"Donald—he did it! The swine! The murderer!"

She stopped speaking. Elk felt her sagging away from him and caught her round the waist. The Tidal Basin crowd watched the drama. It was well worth the loss of a night's sleep.

Mason looked round, caught Marford's eye and beckoned him forward. "Do you mind taking this woman to the station? I think it's only a faint."

Doctor Marford protested wearily. He and a policeman carried the woman to a closed police car and they drove off. Outside a chemist's shop at the end of Basin Street, Marford stopped the car and sent the constable to ring the night bell; but the restorative he obtained did not bring the woman back to consciousness. She was still silent when he got her to the station.

Mr. Mason, waiting for the (*Continued on page 194*)

Sudden Wealth

by Warren Spencer

Illustration by
Forrest C. Crooks

George Jones was one of those shiftless, pathetic-looking men to whom the world realized it owed a living. Kind-hearted people took pity on him.

In the summer he mowed lawns, washed windows, did odd jobs around the houses and gardens of San Antonio. In the winter he tended furnaces.

George's peculiar weakness was neither women nor wine. It was oil. Every cent he made, except for what he needed to live, he sank in oil-land leases.

"That gusher come in yet, George?" was the greeting of every householder, and then the big laugh as George would answer sheepishly, "No-o, not yet."

He had grubstaked his friend, Sim Patterson. Sim had bought up land leases all through those sun-baked, barren lands of Texas where leases were selling cheap and the lessors getting a big kick from taking in greenhorns.

George carried the leases in his inside coat pocket. They were for short periods, with frequent expirations; so there were always new ones and soon the papers bulged out until it looked as if George carried a bottle.

His many employers kidded him about that, too. But he could always produce "the papers."

George hadn't heard from Sim for going on four months. That was strange, because Sim was regular in his correspondence, generally asking for money to be advanced on a new lease on land where there "sure was oil."

Sim's silence began to prey on George's mind. He became obsessed with the idea that Sim was sick. He pictured Sim dying, alone, out there.

Then he got a telegram—the first that he had ever received from anyone. Before he opened it he knew it contained bad news, news of sickness or death. When he read the message his fears were confirmed.

> Come at once Sim Patterson badly injured may die
> Frank Hopkins

The message was from a little town near Beaumont. It was more than two hundred miles from San Antonio. The railroad fare there would be around ten dollars. Sim would need some care and attention.

George thought he ought to have at least fifty dollars. He had a dollar and ninety cents in his trouser pocket.

He looked over his leases—an accumulation of years now. The dates ran so far back, they shocked him. There was only one that was current and he set about trying to raise money on that.

There was such desperation in his manner, in his mad desire to reach his sick partner, that Mr. Hymen Berghaltzer bought George's interest in that lease for thirty-five dollars.

"I was a fool," Mr. Berghaltzer told his wife, "but you shoulda seen the look in that feller's eyes. I couldn't say no. Maybe it's charity, what?"

George took the first train to Beaumont; then he hired a car. He reached the town from which Sim's wire had come. He found Sim. Sim was laid up in a bunk in a shack. He had been crushed and battered; his legs were in splints, his head bandaged.

He peeped from between the wrappings and recognized George. "Hi, pard," he said, "you bloated millionaire."

"Wha-a-t?" gasped George.

"Ask them." Sim nodded at the men in the room.

"Sure!" they roared. "Sim's well came in and darn near blew him to pieces, but it's a gusher. You guys sure are rich."

"Oh, oh, oh!" George kept repeating. They thought it was due to the exciting news of his sudden wealth. He did not tell them that he had sold his interest to reach Sim.

No doubt Sim would have divided his share with George, but Sim had an internal hemorrhage that night and died without making a will.

But Mr. Hymen Berghaltzer did the right thing by George. When he built his mansion out in the new fashionable suburbs he gave George a steady lifetime job as houseman.

No mother to

Elmer Bliss, *presenting* The Better Things *of* Life *in* Hollywood, *lends a* Helping Hand

¶ *Mr. Goldmark of Super Pictures*

At my mother's suggestion I migrated to Hollywood and soon became its favorite philosopher (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss). The beauty and optimism of my philosophy—and, I might add, the purity of my personal life—led to my being asked to become Czar of the Barco Murder Case. To other eyes this case looked dark indeed, but I was ever one to find the silver lining to every cloud. Even in this dreadful affair (Cal Barco had murdered seven women) I was able to find a cheerful note in the fact that while he married four of his victims bigamously, the *other three* were *legally* married by him!

My interest in the case had grown out of the fact that Lansing Marshall, a newspaperman who had no feeling for the Better Things of Life and who had already besmirched the fair name of Hollywood, would undoubtedly make the most of this sordid affair. We came to grips when I determined to protect little Viola Lake, the movie queen.

The poor child was in danger of being dragged into the case through a diary kept by Mrs. Geiger, her one-time housekeeper, who had been one of Barco's victims. This diary—now in the hands of the district attorney—Viola feared might reveal to the world the fact that she was addicted to a dread drug.

A terrible ordeal lay ahead of me, but bravely I resolved to stop at nothing in order to save Viola Lake!

My appointment as Czar of the Barco Murder Case had not as yet been confirmed, but at once I began my prophylactic publicity campaign for Viola.

"We all know," I wrote in my daily column in Hollywood Tidings, "that Viola Lake is the essence of care-free youth. And I suppose that a great many of her public believe that that is *all* she is. I myself happen to know better. I have had a peep behind the façade of that seemingly careless little character, and I have discovered that Viola Lake holds in her heart an IDEAL—that she loves little wild things; that she appreciates the song of birds, the hum of bees; that she recognizes the beauty of high mountains, and bows to the ineffable loveliness of leaf and blade and petal."

¶ *Viola insisted on making me "comfy" with cushions.*

Of course, I knew very little about Viola at this time, for our acquaintance had consisted of but two meetings—one of them in a crowd. Now, however, this was all to be changed.

Her employer, Mr. Goldmark, had insisted that I pilot her frail craft out of the Sargasso Sea of girlish thoughtlessness in which it had cruised, without compass, into the clean, calm waters of normal social intercourse.

It was the one aspect of the job of Czar of the Barco Case about which I admit to feeling a trace uneasy.

In her relationship with the opposite sex, Viola had always been emotional, ardent and impetuous, while I, in these same matters, had always held to an ideal, and that ideal might be summed up in the one word—SAFETY.

Before meeting Viola Lake, I had never in my life escorted any girl anywhere, for Mother had always been my only sweetheart.

This may perhaps seem odd, in a place like Hollywood, where we men daily encounter so many beautiful girls—and where more money is spent by these same beautiful girls on peroxide, cosmetics, perfumes, sheer hosiery and fancy French lingerie than in any other city in the world!

It may, indeed, seem strange that a young man should have achieved a spotless record in his relations with the other sex in the very city where flavored lipsticks were *invented*, and where beautiful girls may add to their seductiveness by ruby

Guide Her

by Anita Loos

Illustrations by
Walter Van Arsdale

¶ *Viola was shown being caught by an outraged schoolma'am in the act of entertaining a bevy of sailors.*

lips flavored in pineapple, banana, wild cherry, raspberry or, in fact, any of the berry flavorings, according to personal taste. Yet such a record I had attained and held.

And (although it may surprise my readers) I do not consider myself to be at all unique. I believe Hollywood contains many young men like me, who can find themselves alone with a beautiful girl without thoughts of evil ever entering their minds, or who, if such thoughts do arise, hesitate a long time before daring to bring the matter up, out of fear of what it all might lead to. Open-faced, clean-cut, frank, upstanding young chaps, who make American home life what it is today, in Hollywood, just as in Kansas City, Detroit, Akron, Ohio, or Galveston, Texas.

But now I was to be placed in daily contact with a girl with whom, mark you, I sympathized most keenly, but a girl whose nature contained traits which might afford me some discomfort—a girl, moreover, who had shown, on the one and only evening I had spent alone with her, a marked predilection for myself.

I had little fear of succumbing to the charms of Viola Lake! Oh, no! I knew myself too well for that! But the association would not contribute to my ideal of peace, and frankly, I was just a trace uneasy.

However, my official appointment as Czar of the Barco Case arrived, in due course, signed and sealed by the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, the Hollywood Boulevard Association and the National Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, so I hurried over to the Super Pictures studio at once, saw Goldmark and told him I was ready to proceed with mapping out a course of conduct for his misguided little star.

"Come on with me," said Goldmark. "We'll find Viola. She's working on the lot."

He arose and I followed.

On our progress through the broad studio lot, we passed several film celebrities of world renown, who looked and smiled and nodded. I did not know whether the news of my appointment had as yet leaked out or not. "Do they know," thought I, "that I am Czar?"

We finally reached the set where Viola was acting out a score. Garbed in flaming red satin pajamas (for it was in technicolor) Viola was shown in a select girls' boarding school, being caught by an outraged schoolma'am in the act of entertaining a bevy of sailors.

As the scene progressed, the director turned to Goldmark and said, "She's not working very well this morning. I can't get her to register enough guilt."

"You can't, eh?" replied Goldmark. "Then just tell her to look over here and *catch my eye!*"

The director laughed knowingly and he and Goldmark exchanged glances.

Then, suddenly, a great wave of pity for the poor girl began to surge through me as I realized what she must have to go through at the hands of these "wise-cracking" studio associates—people to whom nothing is sacred and nothing serious except money, success and getting on in life.

¶ *Elmer the Moral Arbiter*

The director finished the scene. Then, looking at his watch, he noted it was the noon hour, and gave orders to break off work for luncheon.

It was at this point that Viola first looked over and saw me. I may be mistaken, but I felt I saw a quickening-to-life suffuse her countenance. But Goldmark moved into her line of vision and, on seeing him, the quickening slowed down to a degree. A hunted expression came into her eyes as she started to advance reluctantly toward her employer.

"Well," said Goldmark to her, brutally, "we've been watching that scene. It was terrible! Where's your pep?"

She bit her lip, saying nothing, and I really could have killed Goldmark for his cruel method of reproach.

The poor child! To be made the butt of heartless criticism—to have her self-respect (*Continued on page* 129)

Illustrations by
E. M. Jackson

MIRACLES

Lou Pelicano, Chicago racketeer, and his two gorillas had no sooner been lodged in the city jail at Elkhart, Indiana, than they were formally charged with highway robbery and murder, the sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, swearing to the complaint. In capturing them, the sheriff of Cook County had been operating, for reasons best known to himself, outside his jurisdiction.

When the story broke in the Chicago papers—the story of the murder of Hans Larsen, another racketeer—Pelicano's Italian-American attorney, Antonio Di Martini, hastened down to Elkhart.

"Well, Lou," began Di Martini, "this looks tough. Tell me all about it and we'll see if we can't beat the case. You're guilty, of course."

"Sure we bumped him off, the dirty crook! It started this way. Jim Teller's been encroachin' on my territory until it began to hurt. He sold better booze an' he sold it cheaper an' give a credit ratin' to them he thought he could trust. You know me. I sell C. O. D. I don't like keepin' books.

"So it occurs to me I got a hard bird to fight if I fight Teller. I don't know how far he'll go in a fight but I do know he don't scare too easy an' he's got plenty o' money. So I get hold o' Larsen, his confidential man, an' propose to him that Teller an' me form a partnership.

"I promise to cut Larsen in an' pay him well for promotin' the deal, an' he falls for it an' takes the matter up with Teller, who tells Larsen to tell me he's particular who he gets into business with an' for me to take a jump in the lake."

Pelicano paused to light the cigar his "mouthpiece"

by
PETER B. KYNE

"I'm going tomorrow," said Teller. "Dead or alive, gangsters tell no tales." "What will become of me?" asked Letty.

had given him. Di Martini sat smiling fatuously. "So you sent somebody to bump Teller off?"

"Sure I did," Pelicano admitted shamelessly. "I sent Polly Cahill. Larsen gives Polly the secret code for rappin' on Teller's private office to get in from the hall, so he can bump Teller off with a gun with a silencer on it an' beat it out again without nobody seein' him.

"Well, Teller must have suspected somethin', because he captures Polly, takes his gun away from him an' promises he'll let him go if he tells who give him the secret entrance code. So Polly told him Larsen done it an' Teller kept his word an' let Polly go."

"I see." Di Martini nodded sagely. "That put you in wrong. You had to get Teller quickly before he got you, once he knew you were after him. Of course he knew Polly was your gorilla."

"Sure. I had three men after him within an hour, but he give 'em the slip. Meanwhile Larsen's comin' down from Canada with four truck loads o' Scotch. He wires me where to meet him just outside the city, an' my boys highjack him. No bloodshed. The thing's all fixed in advance, see, an' I give Larsen twenty thousand for forty thousand dollars' worth o' booze. That's cheaper than stirrin' up a war.

"Besides, Larsen has Teller's list o' customers an' I figger he'll quit Teller an' work with me on a bigger percentage. So I'm out to make his first year's percentage in advance by takin' it out o' Teller's profits, see?"

Di Martini indulged himself in a thin smile at this evidence of his client's perspicacity. "Go on," he urged.

"When Larsen gets back to Chi he calls on Teller an' reports the loss o' the trucks. Teller's sweet to him an' begs him not to worry. So Larsen calls on me next an' gets his twenty thousand berries; then he goes home to his hotel an' finds a 'nonymous note sayin': 'Swede, your number is up. Beat it to Sweden!'

"But the Swede don't take that advice. He beats it instead down to Elkhart, Indiana, an' telephones me where he's stayin'. He won't come back until he knows Teller's been bumped off, see?

"Well, three days later I find I've paid that Swede twenty grand for four truck loads o' water, so I realize him or Teller has put it on me like a nightgown. I figger it's Teller's work, because Larsen wouldn't have the crust

to hang one on me like that. Still, I got to find out an' I got to get that twenty grand back. So I telephone the Swede I've fixed Teller's clock an' to start home at once. That's about eleven P. M. He starts an' about twelve I meet him on the road an' stop him. I excuse him o' waterin' the stock but when I ask him for the twenty grand he says he's been held up an' robbed a few miles back. We take him up a side road into a cornfield an' frisk him.

"Sure enough, he ain't got the jack on him. But I ain't satisfied with his story; so I mosey back to his car an' find the twenty grand in the same thick envelope the hotel clerk in Elkhart give him when he stowed it in the hotel vault for safe-keepin'. Wasn't that Swede dirty, Tony?"

"**So dirty,**" said Mr. Di Martini, "that you took him off into the cornfield and riddled him. When you got back to your car the sheriff and his men grabbed you and found the envelope on you. You should have thrown that envelope away. It has a serial number on it—a duplicate of the number on the perforated flap the hotel clerk tore off and handed Larsen, to identify him and his envelope when he came to get his money out. *That's* what cooks your goose on a first-degree murder charge."

"We'll beat the rap somehow," Pelicano stated huskily.

"I'll do my best by you, but I'm no miracle man, Lou. And speaking of miracles, it strikes me as miraculous that the sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, should have been down in Indiana watching Larsen for two days before you decided to look him up."

"That ain't no miracle, Tony. Somebody in my mob has been tippin' Teller off to my plans. So, when Teller knew Larsen was double-crossin' him, he knew his next convoy of liquor would be highjacked; he knew Larsen would play in with us for a nice piece o' jack—so he brought down a convoy o' water. He knew that when I discovered I'd bought water instead o' Scotch I'd go after Larsen to make him give the money back; he must have figgered Larsen wouldn't make good an'——"

"He figured, of course," Di Martini interrupted, "that Larsen wouldn't believe you when you told him he'd sold you water. He'd try to lie out of it and say he'd lost the money or some other cock-and-bull story—which is exactly what Larsen did. And Teller knew that when Larsen tried that game with you it would be just too bad for Larsen—and it was. In addition, he made certain, by tipping off the sheriff of Cook County, that it would be just too bad for you. And it is. Now he can operate in your territory without fear."

"Oh, can he?" Pelicano sneered. "I may sit in the hot seat for this but Teller will never live to see me sittin' there."

"I suppose you'll send your brother Steve after him," Di Martini mused. "Well, it's a blood feud now."

Pelicano thumped his breast with Latin impressiveness. "We are of Sicily," he orated.

Di Martini eyed his client coldly. "Well, I think you had better give me my fee now for defending you. I don't care to have you spend all your money trying to get Teller before I get mine."

To James E. Teller, at his apartment, came one Amadeo Pinatelli. He sat down and stared stolidly at the bootlegger. Then: "I prescribe for you a long vacation, Teller."

"Not convenient, Ammy."

Pinatelli shrugged. "Sorry. How can a feller get out of this apartment house without bein' noticed? I knew I took a risk comin' here, but I couldn't get you on the phone."

"I am not at home," Teller replied, "and you can go down the service elevator and out through the alley in the rear. Is the jig up?"

"I have a feelin' it is. I've prescribed for myself a long vacation, and the minute I get out of that alley I'm startin'; Lou Pelicano has sent word to his brother Steve to get you. Your number is still up and I advise you to beat it.

"Lou's got it fixed in his head that you're the boy that jinxed him. He's goin' to the hot seat. His mouthpiece tried to make a deal with the district attorney for him to take a plea and life imprisonment, but the D. A. knows he has a dead open-and-shut case and refuses to trade. Steve's holdin' you responsible and it's a blood feud now. Business don't enter into it. Boy, I know Sicilians! You beat it."

"If you're going I might as well go too." Teller smiled brightly. "When my spy in the enemy's camp gets cold feet it's time for me to step lively."

"This," said Pinatelli soberly, "is the last call for breakfast."

"Do you really have to go, Ammy?"

"That watered-whisky deal would convince anybody that somebody on Lou's pay roll is givin' him the double cross by tippin' you off. I don't know whether I'm under suspicion yet or not, but I do know that I will be after you leave. For all I know I may have been spotted comin' here. I dunno. That's why I'm goin' out the back way."

Teller was blessed with the gift of instantaneous decision. "I'll go with you," he declared.

He called his Negro servant and instructed him to pack two suitcases. Then he telephoned to a garage and instructed that his roadster be brought over and backed into the alley in the rear of the apartment house, after which he donned overcoat and hat and thrust two double-barreled shotguns, sawed off at nine inches, in his overcoat pockets, together with some twenty loose shells.

"I'll be back when I get back," he told the servant. "Carry on until you hear from me."

He picked up the two bags and, followed by Pinatelli, went down the service elevator and emerged in the alley at the rear of the house. His car was just backing in, so he dismissed the garage attendant with a tip and took his place at the wheel.

Pinatelli climbed in beside him and, with lights out, they slid noiselessly out into the street. As they emerged and turned south another car started across the street.

Instantly Teller stopped his car, opened the door and slid out. He crouched behind the left rear wheel, a shotgun in each hand, while Pinatelli flung himself prone on the floor just as the other car slid up behind them and half swung out into the street.

From the tonneau of that car a stream of fire came; Teller heard the *put-put-put* of a machine gun, heard the bullets ripping low through the seat of his car and out through the windshield.

Crouching beside his car, Teller fired one barrel at the chauffeur of the other car; as the man toppled over he fired into the tonneau, aiming six inches above the stream of fire. Instantly the Tommy gun was silent and he heard a groan; so he fired both barrels of his remaining gun into the tonneau and leaped into his car.

"Up, boy! I've stopped them."

Pinatelli scrambled back into his seat and they were off in second gear. Around the corner they sped; then Teller put the car in high and they proceeded.

"Hurt?" he asked his companion. Pinatelli shook his head. "They certainly sprayed the back of the seat," Teller chuckled. "If we'd been in it our number certainly would have been down."

He proceeded a mile, then pulled up at the curb and let the Italian out.

"If you're leaving town, my boy, you'll be the better for some baggage," he urged. "You'll have time to go home and pack now. Young Steve can't throw in any reserves for a day or two, so you're safe for the time being. I travel alone, and I've got to get rid of this car. It's too eloquent of combat."

Half an hour later he ran his car over the causeway and watched it sink from sight in the Chicago River. A cruising taxicab picked him up shortly thereafter and brought him to a downtown hotel. From his suite he telephoned Letty Harrison, his trusted secretary, and ordered the girl to report to him at the hotel.

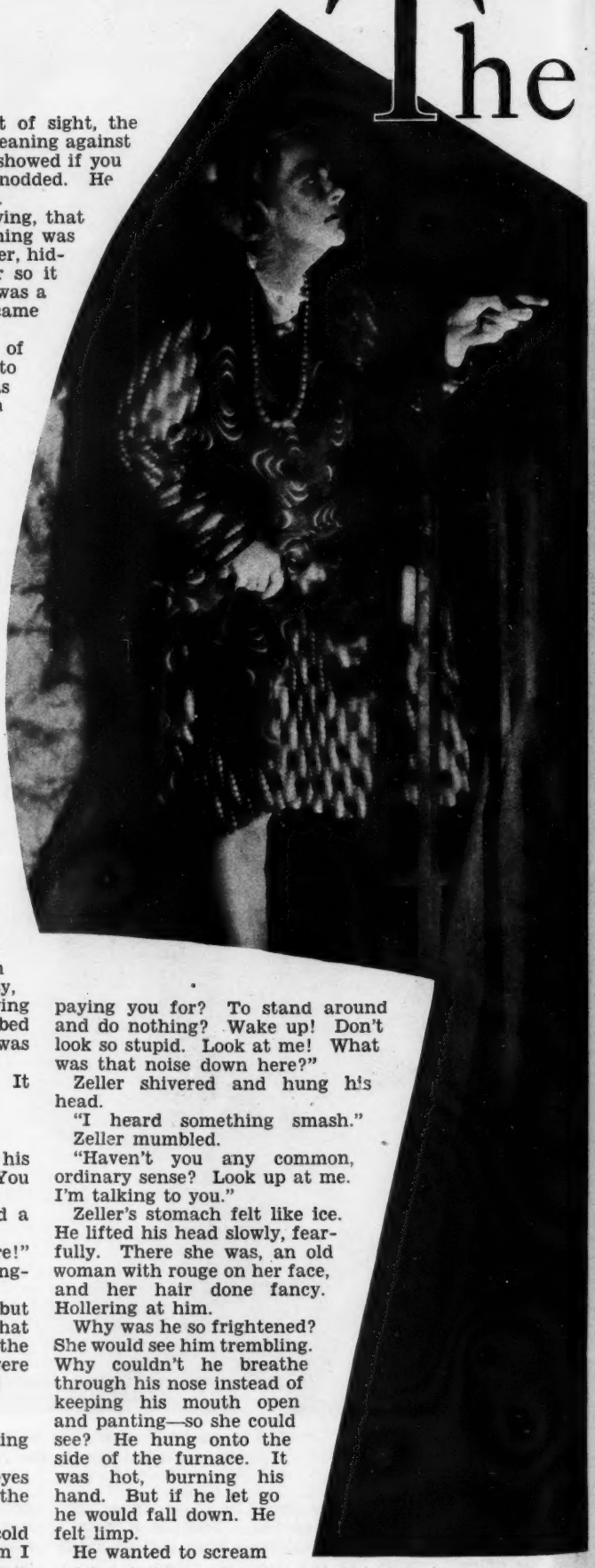
When Letty arrived she sat down and in silence

The martyred mother did not regain consciousness. Teller's heart ached for the two children born to tragedy.

waited for him to speak. "I suppose you've been wondering where I've been the past five days," he began cheerfully. "Well, I've been holed up at home because it wasn't healthy to be out. How's everything been getting along at the office?"

"With Larsen dead, you in hiding, no stock of liquor on hand and nobody to peddle it if there was, everything has been very quiet," she replied dully. "I enjoyed it. You seem to have been getting a break lately, Mr. Teller, what with one enemy dead and (*Continued on page 184*)

The



Zeller put the ax behind the furnace out of sight, the head of the ax on the cement floor, the long handle leaning against the side of the furnace. Still it wasn't hidden. It showed if you stood in certain places in the basement. Zeller nodded. He would take care she shouldn't stand in those places.

Then it seemed to Zeller suddenly that he was lying, that he was not going to kill Mrs. Lansen. The whole thing was a fake. Coming down in the basement to wait for her, hiding the ax and emptying the barrel in the corner so it would be ready for her—he was making believe. It was a lie. The thought that he was lying to himself became intolerable to Zeller.

He had lain awake all night enjoying the death of Mrs. Lansen. The way she would come walking into the dark basement, angry and proud and sneering as always, calling, "Zeller, Zeller." And he would listen to her. Her complaints. They would be the last complaints she would ever make.

For five years he had never answered her. Just a mumble, his head hanging. This time he would look right at her, straight into her eyes while she hollered at him.

Everybody was afraid of her. How many times he had heard that daughter of hers getting her head banged against the wall and crying, "Mother, Mother, don't!" And how many times he had heard that husband of hers whining while she hollered at him.

The whole neighborhood was afraid of her. The way she held her head and sneered, as if people were dirt under her feet.

But he was lying. He wasn't going to kill her. He was going to hang his head again and mumble. He knew this because his stomach was like ice.

Zeller walked to the ax and picked it up. He could hardly close his fingers on it. It seemed alive, as if it would jump away. Suddenly he swung the ax through the air. There was a metallic crash, a terrible bang of sound that filled the basement. He had cracked the side of the furnace.

He threw the ax to the ground and stood staring at it. He was crying. The tears ran from his eyes down his cheeks.

He remembered how he had come home eight years ago and there was no supper on the kitchen table and his wife was gone. Gone—the rooms empty, all her clothes gone. Gone with some man, loving somebody else; and he had lain in the empty bed hugging her pillow and crying—just like he was crying now.

He picked up the ax and held it against him. It made him feel weak. He wanted to kiss it.

A voice began speaking in his ears. It said, "What do you tell yourself lies for? You ain't gonna kill anybody. You're a liar."

Zeller caught his breath. His body quivered and a soft broken wail came from him.

"Zeller! Zeller! Where are you? Come right here!"

Mrs. Lansen. She was coming down. Her heels banging on the stairs made him wince.

He tried to put the ax back quickly out of sight but the air seemed to have thickened around him so that he had to push against it to move. He was putting the ax behind the furnace but slowly, slowly, as if he were bewitched. What if he didn't get it hidden in time!

"Zeller! Zeller, where are you?"

He was waiting for her.

"Good heavens, why don't you answer me? Standing there like an idiot!"

She was coming across the dark basement. His eyes were on the ground but he could see her: the sneer, the angered face, the proud head that called him dirt.

"You lazy fool, letting the fire go down! On a cold day like this. And the walks unshoveled. What am I paying you for? To stand around and do nothing? Wake up! Don't look so stupid. Look at me! What was that noise down here?"

Zeller shivered and hung his head.

"I heard something smash." Zeller mumbled.

"Haven't you any common, ordinary sense? Look up at me. I'm talking to you."

Zeller's stomach felt like ice. He lifted his head slowly, fearfully. There she was, an old woman with rouge on her face, and her hair done fancy. Hollering at him.

Why was he so frightened? She would see him trembling. Why couldn't he breathe through his nose instead of keeping his mouth open and panting—so she could see? He hung onto the side of the furnace. It was hot, burning his hand. But if he let go he would fall down. He felt limp.

He wanted to scream

AX

By BEN HECHT

Photograph by Lejaren à Hiller

something. Go 'way! Go 'way quick, Mrs. Lansen! He wanted to scream this at her, at her rouged old face, at her finger with rings on it shaking under his nose. He was a liar. The ax, the barrel, the banging on the furnace—these were lies. He stood staring at the angry rouged face, shivering. Then he heard a noise, a faint noise behind the furnace. The noise made his heart stop beating. It was the ax. The ax had fallen down. Somebody had knocked over the ax.

No. Not somebody. He had done it himself. He wasn't standing here. He was behind the furnace knocking over the ax and pushing it out so the handle showed. This made him feel queer—that there should be two Zellers in the basement.

He could hear that other one behind the furnace breathing—or it might be the fire in the grate making that noise. He must see what was there. She wanted to know what the noise was. What noise? What noise? That was himself mumbling. But wait a minute—there was somebody behind the furnace.

Zeller leaned over slowly and touched the ax handle. He was afraid it would jump away. But it came into his hand.

Again the air seemed to thicken so he could hardly move. He was moving as fast as he could, yet between each of his movements, between putting his hand on the ax and picking it up; between picking it up and turning around to look at Mrs. Lansen, there were terrible pauses as if he were paralyzed. Something began to whimper in his ears, "Faster . . . faster."

Then everything stopped. Mrs. Lansen stopped. He was looking at her.

A strange feeling was in him, a warm flood that melted the ice in his stomach. There wasn't time for her to run away. She was just as paralyzed as he was. The air was too thick for her to move in. She was waiting for him, giving him plenty of time, with her eyes raised looking at something in the air and her mouth wide open.

Through this stopping of everything Zeller saw Mrs. Lansen for an instant and this instant seemed longer to him than his whole life. The Mrs. Lansen he saw filled him with so great a happiness that he shouted. A queer Mrs. Lansen with red spots on her withered cheeks like an old clown; a Mrs. Lansen whose face was twisted into a frightened, imploring expression.

In this instant Zeller forgot about the ax. He was going to say something but he couldn't speak fast enough. The ax kept moving, flying. He was killing her.

Zeller closed his eyes. He was flying with the ax, flying in circles up and down as if in a marvelous dream. Then his arms grew tired. The flying was over.

There were noises in the basement. The fire roared. Boards creaked. Lumps of coal slid over each other in the coal bin. Zeller looked around. There was the barrel. He hadn't lied. It had all happened. He felt proud. He pulled Mrs. Lansen along the cement floor toward the barrel and was surprised at the way she looked. Zeller came out of the basement smiling sleepily. He blinked at the sunny winter morning, at the bright, peaceful street. He started walking away and it seemed to him his heart would break with this sense of peace and brightness that was in the world. Then when he had walked several blocks Zeller stopped. A voice was calling behind him.

"Zeller! Zeller! Where are you?" He stood still. "Zeller!" How could it be that thing in the barrel calling him?

"Zeller! Zeller! Come here at once!"

Yes. Mrs. Lansen! He was a liar. He had only made believe. It hadn't happened. He had fooled himself. The ax, the barrel, hadn't happened. Again his stomach felt like ice.

"Zeller! Zeller! Where are you?"

The voice screamed in his ears. Violent, nagging, like he was dirt under her feet. A sob such as a child gives who has cried too long came from him. Then, as his name repeated itself over and over in his ears, Zeller began to run. He ran wildly, his legs weaving under him.

He was running back to the basement. He would show her if he was a liar. He would show himself who was a liar. He would grab the ax and chase her through the house and keep his eyes open this time.

A crowd of men and women stood around the basement door. At the far end of the dark basement policemen with flash lights were looking into a barrel.

Zeller stood for a moment bewildered. A boy was screaming and pointing at his reddened hands.

By Montague Glass

¶ *"I don't care what you do with the contract," Sonya told the raging Gershon. "I'm through!"*

"I **suppose** you think it was ability which made your son Gershon the most successful theayter owner and producer in New York," Leon Lodzker the garment manufacturer said as he sat in the office of his brother Max on West Thirty-somethingth Street, and if anybody doubted that Max was a wholesale dealer in raw furs, one sniff at Max's office, his warerooms, his desk and particularly the long white coat he was wearing would have been convincing and suffocating evidence of it.

At that moment, however, Max had forgotten the raw-fur business, in spite of the steam heat bringing out the odor of raw fur to the exclusion of almost everything else except human and more particularly filial ingratitude.

"I don't think nothing from that feller," Max said bitterly. "Can you imagine that only last night I rung up his flat he should come over and see his mommer on account she claimed she was dying from indigestion, and the Columbus manager says he has a phone for outgoing calls only, but you couldn't reach him by incoming calls!"

"So what did you done?" Leon inquired.

"I give her for two tablespoonsful rhubarb and soda and she felt right away O. K. again," Max replied.

"And no thanks to him," Leon declared, "because it would of been the same if you would had to get for her a doctor and two trained nurses yet."

Max shrugged his shoulders. "But he's never had a failure at that," he said, and Leon Lodzker glared angrily at his brother.

"A feller which three times hand running picks up two aces and the ten of trumpf in the widder has never had a failure neither," he said, alluding to what would have been an astonishing piece of luck in the classic game of auction pinochle, "but no one would give such a gambler credit for making a four-hundred bid good because of it, least of all a father."

"Who is giving him credit?" Max interrupted.

"Otherwise," Leon continued, "you would give credit to a successful bank burglar when he sets a bad example to bank clerks that they *also* should become bank burglars and get away with big money instead of regular wages."

It was now Max's cue to do a little glaring, but he had suffered such neglect from his son Gershon that he found it difficult even to frown. In fact, calling Gershon a bank burglar seemed almost a compliment. Nevertheless, Max deemed it only etiquette to protest.

"There's a big difference between a bank burglar and a theayter loafer, Leon," he said mildly.

"**Not so** much as between a bank *clerk* and a theayter loafer, Max," Leon retorted. "And my boy Eddie is already getting thirty-five dollars a week by the Kosciusko Bank, and now he wants to throw the whole thing up for 'Her Only Sin.'"

"Her *what?*" Max cried, and then wagged his head. "And I thought Eddie never even looked at a girl!"

"What the devil you are talking nonsense?" Leon exploded indignantly.

"No nonsense at all, Leon," Max said. "Only last week he stopped in here to see me, and when my stenographer and bookkeeper Miss Bruckman asked him what he

Illustrations by
Rose O'Neill

The Unusual Case of a Girl who was NOT Stage-struck

He *never* had a *Failure*

wanted, he blushed like a schoolboy, and now you say he wants to throw up a good job for a terrible thing like that."

"What terrible thing?" Leon demanded. "Do you know what you're talking about? The boy has written a play by the name 'Her Only Sin,' and right away you are jumping on conclusions."

"Then why didn't you *say* the boy had written a play?" Max asked feebly.

"Do I have to say it?" Leon retorted. "Why do you suppose I come to a place like this which reeks like already a slaughterhouse or something?"

"Say! If this place don't suit you, Leon——" Max began, but Leon stopped him by waving both hands.

"Listen, Max," he said, "I've got already an appointment with Sol Feder, president of the Kosciusko Bank, in half an hour, and not only must I got to promise him that Eddie should attend to business in the Loan and Discount Department but he'll probably want from me that I should clean up a small accommodation I got there, and what for an extension would I get by reeking up the bank with tar camphor and raw foxes?"

"Then what do you want to come here for in the first place?" Max asked.

"Ain't I telling you what I am here for?" Leon replied. "I am *doch* your only brother and if you can't get that son of yours to make an end with Eddie's nonsense, it's little enough I'm asking you, ain't it?"

"You mean I should ask Gershon to tell Eddie that he's written a rotten play?" Max inquired.

"What else would I mean?" Leon asked in return.

"Then all I could say is: just because his own father asks him to do such a thing, Leon, Gershon would say up and down that Eddie had written a million-dollar grand opera," Max replied, "so contrary that feller is."

Leon flapped his right hand in Max's face. "In this case, why couldn't you ask him to produce Eddie's play because you think that it's a world-beater?" he said. "He would then wash his hands of the whole thing, because as it is, Eddie is living in hopes that Gershon would anyhow give him a tryout of his show."

Max sighed heavily. "If the boy would only let me know last week that he had written a play, instead of getting from me a statement of how my business stands for that *rosher* Sol Feder, I myself could have told him what a *schlemiel* he is to bother with such things," he said, "but anyhow, let's make an end."

He rose from his seat and went to the office door. "Miss Bruckman," he called, "take a letter, please."

In response, there entered the young lady who had so noticeably embarrassed Eddie Lodzker the week before.

Diffident young men have been known to blush when addressed by such relatively inferior beauties to Miss Bruckman as Maxine Elliott in her prime, and during the mauve decade, even fairly elderly gentlemen were abashed in the presence of the late Lily Langtry, but Leon and Max had their own ideals of feminine beauty.

These ideals were respectively Mrs. Leon and Mrs. Max Lodzker, and therefore Leon was quite unmoved by his first sight of Miss Bruckman, whose black eyes alone far surpassed Miss Elliott's and were set off by curling lashes and a damask cheek.

Then, too, Miss Bruckman possessed a small well-shaped nose, lips which, although a trifle full, turned up at the corners, and just the kind of bobbed hair that

almost anybody but Max and Leon would have enjoyed stroking.

Max, however, immediately addressed himself to the business at hand, and paid not the slightest attention to Miss Bruckman's charms which in her previous situations as stenographer had so often taken her employer's mind off his dictation. But Max could not afford to let anything interfere with his literary composition. He dictated with difficulty and his brother Leon knew it. Leon therefore forestalled him with a gesture like a traffic signal.

"Here, Max," he said. "Let *me* dictate this. Are you ready, Miss Bruckman?"

Miss Bruckman nodded and Leon cleared his throat noisily.

"Mr. Geoffrey Lomax New York dear Gershon," he began all in one breath. "As you did not come to see your mother when she pretty near passed out last night at least you should do her the favor and give yourself a look-in on your cousin Eddie's play by the name 'Her Only Sin' new paragraph."

¶ *"I tell you I don't want my only son to be a theayter loafer!" Leon roared at Max. Miss Bruckman created a diversion by appearing in the doorway.*

Leon frowned a moment and then proceeded as follows: "Two producers are now fighting that he should let them have the play which they consider is practically a knock-out on paper even."

"Did they actually say this?" Max asked.

"Do you suppose for one moment that a theayter manager would talk like that even if he thought it?" Leon retorted. "I am putting this as strong as I know how."

He nodded to Miss Bruckman, who sat with her pencil poised in her shapely hand.

"So therefore, Gershon, Eddie is willing to give you till Tuesday next to produce the play otherwise he will make different arrangements and oblige your affectionate father or anyhow he will make different arrangements and leave out the 'oblige,'" Leon concluded. "Address the envelope Mr. Geoffrey Lomax, Regency Theayter, and take it up there yourself, Miss Bruckman."

¶ *"I'm going to stick this thing out for your sake, Eddie," said Sonya.*

"Why can't she mail it?" Max protested. "She's got work to do here."

"She can do that later," Leon said. "What I want is that she should deliver the letter to Gershon himself and say she wants an answer in writing immediately. Do you think you can do that for me, Miss Bruckman?"

"But what's the idea?" Max insisted.

"Don't you *see* the idea?" Leon said. "A *rosher* like that will write you such a rotten answer that there won't be no more hope for Eddie." He extended his right hand palm upward in a pleading gesture. "It's a favor to me, Max," he said solemnly, "and it will be a big *mitzvah* to Eddie. He is so discouraged now, he only needs one final kick to cure him of such foolish ideas like writing a play."

Again Max shrugged. "Have it your own way, Leon," he agreed. "Go ahead, Miss Bruckman, and I'll sign it as soon as you've typed it. Let's get this thing over with."

"And believe me, Max," Leon said, "you won't regret it. One theayter loafer in the family is enough. Let's have a banker for a change. Am I right or wrong?"

He wrung Max's hand, and in an access of brotherly affection he also pressed on Max a good seven-cent cigar, only slightly cracked.

"As soon as you get the answer, send it down to my store, special delivery, Max," he added as he started for the door. "I want to let Eddie read it at dinner tonight. I'll tell him beforehand just what Sol Feder thinks of his nonsense and that'll clinch it."

"Some *Macher*, that brother of mine," Max murmured a few minutes later as he signed (*Continued on page 139*)

East meets West

by FRAZIER HUNT

Alban

As an intruder I have this day drawn aside a curtain that has concealed two sensitive, gentle lives from a world of doubt and curiosity.

I have seen a rare union of two races, two peoples, two religions. I have seen one of the happiest couples I have ever met.

In a château isolated in its own great park at St. Germain, twelve miles from Paris, and protected by a barrier of attendants from cranks of all kinds, these two apparently lonely persons are jealously preserving their happiness and self-sufficiency.

The fair partner in this exceptional union—a strange, half-Oriental figure against a Western background—was formerly Nancy Ann Miller, of Seattle, and is now Devi Sharmista Holkar. Tall and slender, with a tiny red high-caste mark between her deep brown eyes, she was dressed in Indian costume—a mauve-colored sari which covered, like a Spanish mantilla, her brown hair parted severely and brushed down over her ears.

With her, in a curiously touching intimacy rarely associated in Western minds with Oriental marriage, was her husband, His Highness Maharaja Tukoji Rao Holkar, once the ruler of one of the rich Indian states. In his middle thirties, he is slight of stature, with slim white hands and a face of high breeding, the features strangely resembling those of Alfonso XIII of Spain. He was attired in perfectly tailored English clothes.

In almost a score of years I have interviewed many curious and great personalities about the world—presidents, kings, dictators, prime ministers, warriors, princes of the blood—but never before have I felt the inadequacy of words to convey a situation as I did in this happy mating of East and West.

For almost an hour the conversation was general; then I asked my host if he had found in his marriage that rare thing called happiness.

There was a slight shrug of his shoulders, and his brown-black eyes looked straight into mine. "Is it for me to say that I am happy?" he almost pleaded. "It is for you yourself to judge. If different peoples would only try to understand one another. Sometimes I feel they do not want to understand. They condemn so quickly, and understand so slowly."

"And you found a certain beauty and depth in the religion and philosophy of your wife?" I questioned.

"How could I have understood her if I hadn't?" he answered.

Abruptly I turned to the shy young woman who dared the criticism of the world to seek her own happiness.

"And you?" I asked. "Won't you tell me what you think—won't you tell me the whole story?"

For a second she turned towards her husband, as if for aid; then she faced me.

"Well, I suppose the beginning is when I studied Eastern history and religions at the University of Washington. From the first I was deeply interested. Then a year later, when I met my husband in Switzerland and grew to love him, it seemed so right and so natural for me to want to adopt all that was his.

"You see, all religions are really one. Fundamentally they are all the same. All are built on being good and doing good and believing in a supreme God.

"So it was not difficult for me to enter the fold of Hinduism. It is the mother of all religions—the oldest in the world.

"In India I went through the beautiful rites of becoming a Hindu and we were married on March seventeenth, 1928. Then we came to France and to this château, and here my baby was born."

"Could I see her?" I begged.

Quickly she slipped out of the room and a minute later she was back carrying a sweet, brown-eyed, smiling little girl. When she saw her father she laughed and stretched out her arms to him. He took her and kissed her hair.

"Crawls now, eh?" I asked.

"Funniest crawl you ever saw." Her mother smiled.

I got to my knees and tried the old watch trick, and this little bright-eyed miss did her Australian crawl over to it. Then I picked her up and held her until her father claimed her.

For minutes we talked about teething and baby ills; then the nurse discreetly interrupted.

"And now what do you plan?" I asked of my hostess.

"Within a few weeks we'll be going home for the winter," she answered.

"Home?" I asked.

"Yes, our home in India," she answered. "That's home to me now. My husband's home is my home and his people are my people." For a moment she hesitated, then just a little wistfully she added: "Of course, America will always be home to me, too."

I asked them where they expected to live in the future.

"We really don't know," she answered. "Of course, we shall always spend a part of each year here in France. Our baby was born here—and here we had our long honeymoon."

They glanced at each other with adoring eyes. It was easy to see that it was still a honeymoon. They had themselves answered my indiscreet question about happiness.

The lone figure called in a scared voice, "Ami! Ami!" "Hold up that grenade," said the corporal, much relieved. "All right, you. Allay in here, muy pronto!"

Woman's Reason

Two frowzy infantrymen with an automatic rifle, a Very pistol and some grenades, squatted miserably in a wet ditch that wandered towards Germany from their company line. The twilight of the first day of the Saint-Mihiel battle had found the advanced battalions of the Division clearing the little hills above Thiaucourt; and the order passed down to the companies to halt where they were, dig in, reorganize, throw forward suitable outposts and submit sketches showing the front line and support units.

Everyone was ready to halt. Since morning, there had not been enough fighting in the pursuit to whip the jaded infantry out of their fatigue. Later they would call Saint-Mihiel a *bonne promenade;* now they wanted to lie down.

In this company of regular infantry, two-thirds full of green and soft replacements who had come in after the bitter Soissons fight, the captain took advantage, with the gathering dark, of a bank, a hedge and a clump of trees. He designated the junior platoon leader to hook up with the people on the left and right, deployed his first platoon across his front and stiffened it with automatic rifles from the other platoons, which were dropped back a little in support; told his second-in-command to see to a patrol and outguards, and made, by flash light under a poncho, a clever little position sketch for the major. "Hope Old Man appreciates this—real creative art in it—but he won't; anyway, he'll be up an' change everything in the morning . . ." And then the captain bedded down under a bush.

His striker handed him a crust of French war bread and a piece of corned bill, which he wolfed, wondering incuriously how many kilometers they had come from Limey, where they had jumped off that morning.

He thought more profoundly of his feet, which hurt him, and he acknowledged the report of the second-in-command, who slacked off beside him like a string-halted horse, and said that everything was set and he

By Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

of the U. S. Marines

Illustrations by The Author

had told the men they could eat their reserve rations because they were eating them anyway. He added that he didn't think Heinie would do anything tonight—not before morning, at least.

"Probably all in, like us."

"Yeh," said the captain, his mouth full. "Don't know how come he let us gallop him out of this salient the way he did. Thank heaven he didn't fight—never saw so much wire. Good for these replacements, though.

"We may get some trouble tomorrow. Ought to keep pushin' him tonight. He reorganizes quick, the old Boche does. Say, take it an hour, will you?" The captain gulped his last mouthful. "Goin' to——" He was asleep instantly.

In the forward platoon, they said: "Corporal Aikers, you're an auto-rifleman; just take your carrier an' go out that ditch a ways. Give him a Very pistol, somebody, an' some flares. If anything comes along, you put up a light. If it's serious, put another, an' slide in along that ditch—don't come across the open. Send your relief out at twelve."

And the corporal, cursing his gods, had kicked his carrier awake. Now they settled into the mud and talked in jerky whispers, not because they were interested in an exchange of ideas, but because it kept them awake.

"You talk, see?" explained the corporal, who was a veteran. "If you don't answer me, I sock you in the mush. If I ack like I wuz droppin' off, you shake me gentle like. I'm dangerous when I wake up sudden. Got that way in the trenches. See?"

Private Bland, new since Soissons, anxious and humble, said he saw.

"I'll tell you how it is." Corporal Aikers expanded drowsily. "I've done more time in the guardhouse than you have in the army. I've tried all the ways there is uv keepin' awake on post. I've even chawed sand. But that's bad.

"Down in Roovroys sector las' March, I wuz doin' that, an' I swallered my cud. Coughed a whole battalion sector awake—I wuz on listenin' post, see?—an' most choked.

"Th' lootenant wuz a nervous bird, an' he puts up a SOS. All the Fifteenth Field lit right on the back uv my neck. I come near goin' to heaven in little pieces. Yeh, whut yuh replacements want is to lissen to us old field solgers. There ain't many uv us left. See?"

Private Bland, awake and quivering, said he saw.

"Now, I'll tell yuh where the old Boche is. See them lights out there, 'bout two kilomets? That's where he is. 'Bout daylight, maybe, he'll send along a patrol. He ain't goin' to bother us none tonight. He's wore out as we is. Look here: you just keep your trap shut a little bit, an' observe everythin' that takes place in sight an' hearin'. I'm goin' to catch a little shut-eye. Man's got to save his strengt'."

His head slumped on his chest, and he snored gently. Private Bland continued dutifully to crane and peer, imagining field-gray legions in every direction.

The night was overcast, and very dark. Here and there along the forward zone, rifles and machine guns yapped at each other in furious spasms, where venturous patrols got contact with stubborn rear guards; but the tumult and the straining were in the rear areas.

The German guns methodically searched the roads of the terrain they had abandoned, for these roads would be full of transport and reserve troops moving up. All the towns came in for heavy shelling; there would be concentrations, and headquarters established.

The guns of the American First Army had moved forward in the afternoon, and as battery after battery took up new positions, they opened fire, for Heinie also would be moving behind his lines tonight. And bombers were a-wing: the high note of Allied planes blended with the deep drone of the Gothas booming down from the upper dark. The night was full of explosions, and great fires blazed against the low clouds.

Private Bland looked and listened, and kept his eyes turned mostly to the flares that arched into the night far in front of him. His ears, sensitive as his nerves, picked up a little sound, coming nearer. He waited until he was sure, and then shook the corporal awake.

For all his talk, that noncommissioned officer wasted no words and no motions. Alert and composed, he listened and peered and said softly: "Get a grenade ready. Hook your finger in the pin, but don't throw it till I say to. I'm goin' to put up a light."

He cocked the big Very pistol and shifted a little the Chauchat gun on its stand. The noise came nearer: it sounded like a clumsy person who was not trying to be stealthy. "There ain't but one. Deserter givin' hisself up, maybe."

Private Bland shivered like a bird dog, holding his grenade ready.

"Easy wit' that thing; we don't want no false alarms, or nobody shootin' out here where we is. Somebody might get hurt. Them sho-shos back there get to sprayin' around."

They were very near now: tired, shuffling feet . . . The corporal raised his Very pistol, and so taut were their nerves that they caught the impact of the hammer on the cap. The cough of the shotgun charge followed, and the soughing rush of the parachute flare.

Above them, a greenish-white radiance bloomed and drifted, diminishing. Under it, a circle of the field came into view: grass blades, the raw earth around new shell holes, and, in the foreground, a lone small figure in a long gray cloak and a round German helmet. The figure raised fluttering hands and called in a shrill scared voice:

"Ami! Ami! Je suis français! Je suis français!"

"Hold up that grenade," said the corporal, much relieved. "It's just a Frog," and he called, in a low, grating voice: "All right, you, vous fransay? Allay in here, *muy pronto*—keep 'em up, now—allay, allay!"

The figure scuttled forward

and stumbled and slid into the ditch, where both men seized it fiercely.

"Ain't got no gun. No belt, even—ain't he a little guy! Vous fransay, hunh?"

"Français? Moi? Oui, oui, oui! Et vous? Les Anglais? Les Yanquis? Qui est ce——" And the figure went into rapid French, speaking with shrill earnestness.

"No compree. Say, ain't this one of them long Boche officer-cloaks? I been wantin' one of them—*bon souvenir*, hey? I'll just—— Hi! You——" For the prisoner resisted with vigor. The clumsy helmet fell off.

The corporal, shifting his hold for a better one, was suddenly amazed, and recoiled, swearing weakly. He sat down at the trampled lip of the ditch, retaining a hold on the skirt of the long cloak. "So help me, it's a feeme!"

Private Bland, who had been holding her arms, loosed her as if she burnt him. She caught at a word, and panted:

"C'est foutu. Moi, certainement je suis une femme! Et je voudrais parler avec un officier, toute de suite, moi. Vite, monsieur le soldat, je vous prie."

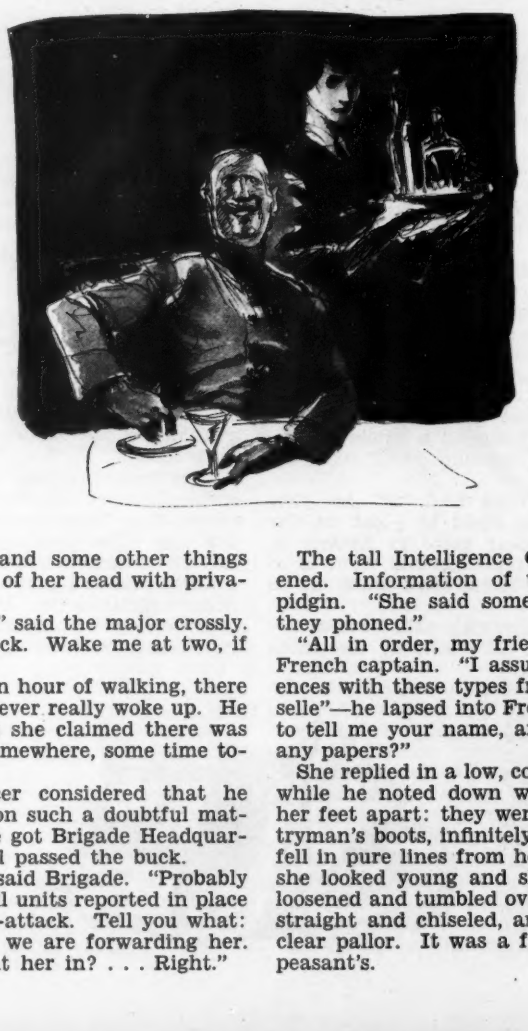
"No compree. No compree," murmured the corporal, dazed. He took off his helmet and scratched his head. Regulations did not cover this case.

The platoon sergeant with a squad, bayonets at the charge, all deployed, clumped out of the dark. The sergeant began, reproachful, as sergeants always are: "Now, then, you—what's this? How come that flare? What you got? You think it's Fourth of July, you shootin' fireworks that way? You——"

"Sergeant," said the corporal gravely, "there is ladies present."

The sergeant came up close and scratched his head. He was an old regular, and old regulars are people of invincible modesty and prone to confusion when they encounter women outside of those spheres where women may reasonably be expected.

They went back, the woman escorted between two respectful but vigilant rifles, and told the captain, who sat on his blanket and said that he couldn't understand a word of it. He sent them back to Battalion. Battalion, under a culvert, lighted no candles because there was a bomber overhead just then.



The adjutant, who claimed college French, listened gravely to the woman and said he couldn't be sure: she talked so fast; she mentioned the Germans—thirty-one Germans, in fact—and some other things about a General. Probably out of her head with privation and all that.

"Oh, send her to Regimental," said the major crossly. "What time is it? Twelve o'clock. Wake me at two, if nothing happens."

At Regimental, distant half an hour of walking, there was a French interpreter who never really woke up. He listened sleepily, and said that she claimed there was going to be a counter-attack somewhere, some time tomorrow.

Regimental Operations Officer considered that he couldn't break out the colonel on such a doubtful matter: Old Man needed sleep. He got Brigade Headquarters on the field telephone, and passed the buck.

"We can't bother with her," said Brigade. "Probably doesn't amount to anything. All units reported in place and organized—let 'em counter-attack. Tell you what: I'll call Division and tell them we are forwarding her. What organization you say sent her in? . . . Right."

They ran her down to Division Headquarters in Thiaucourt. It was nearly two o'clock; a fire in Thiaucourt was lighting a quarter of the sky, to the delight and convenience of German bombers, who circled it, kicking out their tail-gates, as the files said.

Division Headquarters occupied a commodious wine cellar on the edge of town. You went past a manure pile and down a narrow flight of steps. Here were two doors. One opened on a hutch accommodating the Division Commander and the Chief of Staff, who were looking over the new orders just arrived from Corps.

The other door led into a large and ample chamber of damp stone, with arched ends. It smelled of cobwebs and unwashed men. Trestles upheld a door, on which were spread situation maps. Candles, stuck in beer bottles, gave a yellow, flickering light.

By the door, compact and useful, was the Division telephone exchange, manned by a smart master sergeant of the Signal Corps: this division had learned, by bitter experience, to be zealous of its messages. A sergeant with a notebook, expert in shorthand, sat by to take all down; he had a candle too. Along the far wall, in the deep brown shadows, lay a welter of rifles and equipment and sleeping men, orderlies and messengers.

The Division Intelligence Officer, a tall major with a gentle drawl, and the Division Adjutant, a brisk West Pointer, studied the map and argued about something obscure. On a box, elegant in horizon-blue and silver, with ribbons and leather and every appointment in order, sat the French Staff Officer attached to the Division for liaison. He was dark and composed of person; you would not have suspected that one of his gloved hands was artificial, and that he had a silver plate in his head and a headache that never left him, and wore his *kepi* because he could not bear the weight of a steel helmet.

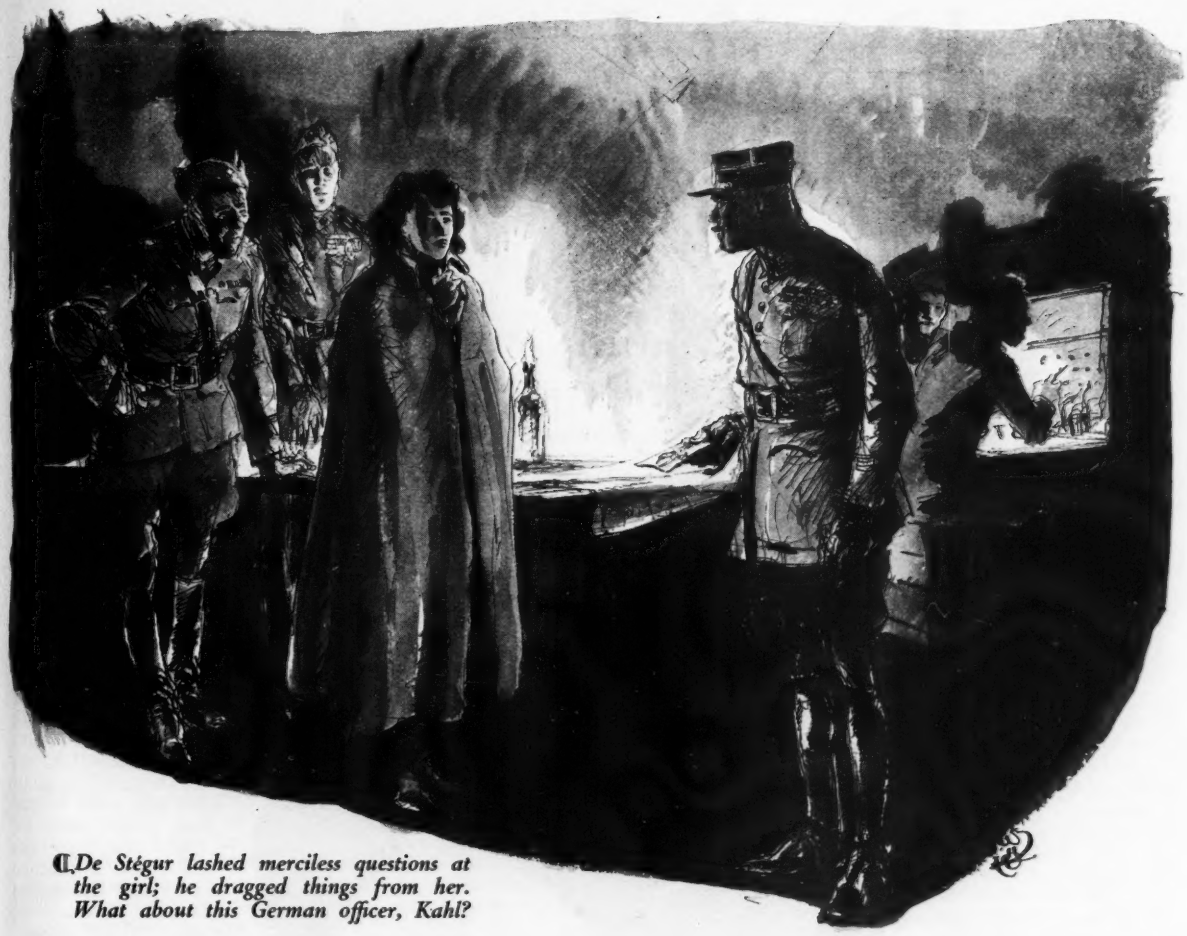
He rose when the woman and her escort stumbled through the door and stood blinking in the yellow candlelight.

The adjutant turned from the map and straightened himself. "This the person? All right; you can return to your organization. I say, de Stégur." The French captain touched his *kepi*. "Madame — Mademoiselle," he amended, as the woman came more into the light. Bowing slightly, he indicated the box. No, she would not sit. The three officers looked at her, and she looked back at them, her eyes direct as a man's.

The tall Intelligence Officer spoke, his drawl quickened. Information of the enemy was his particular pidgin. "She said something about a counter-attack, they phoned."

"All in order, my friend, if you please," replied the French captain. "I assure you, I have had my experiences with these types from occupied areas. Mademoiselle"—he lapsed into French—"you will be good enough to tell me your name, and your family, and—have you any papers?"

She replied in a low, controlled voice, her eyes on him, while he noted down what she said. She stood with her feet apart: they were thrust into a German infantryman's boots, infinitely too large; the long gray cloak fell in pure lines from her shoulders to her ankles, and she looked young and slight. Her dark hair was half loosened and tumbled over her shoulders. Her nose was straight and chiseled, and her face was thin and of a clear pallor. It was a face a little worn, but hardly a peasant's.



De Stégur lashed merciless questions at the girl; he dragged things from her. What about this German officer, Kahl?

The French captain spoke, checking the points in his notebook.

"She is Germaine Despard, daughter of Michel and Elodie Despard, of Heurtebise Farm, which is, she says, eight kilometers from this place. She thinks about two from where your soldiers received her." The Intelligence Officer bent over the map. "She has twenty years." The adjutant raised his eyebrows. "Unmarried. Father: gone in the mobilization of 1914—no word since. Brothers: one deported to Germany; wrote once from Nuremberg; no letter in two years."

"Please," said the major, "never mind the family history; this information they said she had——"

"Ah, *mon commandant*, one never knows what weight to give these statements; one must examine the whole background. However——" He put another question; the girl burst into volubility.

"Yesterday, about seventeen hours, the General of a new German division came to the farm, and the old General went away. The new General—no, I do not know his name: he is a General-Major; the division is the Thirty-first Infantry Division—held in our *salle à manger* a conference with his regimental officers.

"**I served** wine to them, and after, the General ate. It is I who serve the officers. For four years officers have stayed at the farm; I speak with facility the German; why not? I have heard none of the French.

"Monsieur the General said, after talk, that they would make themselves a counter-attack in the morning at five hours. One spoke of the artillery that was not ready, and they talked, and the General said that the attack would fall, with two regiments, at five hours and a half."

The Frenchman translated, while the girl breathed fast and looked from one to the other.

The Intelligence Officer reflected. "We did get air reports this evenin' of new troops unloadin' from camions and so on. Balloons spoke of seein' some. We've been firin' on these roads since we got the guns in. Does she know where it will hit?"

"They said there was a wood. Sprechtwald—we call it the Bois de Baron. From our farm it lies to the south and west by the road to Vigneulles."

"Ask her if she can spot it on the map, de Stégur. Look, here's your farm, name and all correct. Here's Thiaucourt. Here's the Vigneulles road."

"**The girl's** finger poised, wavered and fell. "No; I do not understand maps. But that is the name; and they said there was a hill on the side."

"Ah!" The Intelligence Officer and the adjutant studied together, their brows knit.

"Well," said the major gently, "I believe there's something in it. I know, if I was brother Boche, there's where I would hit. Approach by those ravines—probably in 'em now. Then take the line at an angle, where the brigades join—always a bad place. He's put his hand on our weak spot; better tell the Chief of Staff."

The Chief of Staff, an abrupt, angry colonel of regular cavalry, stamped in. "What's this? What's this?" He gave the girl one sweeping glance and forgot her. He listened, and looked at the map. "Yes; I wasn't satisfied with the location of those battalions when the reports came in. Told Fourth Brigade to move two companies to that flank last night. Put me off. Said the supports were 'way back—get 'em in by daylight. Haven't reported, have they?"

"No, sir, they haven't reported," said the adjutant.

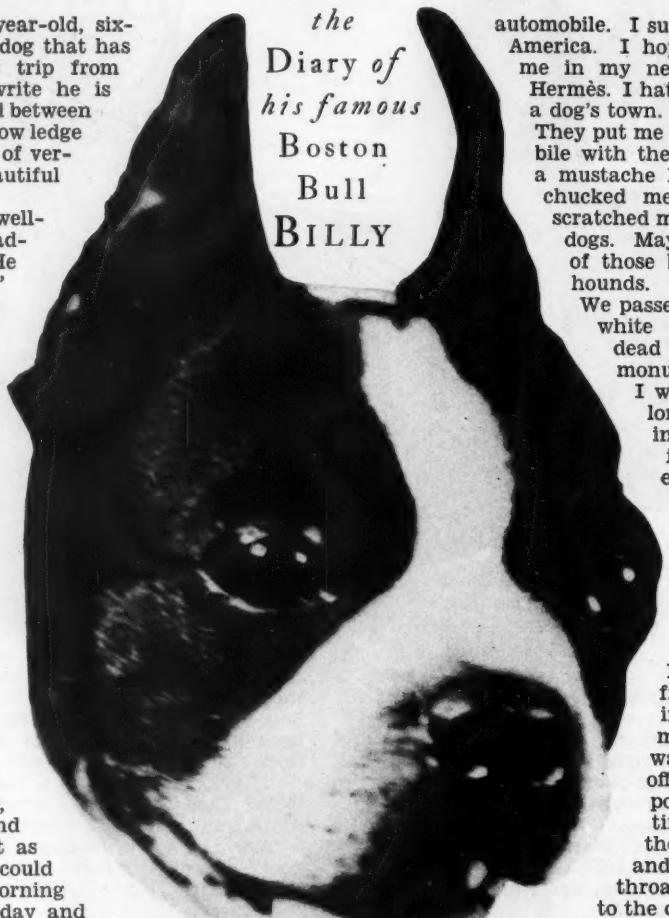
"Young man, get Fourth Brigade. I'll talk to Operations. I'll talk to Brigade Commander. Get him, get him." He seized the phone and shouted into it. While he wrangled, the Frenchman resumed.

"Why do you come to us (*Continued on page 102*)

A Dog's Life Abroad

by O. O. McIntyre

from the Diary of his famous Boston Bull BILLY



Billy is a seven-year-old, sixteen-pound, deaf Boston dog that has just completed a motor trip from Paris to Berlin. As I write he is sound asleep, with his head between his paws, on a sunny window ledge overlooking that smother of verdure that is Berlin's beautiful Unter den Linden.

"Leave your dog here," well-meaning friends in Paris advised before we set off. "He will be a terrible bother."

The answer is a nice, drawling Broadway "Yeah?" He was the high spot of the adventure and if we—my wife and I—ever decide to cross the trackless wastes of Tibet or where not, Billy or some other dog will be trotting at our heels.

Throughout the journey Billy was not half the bother of people who inquired whether traveling in a strange country with a deaf dog was not a bother. He fitted into every situation, every emergency, with more tact and consideration than most humans.

No matter how wearisome the day's motoring, Billy was ready at the end of it to romp or lie quiet as our mood indicated. We could start off early the next morning or in the middle of the day and Billy was waiting and eager. If we wanted to step out of the car along a country road and stretch our legs, Billy barked his appreciation. If we wanted to loll back and doze, he joined us.

If Billy at times had to go without food from breakfast until late at night, he did not growl or grow surly as his master did. If we left him in unfamiliar hotels, he was overjoyed when we returned. If we took him with us, he showed his deep appreciation by being a little gentleman.

Billy, like all dogs, has a sense of humor. Did you ever see a dog grin? Well, dogs grin and I believe many times when we think they are merely baying the moon they are laughing out loud—at you and at me. If Billy thinks he is being neglected, we find him in some shadowy corner gazing pathetically at nothing in particular. For dogs, too, are superb actors.

Billy has traveled more than most dogs. He has crossed the ocean sixteen times, the American continent ten times, and has journeyed into Old Mexico, to Florida and almost every important city. If he were writing a diary of his trip from Paris to Berlin it would, I imagine, run something like this:

Monday—Porters began pounding at sunup today to take the luggage. It is being put on top of a strange automobile. I suppose we are sailing for America. I hope the mistress dresses me in my new white harness from Hermès. I hate to leave Paris. This is a dog's town. I can even go to Ciro's. They put me up front in the automobile with the driver, a Russian with a mustache like Roy Howard's. He chucked me under the chin and scratched my ear, showing he knows dogs. Maybe he is master of one of those beautiful Russian wolfhounds.

We passed three cemeteries with white crosses of the soldier dead and in one was a big monument to dog war heroes. I wish those people with a long name who torture us in laboratories could see it. We stopped for luncheon at Soissons. At the hotel there was a shepherd dog with a missing front leg—lost when the town was shelled. We touched noses and he wagged his tail. I was born without a tail to wag.

Later we arrived at the frontier—we are going into Belgium—and my master took me for a walk up an alley while officers examined passports. A big chained mastiff jumped from around the corner of a building and almost had me by the throat. My master went back to the car very white. I wasn't badly scared but I whimpered a little.

We arrived in Brussels after midnight, all tired out. Hotels here, like those in Paris, allow dogs in the rooms of their masters.

Tuesday—There are more funny-looking penwiper dogs in Brussels. Also those griffons with old-man faces.

All wear ribbon bows like little sissies. The way they stared at me, they had never seen an American dog from Boston before.

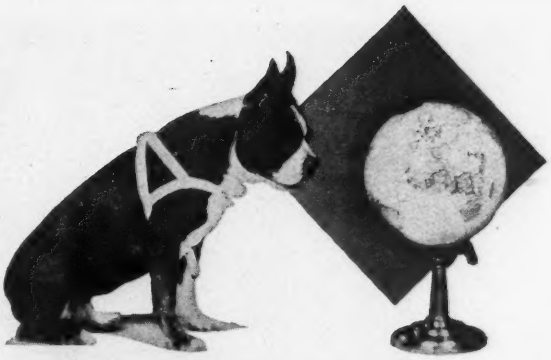
They have a big park here like the Bois in Paris but I am never allowed off a leash like other dogs, for I cannot hear automobiles.

We rode in a taxi and saw King Albert's big palace. I walked up on the steps and a man photographed me. I hope they send one to Bonnie's master. (Bonnie is my Hollywood sweetie.)

Wednesday—I sometimes think I must have been born in a livery stable, for I love horses and this city has the finest and biggest horses I ever saw. Their tails are docked and beribboned and they draw big drays. The city is called Antwerp and we are in a dark hotel on the water front.

It is noisy and dirty and I wonder if my master has run out of money. Not that I care.

There is a Holland young man who took me for a walk while my master worked. He reminds me of Gene Tunney. (Mr. Tunney has played with me and so has Mr. Dempsey.)



Thursday—We left Antwerp early and I rode in the other automobile with Mr. Will Hogg. I was named for him. He has a Cairn Scottie named Gilly, who is only seven months old and is ridiculous. He stands up on his hind legs and waves both front feet in unison all the time. He doesn't even know how to play with a rubber ball and he is always stopping to scratch fleas.

We had luncheon in Rotterdam and I never saw so many bicycles. My master slipped me and Gilly several pieces of cheese from the table when the mistress wasn't looking.

It was swell. Gilly just sniffed his and turned away and when he wasn't looking I gobbled it.

In the afternoon we stopped at a little village called Delft. That's where they make the blue delft chinaware, and my mistress bought a drinking dish made of it for Gilly and me.

We drove on in the late evening to The Hague to spend the night.

Friday—I loved The Hague. We went down to the seashore where it is like Atlantic City and my master let me off the leash, for there are no automobiles there, and he threw a stick in the water for me to retrieve.

But I guess they do not allow dogs to go bathing, for a man in a uniform said something to my master and he put me back on the leash.

When they would throw the stick Gilly would just squat and look at it. You could tell he had never been around.

We left The Hague at sundown and motored into Amsterdam. Gilly rode in the car with me and slept all the way with his head on my hip. If he wasn't such a puppy I would have nipped him.

Saturday—Amsterdam is full of little rivers and footbridges, and big shaggy dogs are hitched under little carts to haul the vegetables. They looked tired, and when they stop they lie down and pant. I went up and greeted them but they paid no attention—just looked at me out of their big tired eyes. I don't believe they have ever played with a rubber ball.

Sunday—We arrived in Doorn as people were going to church. The fellow they used to call "the mad dog of Europe" lives here. He isn't really a dog.

He used to be the German Kaiser and my master and mistress walked with me through his rosarium. They say he goes there every day with his little black dog and sits on a bench around a tree.

My master sat on the bench, motioned for me to jump up beside him and then said something to the mistress, and they both laughed.

Monday—We crossed the border into Germany this morning and a half hour later a man in a helmet and uniform stopped our cars. There was trouble of some sort, for my master kept pulling at his ear lobe the way he does when he is worried.

We had to go to a place that looked like a jail and I could have killed Gilly, for he kept barking all the time. He thinks life is just a joke.

People gathered around our cars gawking but I just sat by my mistress, dignified like.

There was something the matter with our driver's passport but it was fixed up and we drove on to Cologne.

Cologne is full of cathedrals and when the bells rang Gilly would howl, but they didn't bother me. Sometimes it is a blessing to be deaf.

Deafness doesn't bother me as much as Gilly's fleas bother him.

Tuesday—Early this morning we started from Cologne for the trip up the famous Rhine river. All the dogs you see here are long and lean and not more than two inches off the ground.

They are called dachshunds and they do not pay any attention to strange dogs.

I could never be serious with a dachshund but I did have a few mild flirtations.

For luncheon we stopped at Coblenz, where all the American soldiers used to be, and there was a white bulldog there named "Butch" who was the soldier boys' mascot. He looked lonesome with them all gone.

We spent the night at Bingen—at Bingen-on-the-Rhine.

My master kept reciting something and making gestures until Mr. Hogg said something to him that must have been sarcastic, for he shut up. My master sometimes thinks he is very funny.

Wednesday—I didn't care much for Frankfurt, where they make that food called "hot dogs."

It isn't really dog at all but a frankfurter, named for the old city. We went to the original shop where it has been made continuously for three hundred and seventy years.

The houses are very old and painted like fairy-story books, and Mr. Goethe, the great poet, lived here. They let me go with my mistress into his house, for Mr. Goethe, too, loved dogs.

Thursday—We came to Potsdam from Leipzig and I wish my master would stay here awhile.

There are many gardens with cool gravel paths and blooming flowers.

The great kings of Germany lived here. I saw the royal kennels where Frederick the Great kept his famous hunting dogs—hundreds of them. It is almost the size of Madison Square Garden.

There were some sheep dogs too, sired by the Kaiser's famous sheep dogs. They are so fuzzy you can't see their eyes. One reminded me of Mr. Heywood Broun.

In a square is a bronze of the favorite dog of the poor Kaiserin before she passed away.

Potsdam loves dogs!

We arrived in Berlin in the late afternoon and drove through the Tiergarten and the big Victory Arch down the celebrated boulevard, Unter den Linden. It is lined thick on each side with beautiful linden trees. What a town, what a town!

A Post Card

David Robinson's
story *in* Pictures
of EARLY *and* NANNY'S
honeymoon in Europe

"**Am having** gorgeous time wish you were here." This message is usually post-carded by those who have nothing to say but feel obliged to write to those who are not interested and never answer.

Nancy, however, means every word of it, oblivious of the possible inconvenience of having Ma, Pa, little brother and sister, grandma and the baby all with her on her honeymoon.

Her elopement with her rich boss, Alan Moore, of Park Avenue, and the flood of entrancing post-card pictures from Paris threw her family in Flatbush into

to the Folks *at* Home

a maze of mixed emotions. "What a world!" is all Father can make of it. To Mother it's all too good to be true; and if true, then there surely must be something wrong.

So Mother clings to her youngest as if she had lost her eldest.

Kid sister Dorothy is just old enough to sense Nancy's romance and can't wait to grow up. And no one can stop grandma from filling Bobby full of fairy tales about all the automobiles, including a truck, he is going to get when Nancy returns.

When Nancy Returns. That's the theme song now in the Flatbush home.

"Am having gorgeous time wish you were here. Love. N."

They just naturally assume she refers particularly to the place pictured on the other side of the card, the palace at Versailles. Bobby wants to know if she lives there. If not, why not?

Next month in "Foreign Entanglements" you will see Nancy's impression of how some Americans spend their time seeing Europe.

Concluding—

The Beauty-mask

Jackson came in and laid a piece of paper before Andrew. As he read it, Gwynn watched him, a puzzled, half-hopeful question in her eye.

"Hm," said Andrew, plainly disappointed. "Do you know who this Murphy is?"

"He's attached to the second precinct."

"I'd like to have a talk with him."

"I'll have him up here in five minutes," said Jackson and went out.

"Are you going to keep your dark secret?" asked Gwynn. "Or are you going to let us in on it?"

"I'm afraid there's nothing to it," replied Andrew gloomily.

"Was it your hunch?"

"It was. You remember I told you I thought there was something queer about Mrs. Crocus and I had Jackson look her up and find out what she was doing last Wednesday night."

"Good boy!" exclaimed Gwynn eagerly. "May I see that report?"

He handed it to her and she glanced over it quickly.

"It says here that she attended a spiritualistic séance with a Mr. Murphy, a policeman on the force. They arrived at the séance at ten and left at a quarter past eleven and he took her home.

"That seems like a nice little alibi, but Peggy Ann Fraser had a good one and so did Doctor Weston, and we broke them down. Perhaps this one won't bear scrutiny either. We'll know better when Officer Murphy gets here."

Officer Murphy proved to be a big-fisted man of indeterminate age. "One of the boys from Headquarters was after askin' me all about it yesterday," he replied to Andrew's question.

"I know," said Andrew. "Do you mind telling us yourself how you spent the time with Mrs. Crocus that Wednesday evening?"

"Well, Your Honor, it was like this. We was just gettin' ready to turn in for the night, me and me sister, when the widow Crocus comes in, and says to me sister Bridget, 'I come over to ask ye to one of them see-ances I was tellin' ye about.' 'Me?' says Bridget. 'The saints forbid!'

" 'Well,' I says to the widow Crocus, 'I'll go along wid ye. Sure, it's a man's business to know what's goin' on in the wurrld, in particularly if he's on the cops.'

"So me and the widow Crocus wint and we got there for the second see-ance. It was out at eleven-fifteen and I took the widow home on the street car and then wint home meself."

"And you sat beside Mrs. Crocus throughout the entire séance?"

"No, Your Honor," replied Murphy. "I did not. They ast us to sit in a circle and hold hands, and the widow said she was goin' over and sit by the door, bein' there was no air in the room. When the lights wint on, I wint lookin' for her, and sure enough, there she was on the porch breathin' heavy, what with the heat and the excitemint and tables movin' and all."

"What time would you say, Mr. Murphy, that the lights went out?" asked Gwynn.

"Well, mum"—he scratched his head reflectively—"we got there at tin and there was some mind readin' first—about three-quarrters of an hour. So I should say the lights wint out about a quarrter to eleven and on ag'in about a quarrter after."

"Where was the séance held?" inquired Andrew.

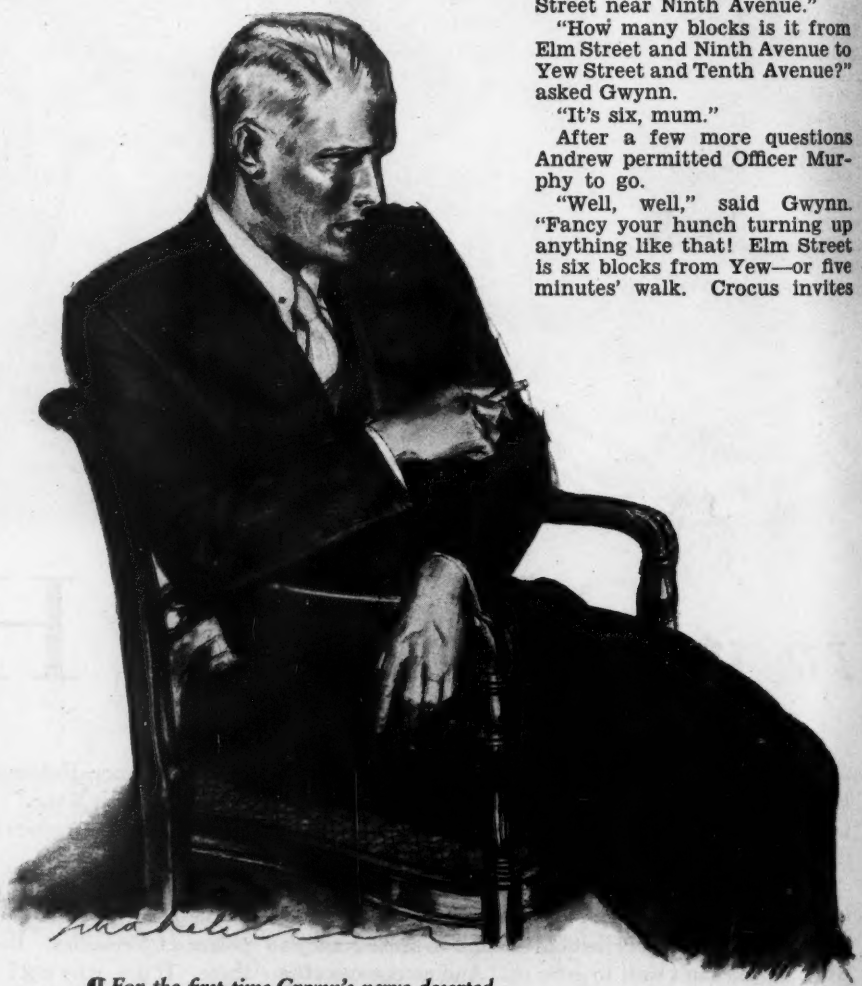
"In a private house on Elm Street near Ninth Avenue."

"How many blocks is it from Elm Street and Ninth Avenue to Yew Street and Tenth Avenue?" asked Gwynn.

"It's six, mum."

After a few more questions Andrew permitted Officer Murphy to go.

"Well, well," said Gwynn. "Fancy your hunch turning up anything like that! Elm Street is six blocks from Yew—or five minutes' walk. Crocus invites



For the first time Gwynn's nerve deserted her and I spoke for her. I forgot nothing and when I had finished Andrew murmured brokenly, "I can't believe it!"

Murder

by Viola Brothers Shore

the sister of a policeman to a séance, and when she can't get the sister, takes the policeman himself. After seeing him safely anchored, she takes a seat beside the door and when the room is darkened she sneaks out at a *quarter to eleven,* and arrives back at the séance, panting and perturbed, a half-hour later."

Andrew was so excited he could not talk.

"And now let's look into it more circumstantially," went on Gwynn. "Crocus had had a row with Maxine Ainslee and had given her notice. She didn't tell Barry Weston what the quarrel was about, but it must have been a serious one, to break up an old acquaintance.

"Crocus saw Barry Weston going out with Maxine, and for her benefit he repeated that he had to leave early. So she knew Maxine would be alone. Crocus does

Illustration by R. F. Schabelitz

regular cleaning work at the Institute. She might readily have procured drugs and a needle.

"She seemed eager to help you pin the crime on somebody. She was one of the few people whom Maxine would have admitted while smeared behind that beauty mask. She would know it was Marzi's night off. And she's a little woman!"

Andrew could not control the satisfied look in his eyes. "Well, we're not all dead here in Hanaford, are we? Although I will give you credit—you were the first one to suspect her. Well, I guess there's not much more for us to do."

"**There's** a lot more," responded Gwynn. "You really haven't a case against Mrs. Crocus yet. The fact that she *might* have left the séance is a long way from convincing proof that she did leave. You'd better call on Mrs. Crocus after lunch. Mr. Appel tells me she'll be at home all afternoon."

"I'll have her come down here," said Andrew.

"I wouldn't if I were you," suggested Gwynn. "She's bound to be on her guard if you send for her. Whereas, if you drop in, you can be much more casual. Ask her more about seeing Karen Svensen; and in the course of conversation—well, you're clever at cross-examination——"

"I feel flattered that you're willing to trust this to me," said Andrew; "unless I've misunderstood and you intend to come along?"

"No," replied Gwynn; "it won't look so much like an official inquisition if you just run up there with Muriel."

"With Muriel?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I called her up before you came down this morning and asked her to have lunch with us, and she accepted."

"But——"

"But unfortunately, Colin and I have some serious business to attend to, and you will have to keep the appointment alone. We'll try to meet you later at the club."

"But Gwynn, how will I explain to Muriel? What shall I say to her?"

Gwynn laughed. "Andy dear, you used to have *plenty* of things to say to Muriel before I got here. You know you're secretly delighted that we're not coming along. And after lunch you can ask her to drive out to Mrs. Crocus' with you. She may be of some help in getting Crocus to speak. Unless," she added, "you'd rather have me along to question Crocus."

"No, thank you," replied Andrew stiffly. "I can still handle a cross-examination without assistance."

As we came out of Andrew's office I said: "Look here, Gwynn, this devotion to duty is touching and all that, but when are you going to have a few minutes for me?"

"Well," replied Gwynn, "how about right now?"

"Do you mean it? Do you mean I've actually persuaded you to consider my insignificant claims before the great Beauty-mask Mystery?"

"You didn't persuade me. I decided long ago that we'd frivol away the next few hours. I didn't want Andy to suspect we were quitters, so I pretended we had serious business to attend to."

"We have. You're coming to a certain place with me and help me pick out a certain thing for a certain girl—and I prefer not to have any argument."

"After all," she said, with a shrug of resignation, "I'm only a poor weak woman."

I did not give her a chance to change either her mind or her mood. I felt a little crazy with happiness. Gwynn's birthday is in May and at the jeweler's we chose an emerald ring. I have always had a weakness for green.

At about half past one we hailed a taxi and Gwynn told the man to take us to Maple Drive.

I did not ask any questions, although I was bursting with curiosity. Just before we turned into Maple Drive, Gwynn stopped the taxi, and we got out. A young man suddenly appeared from nowhere. I recognized Appel.

Gwynn asked whether everything was set.

"Yes, ma'am; they're dressed and waiting for me."

"Did you fix the window?"

"Yes, ma'am; the one on the side of the cellar. It's the only one that's wide enough to squeeze through. I think I covered all the things you asked me. Miss Svensen comes once or twice a week and often stays overnight. She sleeps in the spare room on the second floor, and has a key to the door.

"Mrs. Prescott treats the people that work for her like friends. Mrs. Crocus keeps a suitcase in the cellar with her house dress and shoes in it, and when she works in this section she runs in and changes. She has a key, too. The maids tell me she is always snooping around and bringing bits of gossip from the other houses where she works, but Mrs. Prescott doesn't seem to mind and lets her run in and out.

"Every morning Ellen, the cook, gets up at six, to see the milkman, who's her sweetie. She goes out into the road and has a chat with him, and then she brings in the milk. A little before seven she wakes Mary, who is a sound sleeper. Mary takes Mrs. Prescott's tea up to her, then opens the front part of the house and starts to sweep the main floor."

"And on Thursday she found the door and windows bolted just as she left them?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Was that before or after she brought Mrs. Prescott her tea?"

"After."

"That front door could not have been opened and shut without the maids' hearing it?"

"**No, ma'am.** The cook's a light sleeper and always knows what time Mrs. Prescott comes in because she hears her shoot that bolt."

"And nobody could have used the side door, either, without their knowledge?"

"No; it leads into Ellen's room, and she hears a mouse."

"You mean the tradespeople have to go through Ellen's room to get into the house?"

"Well, you see, it wasn't built for a room. It was a storeroom, but Mrs. Prescott had a window knocked in and fixed it up as a sitting room, and Ellen sleeps on the couch."

"I see. And now, what about the closets? Are any of them kept locked?"

"Only two: a store closet in the cellar that's full of old boxes and trunks; and the one in the dressing room, where Mrs. Prescott keeps her jewels. All the keys are in a powder jar in the dressing-table drawer."

"The dressing-room closet—is that where Mary hung Mrs. Prescott's coat and dress Wednesday night?"

"Yes, Mrs. Leith."

"Would she have to go through the bedrooms to go downstairs?"

"No, ma'am. She went through the bathroom and into the hall."

"And while she was in the dressing room could she see the hall?"

"No, ma'am; from the dressing room you can only see

We wish to announce

that next month this magazine will publish the first of several very long short stories—most folks would call them by some such trick name as "novelettes"—

by W. Somerset Maugham

We don't call them by any name. All we want to say is that they are the most interesting fiction we've read in a long, long time. They are the sort of stories which made some of us think that "Of Human Bondage" was the best novel any novelist of our generation has written for us.

into Mrs. Prescott's room and the bathroom."

"And the door between Mrs. Prescott's room and the dressing room was closed?"

"Yes; Mrs. Prescott asked her to close it when she hung away the clothes."

"Thank you," said Gwynn. "You did very well. Keep them out all afternoon."

As soon as we saw Appel drive off with the two girls, we hurried to the house.

"Look here, Gwynn," I said, "you're not going to climb through Muriel's cellar window, are you?"

"Of course not!" replied Gwynn indignantly. "You are. And then you're going to let me in through the side door."

"But Gwynn dear," I protested, "what's the idea?"

She looked at me reproachfully. "Last night you promised to do anything in the world for me—and now when I ask a little chore like climbing through a cellar window——! If you won't, I will," she added. "So I'm hoping you will."

I DID. I climbed through a cellar window, landing in a woodpile and barking my shin against an old suitcase. Of course, there have been knights who climbed into lions' cages. Still, this cellar window was no child's play.

The cellar stairs led into the former passageway which had been fitted up as a sitting room for the maids. It was full of doors: the one I came through from the cellar, one into the bedroom beyond and one leading to the side of the house, which I opened to admit Gwynn.

I followed her through the empty house and down again into the cellar. Once more I stumbled over the suitcase, this time overturning it. While Gwynn searched for the electric switch I was busy replacing a house dress and a pair of worn low-heeled shoes.

When I looked up, Gwynn was staring at a closet built into one corner of the cellar and fastened with a padlock.

"See if you can get the lock off this door, Colin," she requested. "Take that poker and break it off."

I did as she asked and the door swung open, revealing an assortment of wardrobe trunks, packing trunks and hat trunks, all covered with ashes and dust.

Gwynn reached up and turned on a light inside the closet. Then she entered and looked around. Suddenly she pointed to a small trunk. Bending down, I made out the imprint of fingers in the dusty covering of the lid.

"And the dust isn't so thick as it is on the other lids," Gwynn said in a low tone; "the top's been lifted lately."

Something in her manner, a curious, subterranean excitement, communicated itself to me and it was with fingers which trembled that I once more raised the poker and pried the lock loose.

The trunk contained camping paraphernalia. Gwynn was on her knees, rummaging through it.

"Gwynn," I asked, "what are you trying to find?"

For answer she paused, and I knew that her hand had encountered something down in the trunk. As she drew it forth I could feel my heart pounding against my ribs. In her hand Gwynn held a box in the shape of a trunk, with a name lettered across the lid.

"The Frazzatti box!" I breathed.

Gwynn lifted the cover, revealing a packet of letters in blue envelopes.

For a second our eyes met, full of a thousand questions: the letters in the blue envelopes that Peggy Ann had said she destroyed—what were they doing in a locked trunk in Muriel's cellar? They were no longer tied together, and each envelope was monogrammed "S. C. S." and addressed to Maxine Ainslee.

"Don't stop to look at them now," commanded Gwynn, and once more she leaned over the trunk.

"What else——" I began, and once again knew she had found something. "What is it?" I cried, as she rose.

She brought forward her left hand and I noticed it was trembling. In it lay a large Scout knife.

"Open it." Her voice was scarcely audible, and my own hands were inept at the task. But I succeeded in pulling open a corkscrew, a small fine blade and a larger, coarser one.

"Look!" cried Gwynn, pointing to the larger blade. "The small blade is dull and rusty, so's the corkscrew, but that one—it's been cleaned lately."

The knife clattered from my hand to the floor. My knees felt shaky and the cellar swam before my eyes. But some inner excitement was buoying up Gwynn.

"Come," she commanded, picking up the knife and closing the blades. I followed her in a daze to the upper floor. There were two bedrooms on the second story, and Gwynn preceded me into the larger, which was Muriel's.

After looking around, she passed into the dressing room beyond. Opening one of the drawers of the dressing table, she lifted the cover of an old powder jar. In it lay a bunch of keys on a ring. Gwynn fitted one into the lock of the closet and opened the door.

On the shelf above the dresses stood a number of hat boxes and a metal casket studded with semiprecious stones, which Gwynn set on the dressing table. With another key she opened it.

A marvelous collection of rings, earrings and brooches met our gaze. Gwynn gave an ejaculation.

"Look there!" she exclaimed.

I followed the direction of her finger to a large sardonyx ring, the stone carved into a figure half dragon, half lion. I put out my hand to pick it up, wondering, as I did so, what she meant. But my hand was suddenly arrested before I could touch the ring.

"No, no!" commanded Gwynn. "Don't touch it!" And as I drew back in surprise, she slipped her glove on her right hand and, lifting the ring gingerly, turned it around slowly, her eyes widening in horror.

"Gwynn, what is it?"

"The poisoned point," replied Gwynn slowly, "with which Muriel Prescott murdered her aunt."

I looked at her half suspecting, for a moment, that she had taken leave of her reason. For answer, she held out the ring, bezel down, for me to look at.

Beneath the stone was a sharp prong, the point of which protruded beyond the setting. Otherwise there was nothing peculiar about the ring, which was hand-wrought and very old.

With a gloved finger, Gwynn pressed the head of the lion. The sardonyx, in its rim of gold, flew upward on an invisible hinge, revealing that it was only a thin slab of stone concealing a secret chamber. This chamber might have held about half a teaspoonful of liquid, but it was empty now.

Gwynn closed the ring carefully and, wrapping it in her handkerchief, slipped it into her purse.

"I'll tell you about it later! It's a long story, and we want to get out of here."

I had one lucid thought. "Thank heaven Andrew isn't here!"

"That was one reason why I arranged for him to be out with Muriel. Colin, I can't tell you how terrible I feel. Do you think we'd better forget about it?"

I thought a moment, then shook my head. "If Muriel Prescott committed murder," I began in a voice which sounded hollow and unreal, "justice demands——"

"Oh, hang justice!" exploded Gwynn. "But one reason I started this was to keep some innocent person from going through the torment of an injustice. But what concerned me most was Andy. The only reason Muriel didn't land him was because she landed something better. And if anything happened to that other catch, she might have—well, I'm awfully fond of Andy. And I think he ought to know the truth."

"But darling, I still don't understand." And I did not. My head was in a whirl. "Muriel was in bed Wednesday night, at ten o'clock, ill. Don't you remember, Mary O'Day saw her in bed and shut and locked all the doors and windows?

"In the morning before she opened them, she brought Muriel's tea to her bed. Muriel couldn't have opened the front door and gone out without being heard by Ellen. There isn't a window she could have climbed out of. There's only the cellar window that I climbed through, and even if she could have managed it, she'd have had to pass through Ellen's room. Gwynn, Muriel couldn't have been out of the house Wednesday night."

Gwynn stepped back into the bedroom and I followed as she crossed to the window. "She certainly couldn't have got out from this floor," she remarked, regarding the sheer drop to the lawn.

"Of course not," I agreed eagerly.

Gwynn walked back into the dressing room and stood regarding the closet. From the dressing room she proceeded into the bathroom, then into the hall and back into the bedroom. At each of the doors she paused and stood looking, her eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

Finally she turned to me. "I'll tell you how Muriel got out of the house on Wednesday night without her maid being aware of it. Pretend I'm Muriel."

I FOLLOWED her as she walked back to the stairs and proceeded from the hall into the bedroom.

"I have asked Mary to bring me some hot milk. When she comes up with it, I am already in bed. I have taken the precaution to turn out my light, so that she notices only that I am in bed under the covers, but cannot see that I am fully dressed. My evening gown and coat, which I am in the habit of hanging away myself, I have flung over a chair, and I ask her to hang them up.

"She goes into the dressing room to do so, shutting the door behind her. I have asked her not to disturb me again until I ring for my tea in the morning.

"As she closes the door into the dressing room, I slip out of bed quickly and put on my seamstress' coat which I had persuaded her to leave at the house. I call out: 'Mary, you've left the other door open. Never mind, I'll shut it myself,' and I do shut it, but I am on the other side, in the hall.

"As you can see, it is not possible to look from the dressing room into the hall. While Mary is busy, I tiptoe quickly down the stairs and out the front door. When Mary comes down and bolts the front door, I am already out of the house. That's fairly simple, isn't it?"

"Granted, for the sake of argument, that that could be done, how could she have got in again? Before Mary opened the windows and doors in the morning, she found Muriel in bed."

"Not exactly. Before she opened the windows and the *front* door she found Muriel in bed. But Ellen had opened the side door an hour earlier to get the

milk. And it was through the side door that Muriel came in again."

"Without meeting Ellen?"

"Ellen was out in the road having her morning converse with the milkman. Mary sleeps like a log. Muriel slipped in behind Ellen's back, went up to her room, got into bed and was there when Mary brought up her tea."

An overpowering weakness made me lean against the wall.

"Colin, it's not too late; shall we turn back?"

"No, Gwynn," I said firmly. "If she's innocent, we owe it to her to be convinced of it ourselves. And if she's guilty, I don't want you to be made to look ridiculous."

"Dear Colin. You're with me, right or wrong, aren't you?"

"To the death," I said earnestly. There was something curiously solemn about that vacant house, and solemnly we took our departure, leaving the place looking, externally, just as we had found it.

Of course, in the cellar it was impossible to repair the damage to the locks, so we threw the padlock inside the closet and closed the door.

"Nobody'll notice it," said Gwynn. "But I've forgotten to put the keys back. Meet me at the side door." At the head of the stairs she turned. "Lend me your pencil," she requested, "and a scrap of paper."

I did so, too confused to try to figure what she wanted them for.

I can't tell you how good it felt to be out in the clear afternoon air. I carried the tin box under my arm, feeling as though everybody who passed must be guessing what was in it. In the taxicab I asked Gwynn some of the questions clamoring at the door of my brain.

"But how did you know about the ring? And how did you know it had anything to do with——"

She smiled wanly. "It's easy enough to find clues when you're certain of the ones you want. I didn't believe from the beginning that the wound in Maxine's finger was caused by a hypodermic needle. Why in the third finger of the left hand? It seemed too absurd. And it came to me in a flash that it might have been a ring.

"We've all read of poison rings. It seemed fantastic, of course, but what other supposition fitted that third finger? I had been impressed with Muriel's passion for quaint antique gems. I could not rid myself of the idea.

"Of course, there was always the chance that if Muriel had had such a ring, she might have made away with it. But on the other hand, if the police continued to clamor for a hypodermic needle, why should she? I would have gambled that Muriel still had the ring."

"But how did you know which ring it was?"

"Oh, that," said Gwynn. "Do you remember the time we called when Muriel was reading in the library and she laid down her book as we came in? When I saw it was called 'Antique Gems and Their History' I was naturally interested and picked up the book. Instantly she invited me on a tour of inspection of her home. She took the book from me and tossed it carelessly on the desk. If she had left it there, I might not have been so impressed. But when we returned to the library, the book was no longer there.

"I was certain, then, that that book contained something Muriel wasn't anxious for me to see, and I made up my mind I would get my hands on it.

"I played in luck. The next time we called she was going out. I suddenly remembered an important telephone call I had to make; I pretended it was to some man and asked her to keep you both out of the library for five minutes.

"I did make the call to Peggy Ann Fraser, but I also looked for that book. I asked myself, Where do people usually hide books? And I knew where *I* always hide them: on the shelf behind something that nobody will be likely to take out. Muriel still has a row of her husband's law books. I figured they would be my own choice of a hiding place.

"I slipped my hand behind them and, sure enough, I found the book on gems. I heard Muriel leave and I walked out, as you may recall, with the book. I couldn't wait to get to my room to read it. I knew I should find something interesting!

"I did find something interesting. The book was inscribed to Muriel with love from Giorgio—Giorgio is her fiancé, isn't he? Near the back there was a circle about the illustration of a sardonyx ring. The caption explained that this was an old Florentine poison ring.

"The text explained how the thing worked: how the jewel, when turned, pressed a spring, releasing a small quantity of deadly poison through the hollow prong. The ring was presented to the victim and in wringing the hand of the wearer, the jewel could be turned, causing a tiny puncture of the skin and injecting the poison through it.

"I couldn't tell that to Andrew, could I? He would have jeered at me. He might even have turned against me, and if Muriel had been warned, I couldn't have proved a thing. Even you would have scoffed, if we hadn't been lucky enough to find the ring."

I admitted that I would have been skeptical. "But tell me, why did Muriel have the door bolted when she'd want to get in again?"

"Weren't you impressed by the fact that Mary locked all the doors and windows and found them securely locked in the morning?"

I was, I admitted.

"Well, you were meant to be! Did you notice that swing on the maids' porch?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice it has its back turned to the door? I'll bet Muriel spent the night in that couch swing—I hardly think she slept—waiting for Ellen to come out for her morning chat with the milkman. Muriel's window opens on that side of the house—she must have seen enough of those matutinal encounters to know they were a regular occurrence."

"But why did she do it?" I asked.

Gwynn took the tin box and opened the lid. "The answer must be in here." Taking out the letters she drew one from the envelope.

"My darling," it began—and the signature read, "Your own Barry."

We looked at each other. "I don't get it," said I.

Gwynn began feverishly taking letters out of their envelopes, glancing at the first lines. Then she uttered an exclamation and handed me a letter.

"My dear Muriel——" it began.

But the taxi drew up before the house and we got out.

Andrew was not yet home and we went into the living room to wait for him. It was not a pleasant wait.

"But Gwynn," I protested, "what do you make of those letters?"

She smiled a sad, tired smile. "I guess Peggy Ann was telling the truth, after all, when she told Basil Emery she had her letters. Of course!" she exclaimed, as though answering some unspoken question in her own mind. "When she had the door locked between herself and Karen! She found her letters and took them out of the envelopes and slipped these in their place. Maxine probably kept both packets in the same box. I'll wager Maxine never guessed that the contents of the blue envelopes had been switched. Peggy Ann didn't want to precipitate a break until she got the pawn tickets also—and she couldn't find them."

"Good Lord!" I cried. "It gets more involved the deeper you go into it; that's the worst of this case."

Gwynn shook her head. "The worst will be telling Andrew." She shuddered.

Andrew came home looking discouraged. "Well," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "I didn't get a thing. That woman stuck to her story."

For the first time he noticed us. "What's the matter with you two? You look like a couple of undertakers. Didn't you have any luck, either?" And then he spied the objects on the table, and his glance traveled incredulously to us.

"Where did you get these?" he demanded.

"From an old trunk," replied Gwynn. "The motive—and the weapons."

"Weapons?" Andrew picked up the Scout knife.

"That's one of them," said Gwynn.

I took the knife from Andrew and opened the blades. "You see," I explained, "the big blade has been scoured lately."

Andrew turned to Gwynn. "Tell me whose it is," he commanded.

She opened her lips, but could not speak. She swayed against me. I spoke for her.

"Andrew—I know it's going to hurt—but that knife is Muriel Prescott's."

I forgot nothing: the conversation with Appel; the explanation of the alibi; Gwynn's explanation of the letters; the use of Karen's coat. And it was I who showed him the book with that damning penciled ring around the sardonyx. And last of all, the ring itself.

When I had finished, Andrew sat still, his head buried in his hands.

"I can't believe it!" he murmured brokenly. "The motive—a packet of letters three years old! She could have bought them. She has money."

"I think," said Gwynn, "when we get our report from Mr. Hyman, you'll understand more about that. I had him send to Baltimore to look up some things . . . Andrew, I'm awfully sorry."

I spoke up. "Gwynn didn't want to tell you; she was afraid to hurt you. But man, you want the truth, don't you?"

Andrew raised his head, then rose. "Of course I want the truth. And I'm going to see this thing through."

"You're not going to do anything tonight?" Gwynn inquired anxiously.

Andrew's answer was to reach for the telephone. He asked Shelby to come up and bring Marx with him. He also phoned Hyman. Then he turned to Gwynn. "I don't understand how you——"

Gwynn put her arms around him. "It doesn't take much brains to work out the steps of a problem when you know the answer."

"But how did you know about the knife?" I interposed.

"I didn't," she replied; "I only suspected there might be another weapon. I was certain that poker was never used to open the strong box. It wouldn't have gone inside that lid, and there was a cut in the paint that was made by something sharp.

"I had a feeling that a heavy knife would account for its appearance better than the poker, and a heavy knife might

Oh! lady, lady

if you only had glasses like these

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IT'S pretty discouraging to take clothes in from the washline and find they aren't the lovely *white* white you expected. And it's puzzling, too!

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have been used to cut Maxine's throat. Marx had said the wound was not made with those scissors. I began to wonder about a knife which had been brought into Maxine's house and taken away. I had been told Muriel was an ardent sportswoman and I figured that perhaps there was a hunting knife."

"But if you knew from the first," said Andrew, "why didn't you tell me?"

"ANDREW dear, I couldn't. If I had told you it was Muriel, wouldn't you have rushed to her defense? I had to keep you from suspecting that I even suspected Muriel until I had some proof to show you. And in order to search for that proof I had to wait for a day when Muriel's maids would be out. That would be either Sunday or today. And last Sunday I wasn't ready. I didn't tell you any downright lies."

"But you kept chasing me up wrong alleys."

"I had to grasp at anything to keep you from turning innocent people over to the police. If I hadn't been lucky enough to find these things, you wouldn't have listened to me, would you, Andrew?"

He shook his head slowly.

"There are some things I still don't get," said I. "For instance, why did Muriel keep defending Edna Weston? Why wasn't she glad to have somebody else suspected?"

"She was," replied Gwynn. "Anybody *but* Edna Weston. Remember Crocus told us the doctor had once saved her life. And Andrew had to pick on the person to whom she was indebted for her life and accuse her of a crime Muriel herself was guilty of. She tried to divert his suspicions to somebody else."

"Barry Weston!"

"Of course. The way I figure it, she wore Karen Svensen's coat in case she was, by any chance, seen near the scene of the crime. Muriel deliberately spilled the ink on that coat to have an excuse for keeping it. She had probably learned from Crocus of Marzi's infatuation and figured Karen Svensen might be suspected of the murder of a dangerous rival. So she sent her to the theater alone, figuring that would be the hardest kind of alibi to establish.

"However, when she got over to Maxine's and found Barry Weston's watch and things, she had a much better idea. When those mute witnesses were found in Maxine's room, who would be suspected? It seemed a perfect victim.

"As I read the letters it occurred to me that she probably bore Weston a grievance for breaking off with her, for it appears he did the breaking. You will find one of the letters, dated much later than the others, after the death of Muriel's husband, in which he makes it plain that, although she is now a widow, it is no longer a question of scruples that keeps him from coming back to her. And you know what they say about a woman scorned!

"Remember, she first told of overhearing a conversation between Barry and Maxine. She pretended she misunderstood the name, so that she never appeared to be accusing him directly. But she did try to make you feel that it was Barry Weston who was guilty."

"But whom was Muriel shielding?" I asked.

"Nobody," said Gwynn disdainfully. "The letters were her letters and she didn't want Karen to mention them to you. When Andrew came to see her, she knew from his manner he had found out something and she took refuge behind an evasion that had about it an air of magnanimity."

"But why did you keep asking about Crocus? And why did you have me go there this afternoon?" asked Andrew.

"I wanted to keep you occupied and I wanted to keep Muriel out of the way. Crocus' alibi seemed a heaven-sent way of keeping you both busy.

"As for the rest, the first night we were here I heard Crocus ask Muriel about her neuritis—and that neuritis, by the way, was very important. If it hadn't been for that, Muriel could easily have lifted down that tin box.

"I distinctly heard Crocus say, in an undertone, 'How is your arm, Muriel?' I thought that rather queer—from a hired woman to the society leader of the town—and I decided she probably had more than a casual acquaintance with Hanaford's social leader. When I heard that Crocus worked for both aunt and niece I hoped she would know of some enmity between them.

"I also wanted to get a line from her on Peggy Ann Fraser. You see, I knew Peggy Ann was holding back a lot of things and I thought anything we could clean up would help. But it was Karen Svensen who was most helpful—smelling to heaven of Black Narcissus and telling how she spread news from Maxine's house to Muriel's by way of Crocus and how the latter questioned her as to what was going on, and how she left her coat with Muriel—probably with her handkerchief in the pocket. And finally the reservations she made in her story, instigated by Muriel.

"I still don't understand the ramifications of the relationship between Crocus and Muriel, and between Crocus and Maxine. You recall I made Crocus admit she'd known Muriel and Maxine in Baltimore. I wish I knew more about those times in Baltimore. But it's evident that Muriel made use of Crocus' devotion in more than one way."

Andrew shook his head. "I can't figure it all out. And I still can't see how Muriel could have had that whole thing planned out."

"I don't think she did," replied Gwynn. "She probably had the idea of the poison ring, and possibly she had a dozen different schemes for doing the thing. Then, last Wednesday, everything seemed to shape itself just right.

"I haven't any idea what happened in that room after Muriel, thinking Maxine was alone in the house, called through the window and was admitted. Maybe she asked for those letters back. She was about to be married, wasn't she, to a very rich man?"

"He's due here sometime this month," said Andrew heavily.

"Well, perhaps those love letters, written during the lifetime of her husband, might have proved embarrassing. Probably she had asked for them often before. Perhaps she pretended to give Maxine the ring as a bribe. Maybe the poison didn't work as fast as she expected.

"I'm only guessing, of course, but time was passing and Maxine didn't die, but she did complain of feeling queer. Maybe Muriel suggested a dose of something and gave her a bit too much. That would account for the morphine in her stomach. Then as Maxine closed her eyes drowsily and her head fell back, exposing that tempting expanse of white throat, Muriel decided to make a thorough job of it and take no chance on the poison. And she ran the knife across it.

"Then there were the letters. How did Maxine get hold of them in the first place? How did Muriel know they were in the Frazzatti box? Why did she drag the tin box out of the closet and try to open it?

"I can't answer all these questions, but perhaps Muriel imagined the letters were in the closet, where Maxine used to keep them before she hid them in the hatbox. But when Muriel tried to open the box with her knife as it stood in the closet and was unsuccessful, she tried to lift down the box, and when it proved unexpectedly heavy, she dropped it. The crash frightened her and she fled back into the living room.

"In some way she discovered the Frazzatti box under Barry Weston's scarf. Maybe it was her intention to plant the scarf in some more conspicuous place which made her move it. With the precious box of letters in her possession, her nerve returned and she went about covering her traces. She put the poker beside the box, placed the scissors where the police would find them and either deliberately looked for some old letters to tear up or perhaps remembered part of a previous scheme to sprinkle letters over the body and turn suspicion on some ex-suitor or jealous wife.

"Men are seldom so scatterbrained. Women plot more daringly than men—and then lose their nerve and go to pieces. That's what I think happened to Muriel; she had a few moments of flurry before her nerve came back. And in those few moments she was so determined to leave a trail pointing to some murderer that she left three. One pointing to Karen, one to Barry and, lastly, one to an ex-suitor.

"All those mixed clues made me feel certain it was a woman. And then there was the foot rest with the small heel marks. But what proved conclusively it couldn't have been a man was the way Maxine Ainslee looked. I knew she never would have sat there sewing, in that get-up, before a man."

Andrew remained thoughtful a long while. Then he looked up with stricken eyes. "You've convinced me, but how can we convince anybody else?"

"Let's not try," said Gwynn.

Andrew rose. His jaws came together with a fighting snap. "I'll try just as hard as if I'd never seen Muriel before."

By the time Shelby and Marx arrived, Andrew had himself well in hand. He handed the knife to Marx. "In your opinion, might this be the weapon with which Maxine Ainslee's throat was cut?"

MARX took a small magnifying glass from his pocket and went over to a lamp. After a moment he laid the knife on the desk.

"When I looked at the wound it seemed to me there was at the point of incision a jagged tear in the flesh, as if the weapon had a nick near the point. This knife has a nick. It also corresponds to the width and thickness I thought the blade should be. And it's been cleaned lately."

Shelby picked it up from the desk. "Then this is the weapon?"

"I couldn't say for certain, but it might well be. I never did believe it was those scissors."

After he had gone, Shelby laid the knife back on the table. "Whose is it?"

"I'll tell you," said Andrew, "but I believe that's Hyman ringing the bell and I promised not to keep him waiting."

It was Hyman and he came in visibly excited. He addressed himself to Gwynn.

"I got word from Baltimore today. The Ainslee Company is a blind. It never made any money at all. It's in charge of a young fellow named Jonas Crocus and every month he sends a check to Miss Ainslee and one to Mrs. Prescott, but the money doesn't come out of the business. There is no business. It comes in cash, registered mail, which he deposits in the bank, and then he sends

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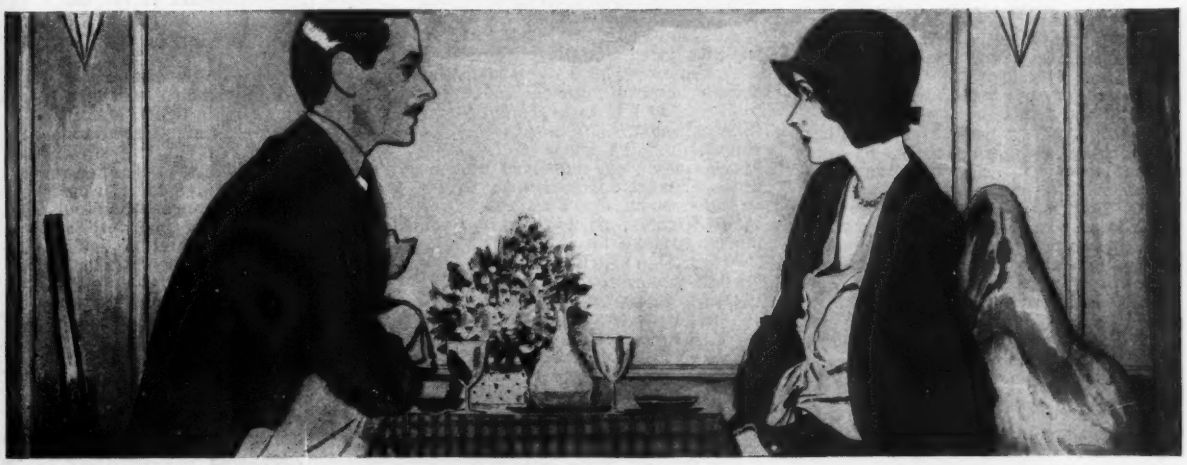

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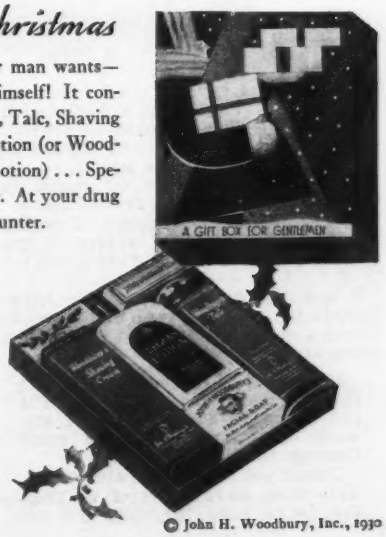

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out a check to the parties that sent it in. But last month he didn't get any money to send back. Miss Ainslee was broke. Her balance in the bank here was down to forty dollars."

"Thank you, Mr. Hyman," said Gwynn. "I had an idea you'd find out something interesting in Baltimore."

After he was gone, Shelby and Andrew turned expectantly to Gwynn.

"You promised to tell Mr. Shelby about the knife," she reminded Andrew, ignoring the question in their eyes.

"Oh, yes; the knife." He stood up and looked Shelby squarely in the eye. "The knife belongs to Mrs. Prescott."

Shelby's mouth fell open for a puzzled second; then he slapped his knees. "Well, I can't say I'm surprised. In this business you got to expect anything. But how did you find it out?"

Wearily Andrew went over the story. Then he gave the ring to Shelby, who took it to turn over to the proper department for examination and analysis.

"At that," he said dubiously, "we ain't got a case. If this ring's been cleaned and the knife's been cleaned, we ain't got enough real evidence to hang a cat."

"I think," said Gwynn, "Mrs. Prescott will let us know herself whether or not she is guilty."

"You mean confess?" inquired Andrew.

"In a way," said Gwynn.

"Not her," proclaimed Shelby.

Almost as he spoke the telephone rang at Andrew's elbow. We all jumped. A girl's voice was demanding to speak to His Honor. She was almost incoherent, but at last Andrew understood what she was trying to say and he swayed slightly. Thinking the phone was going to fall, I took it out of his hand.

It was Mary O'Day. She had just come home and found her mistress sitting in an armchair before her desk with gas pouring out of the bedroom jet, and the windows and doors shut and the cracks stuffed. The doctor was there now, working over her, but he had no hope of reviving her.

We all piled into Andrew's car and drove over to Muriel's. Gwynn and I clung together as Shelby, followed by Andrew, mounted the stairs with the hysterical servants. The doctor had just left. Muriel Prescott was beyond his help.

At last we went up, too. They had laid Muriel on her bed. On her desk lay a letter addressed to Andrew.

Andrew lifted the letter, revealing a little scrap of crumpled paper underneath. He picked it up, then handed it to Shelby. I read it too.

> The police have the ring and the knife and the letters.
>
> A friend

The men looked at each other blankly, but I looked at Gwynn.

"I wrote it," said she. "I wanted to give her a chance to get away."

"But didn't you think she might do this?" demanded Shelby resentfully.

"I was hoping she wouldn't. I wanted her to get away. But I wanted to give her the chance to do this if she cared to."

I was the last to read the letter. Andrew left it with Gwynn and me while he went over to the home of Police Chief Geraghty.

> Dear Andrew (it began), I haven't the courage to face the mess. I'm not afraid to die; it can't be any worse than what I've been going through the past few weeks.
>
> I want you to know the whole truth. You must know some of it, since the police have the ring and the knife and the letters. It is a relief to tell you.
>
> When Alan came to Baltimore, I was working in a department store and hating it. He told you he met me at the home of friends. That wasn't true. He picked me up in a restaurant. The men I was with were drunk; there was a brawl and Alan saved me.
>
> I thought he was a rich young man, because he was generous with his money. He thought I was a good girl. We were both mistaken. I found when I got to Hanaford that I had married a poor struggling lawyer of a good family. That was all that consoled me—the good family.
>
> You never suspected, did you, that Crocus was my mother?
>
> Soon after I came to Hanaford she followed me. I took care of her, but she wanted to keep on working. Maxine came out and lived with us until Alan complained. She knew so much about me, I wanted to remain friendly, so I gave her the money to take an apartment.
>
> After Alan died, there was not enough money to live on. My first thought, of course, was remarriage.
>
> I had been bored with Alan—and bored with living on his income. I had started a flirtation with Barry Weston. We used to meet at Maxine's house. His father found out something through a jealous girl in the office, and he laid down the law to Barry; only, of course, he thought it was Maxine. We were both frightened and Barry went abroad.
>
> When I wrote him that I was a widow, he wrote back he did not care to resume our friendship. I never forgave him.
>
> I had hopes of marrying you, but it was so hard to bring you to the point; you were so loyal to Alan. And in the meanwhile I had to live.
>
> Maxine and I worked up a scheme for making money. Hanaford society is rigid but it has its foibles. I found them out and Maxine cashed in on them. Blackmail isn't a pretty business but it is lucrative. Nobody suspected I had anything to do with it.
>
> When we made our first money, we had to figure some way of explaining it. We took a trip to Baltimore, saying Maxine's father had died. There never was any Tom Ainslee or any Ainslee Company.
>
> We installed my brother Jonas in an office and sent him the money, which he sent back to us in the form of checks from the Ainslee Company.
>
> I had kept Barry Weston's letters for sentimental reasons; I really had cared for him.
>
> Then I met Giorgio, at Como. I was very happy. I was going to be a countess and a millionaire. Giorgio wanted to marry me then, but I was afraid of Maxine.
>
> I came back to America for the purpose of making a deal with her, but she was insatiable. She wanted to come to Italy with me. I knew my life would be a living hell. I began to brood. So long as she lived, there would be no peace for me.
>
> In Italy Giorgio and I had picked up an old poison ring. I worked out a scheme that would look as if Maxine had committed suicide. I called at the Institute one day. My mother was cleaning there and I managed to steal some poison from the laboratory—snake venom. I learned that a little of it was sure death. I hid it away in case I should decide to go through with my plan.
>
> I had it all planned, but it wasn't easy and perhaps I should never have had the courage—or the hate—but for something my mother told me. I knew Maxine was vile, but I didn't know how vile. While I was abroad she had gone to my house and stolen Barry Weston's letters.
>
> My mother overheard a telephone conversation between Maxine and Barry. She wanted him to do something and she was going to use the letters to make him do it! I went to see Maxine and offered her money to give the letters back to me, but she denied having them.

On TUESDAY, a week ago, my mother had it out with her; they had a fearful fight. Maxine admitted she had the letters and meant to keep them.

I had to act fast. I planned to go over on a day when Marzi would be out. And when my mother told me Maxine was going out with Barry Weston, I decided the time had come. I took every precaution against having her death traced to me: I left your house early, went home, got into bed with my clothes on. Mary saw me in bed and had orders to lock all the doors and windows. But I was already outside.

In the morning I slipped in through the side door while Mary was asleep and Ellen was out talking with the milkman.

To be doubly certain, I wore Karen's coat. In case anybody saw me going in or out, he would think he had seen Karen. I spilled ink on the sleeve and got her to leave it with me and I sent her to the theater alone.

Maxine had taken Karen's sweetheart away. I didn't think Karen would be convicted. She was innocent, but a few clues pointing to her would keep the police busy until I was out of the country with Giorgio.

I peeked in through the window and Maxine was alone. She was facing the window and saw me. She opened the door on the chain and I told her I had come to patch up the quarrel between her and mother, and she let me in.

I had brought her a ring, one of the finest in my collection. She slipped it on. It was miles too big for her. I showed her how the ring opened and as I did so I pressed it into her finger and touched the spring. She cried out that something had stuck her finger and took off the ring.

I took a handkerchief out of my coat and tied it around the finger, and then I began to talk to distract her attention. Suddenly she complained that her hand was beginning to swell. I told her that I had poisoned her, and that I alone had the antidote. My price was the letters.

She pointed to the box on the table; she was terribly afraid to die. I gave her some morphine pills. In a little while she fell asleep.

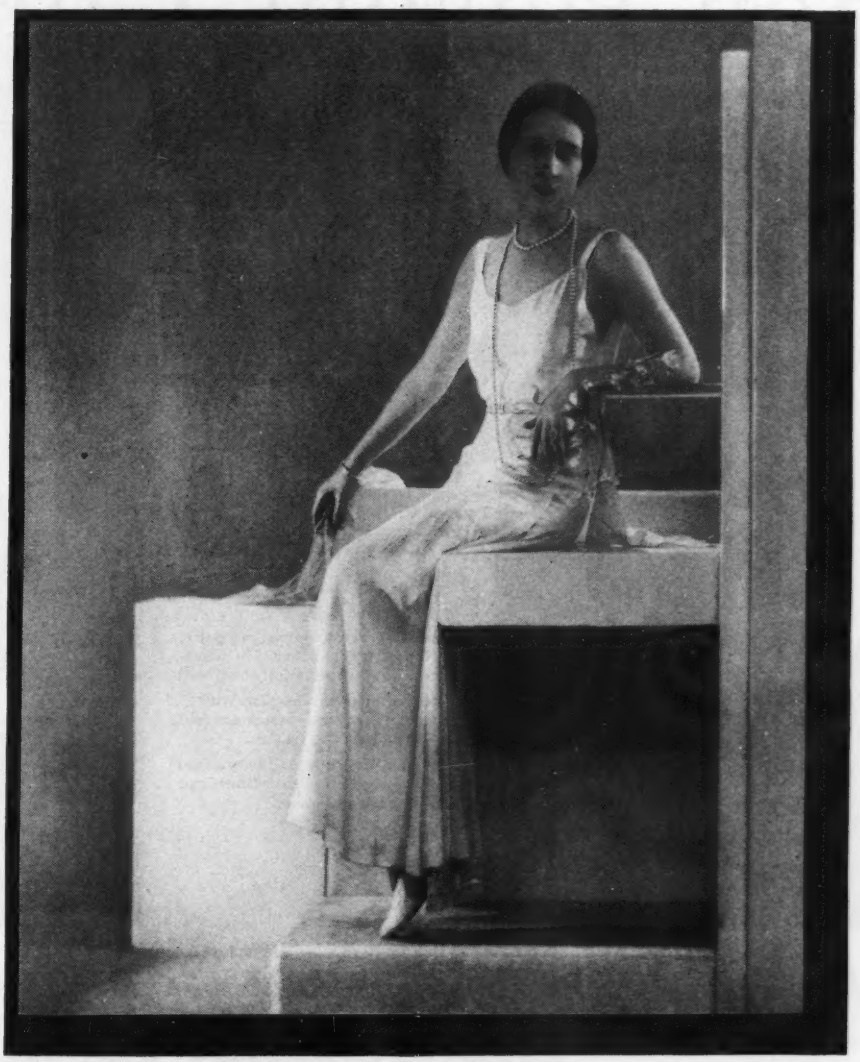
Then I opened the box of letters. They were not mine! At least I thought they weren't, and I became panic-stricken.

Suppose the poison didn't kill her? Suppose she survived the morphine? I had brought my Scout knife with me, figuring I might need a strong blade to pry open a closet or a box.

The closet wasn't locked, but the tin box was. I dropped it getting it out of the closet and the crash

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née Gloria Morgan and married at eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple French frocks . . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated Paris society!

Pearls are her jewels and the gardenia her flower . . . these accent the whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls.

Exquisite women entrust their skin to Pond's four preparations . . . famous Two Creams, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues, bracing Skin Freshener.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams! And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:

During the day — first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, super-absorbent, in an enchanting peach-color now as well as white.

Third—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Freshener to close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—Cleanse immaculately with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

Send 10¢ for Pond's Four Preparations

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The Whole when Poisons Collect

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when food wastes accumulate there. These poisons circulate through the entire body. Health is seriously impaired.

"Keep intestines clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

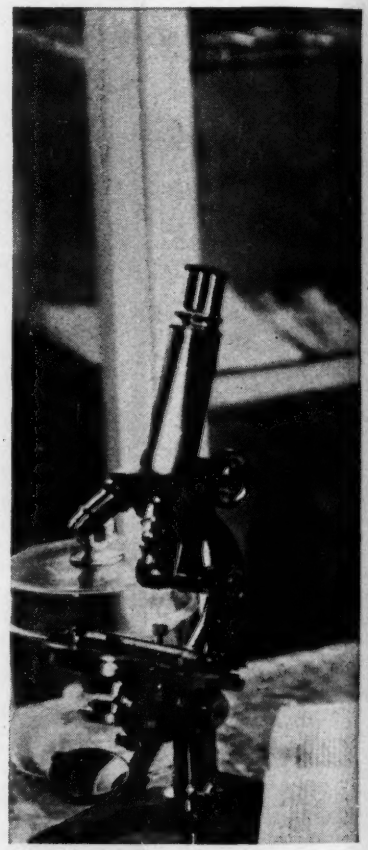
Dr. Maurice Delort

LEFT

Europe's great intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system.

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines and acts as a body cleanser."



Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Tells how Yeast Purifies the Body

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion, tones up the whole system.

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, pimples, etc., are common troubles that clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority . . . Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital, in Paris. He says:

"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up "tired" intestinal muscles.

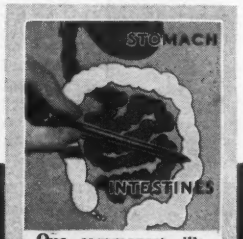
Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life with new energy, confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give

Not a "Cure-all" . . . Fleischmann's Yeast is a Health Food that thousands

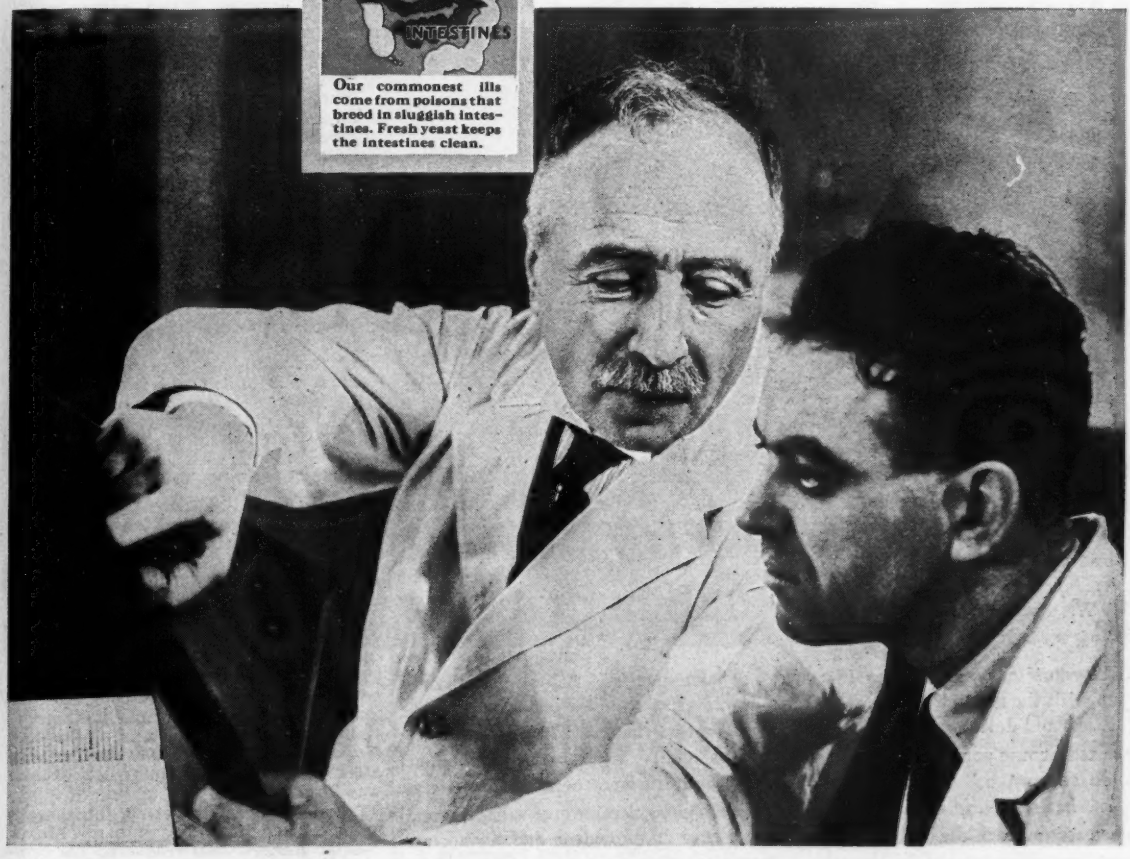
SYSTEM SUFFERS

Here—



Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean.

explain these Paris Specialists



Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Get a supply at the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and start eating it today!

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Incorporated, 595 Madison Ave., New York City.

What other Great Doctors say:—

PROF. DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN, of Berlin, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the action of the intestines."

DR. PAUL GERBER, of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons."

eat three times every day

Their Experiences Illustrate What Doctors Say

(Below) **"I had been working day and night," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles.* "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."**

(Below) **"A few years ago," *writes* Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt *of Flushing, N. Y.*, "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, however, until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."**

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THE Saline Cocktail Club

DRINKS THE CUP THAT CLEARS!

HELP yourself to smoother days! Sign up with the men who refuse to feel tired, listless and dull!

The next morning you wake feeling not quite "up to scratch," drink this sparkling and health-giving saline cocktail!

As soon as you reach the bathroom taps . . . pour a spoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of fresh cool water. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the bubbling mixture!

For promptly, yet gently, this famous saline clears a sluggish system. Men prefer it, for it keeps them alert and efficient all day long. Women drink it regularly for the good it does to their complexions.

Constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism go. A long list of common digestive troubles yields to Sal Hepatica. More than any other laxative, it corrects acidity, it cleanses the blood, it rids the intestinal tract of poisonous wastes.

This regular drinking of saline waters has plenty of precedent and authority. Annually, physicians—our own and the European—send their patients to "take the cure" at the Continent's spas. Sal Hepatica contains the identical salines and is the American equivalent of the noted health springs abroad.

Ask your own doctor more about the actual "why" and "how" of this healthful saline method. He knows Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And whenever you wake up with a sluggish, "logy" system, propose and second your own membership in the Saline Cocktail Club!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, *and* $1.20

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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seemed to crack my nerves. I lost my head completely.

Suppose I had gone through all this for nothing? If she recovered, she would be a thousand times more vindictive. Her head had fallen back and I took the knife . . .

There was no chance of making it look like suicide now. I tried to pry open the big box with the knife, then I thought of strewing torn bits of letters over her. I took one of the letters in the candy box out of its envelope and found it was mine!

I was thinking of twenty things at once. Suppose Marzi came home early? I put the chain on the front door and locked the dining-room door. Whichever way he tried to get in, I would get out the other . . . I found an old packet of letters and tore them up over her.

Seeing Barry Weston's watch and things on her dressing table, I had another idea: they might think it was he. I put his scarf where it would be noticed.

Her sewing basket was on the table. I dipped the shears in blood and left them on the floor. Then I put out the lights and went home.

In the morning, before my maid unlocked the door, she found me in bed. You were fond of me, Andrew. If you can, use your influence to hush this up. Don't let any harm come to my mother. She had nothing to do with it. I'm sorry; it was Maxine's life or mine. I'm sorry I was found out. I wish I knew who—— Cable Giorgio not to come—poor fellow——

The last page was written in a sprawling hand and the last few lines were scarcely legible. At the end the pencil must have fallen from her hand.

Out of sympathy for Andrew, the truth was never made public. Those who read the case in the papers may recall that the following day they contained the news that Mrs. Muriel Prescott had been found dead, after confessing the murder of her aunt, but the details of the confession were never made public. And after a while the Beautymask Murder was forgotten.

I shall never forget it because it brought such happiness into my life.

After Andrew had recovered his composure, he thanked Gwynn for what she had done.

"Don't thank me, Andy dear. I couldn't have done anything else. And if you don't mind, Colin and I would like to be married from your home."

"God bless you both," said Andrew. "I wish you were going to live here. I'll miss you."

"We'll promise to come and visit you every year if you want us."

"Want you!" said Andrew, and held out his arms.

"I promise I won't annoy you with any more hunches—*ever*—as long as I live."

"Don't be silly. A woman's hunches are worth a whole police department's best efforts."

"That's not so flattering," said Gwynn.

"But tell me," said Andrew, "when did you make up your mind to marry Colin?"

"The first day. The minute I laid eyes on him, I knew I'd never be the same. I'd been waiting such a long time for somebody just like him. But I decided to wait patiently till he asked me."

"How did you know he'd ask you?" I demanded.

"Oh," replied Gwynn, "I got a hunch." What a woman!

THE END

Reduces germs in the mouth 98%

As soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with colds, grippe, flu, and attendant sore throats. Don't be one of them. Take this precaution recommended by physicians for 50 years.

Gargle with full strength Listerine every night and morning. Increase the gargle to once every two hours if you have been exposed to rain, severe cold, or coughing crowds in public places, buses and street cars. This simple act may spare you a costly, and possibly a dangerous, siege of illness.

Because Listerine, though non-poisonous and healing in action, is fatal to germs. And sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs breeding by millions in the mucous membrane of the mouth, nose, and throat.

Reduces mouth germs 98%

Repeated laboratory tests show that Listerine kills bacteria by millions. Even the stubborn Staphylococcus aureus (pus) and Bacillus typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 yield to it in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

Used as a gargle, Listerine actually reduces germs in the mouth 98%. Noted bacteriologists, using tests similar to those employed at Johns Hopkins University, have conclusively demonstrated this amazing germicidal power.

Why frequent gargle is needed

When you have a cold or sore throat your body is weakened. Alone it cannot cope with swiftly multiplying disease germs in the mouth.

Gargle every 2 hours

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

At such a time Listerine supplies an extra force tending to aid nature in keeping such invaders under control. But never forget that in times of sickness full reliance should be placed only in your family physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co. St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

Woman's Reason (*Continued from page 81*)

with this? Have the Germans ill-treated you? You have been with them four years. Have you tried to escape?"

The girl shrugged. No, the Germans had been well enough. Not bad types, when you got used to them. Of course, there is the war. One is not cheerful. But they paid for what they took, and one was not ill-treated—no.

"Yesterday one knew that the Americans were very near. The Germans were angry. But it was not here, they said, that they would fight; it was farther back. They fight here while they make things ready beyond. How does one know? I only tell you what I know myself. I am a woman; what would you?"

The Frenchman persisted. "If she had bawled out, 'It is for France,' I would have known what to say. All spies, all bad types, say that. But she does not mention France. I am all in the marmalade, my dear," he declared to the major.

The Chief of Staff returned from the telephone, very angry, as was his habit. "They're all slow! Battalions where they were at dark. Division reserves five kilometers behind where they ought to be. Of all the——" His noise brought in the General, a drafted order in his hand.

"Men are pretty tired, colonel," he said mildly. He listened with an impassive face to the story. "Well, pass the word along to the battalions in the line. It's the place to hit us, sure enough."

He considered the map, the penciled areas that indicated battalions and regiments. "I think the Sixth can send up its regimental reserve—give 'em verbal orders and get 'em started. We won't need them anywhere else. The Ninth had better shift its weight to that flank, too. Get an artillery officer up there by daylight. Are you sure enough of the front line to give them a barrage?"

The place galvanized into activity. The telephone was busy. Motor cycles roared off. Outside, some heavy stuff struck close by.

"Get this girl something to eat; she's about done, I think. Any of your people around to take her over, captain?"

The General and the Chief of Staff retired, talking.

Meantime, Captain de Stégur had been running through the little clutch of papers which the girl had produced from her bosom—cards and slips that all French adults carry when they go from home. There were also some German things—permissions to circulate and the like, dating back for three years, under successive commandants. For the last two years, the captain noted, the signature was the same: "Kahl, *Ortskommandant.*"

Captain de Stégur was thoroughly bored with the war; he found in these personal documents more of interest, and the girl, her eyes on his absorbed face, began to fidget a little. Looking up quickly, he noted that her hand was fretting at her throat, and he said, at a venture, "Mademoiselle, when you gave me these, there was something else. I saw you shift it out, in your shirt, there. Give it to me, or——"

She threw her head back and breathed hard through her nose. He took a step towards her, and she fished out, sullenly, a post-card-size photograph. He took it and held it to the light. It had been handled much, and the edges were frayed and cracked; it was the picture of a German officer, handsome in a blond heavy way, with his cap cocked at a killing angle. Across the bottom was a sentence written in the same hand that had signed those permissions to circulate.

The captain's little mustaches quivered. "Ah, a tender sentiment. From the heart." He read aloud: "*In träuster Liebe bis zum Grabe—dein dich liebendes Waldmärchen!*" And to the major, "This one writes himself, 'With truest love until death parts us—your loving little Waldemar!'" He looked keenly at the girl. "But who is this, Mademoiselle?"

Her eyes gleamed briefly; then her lashes veiled them. Her face grew bleak, and older, and her mouth hardened.

She answered slowly, "It is Monsieur the Lieutenant of Reserves Kahl, *Ortskommandant* of the district."

"Why do you not say, '*Commandant de place,*' as a good Frenchwoman should? You have forgotten that you are French. Is that what it is?"

He lashed merciless questions at her; he dragged things from her; this Kahl had been billeted for two years at Heurtebise Farm. No, he was not there now. He went away the day before yesterday while she was absent from the house. When she returned, he was gone. She said this last with bitterness.

The picture? He gave it to her a year ago, in the spring. What was her relation to him? Had she lived with him?

She became angry. She flared back in a voice hoarse with fury. Outraged virtue, thought the Intelligence Officer, listening; on reflection, as she went on, he decided that there was some fear under her anger. He made out parts of it: a Frenchwoman, escaped from captivity, had dared the dangers of the front trenches to give information against the enemy. What she did in her own house, through the years that France left her *département* to the enemy, was her own concern. *Dieu de Dieu,* one must live! Now, how did they treat you? The Americans, at least, were *gentil;* the French, her own people, treated you like a criminal, like a spy!

There was more, which the major didn't get. He looked at de Stégur, who was hearing her out with a cold little smile. France, he told her, would show proper gratitude to those who served well the République; as to those others, who offered aid and comfort to the enemy—— He shrugged.

He desired that an orderly be sent for a *gendarme* and presently a bearded fellow came, saluted, received instructions and the girl, and went off with her. Captain de Stégur kept her papers and the photograph.

"Little hard on her, weren't you, de Stégur?" asked the major, who had tender feelings about all women.

"No; we are instructed to examine with care all repatriated civilians. We are instructed to be especially careful in the cases of these women who have entered upon relations with German officers and soldiers. Many of them have already their dossiers in the *Deuxième Bureau* from our agents over there.

"I will look for the name of this young girl in our lists. I should like to see this Heurtebise Farm. Does your furious General think he will be that far tomorrow, or next day?"

There followed two days of local fighting on the Division front; a battalion of marines, roused by the Chief of Staff from its first sleep since the drive started, opened the affair. Stumbling through the dawn to its designated position, it came upon a German column, the Thirty-first Infantry Division, attacking as the Mademoiselle foretold.

Both parties were surprised; both recovered, and fought savagely in close combat along a ridge.

More troops got up; more guns joined in; and for a day and a night the little affair offered much of interest to the Staff. Then matters fell quiet, and the rectified front of the American Division settled down well beyond the hollow in which lay Heurtebise Farm.

During this interlude, the Liaison Officer and the Intelligence Officer were extremely busy with their official functions, and had no time for the intimate affairs of Mademoiselle Germaine Despard; but when the lines stabilized, they went up to see what they could see at Heurtebise Farm.

They found Heurtebise Farm not particularly demolished. Few shells had fallen on it, and the scarred stone walls showed that the fighting here had been infantry contention with small arms. A few crumpled dead lay sprawled around; otherwise the place was deserted.

Entering, the two officers had no difficulty in locating the chamber occupied by the late *Ortskommandant;* it was the best in the house. It had a wide feather bed, built into the wall. Some German prints adorned the walls, with a few soldier snapshots, and an old engraving.

Adjoining, in a sort of lean-to, small and dark, was another room: odds and ends of feminine gear hung on the walls, and a shelf supported some old school books inscribed, "Germaine Despard."

Captain de Stégur, a purposeful hound on a scent not quite clear, ranged eagerly through both, and the major stood about. But it was given to the major to find what the Liaison Officer was seeking. His eyes fell on some bits of cardboard in a corner of the girl's room; he retrieved them while the Frenchman prodded under the bed, and on impulse he said that he thought he'd go out for a breath of air.

Outside, he examined his booty. It had been a cabinet photograph; it was torn in four and crumpled furiously, and there were nail scratches on its gloss. Piecing it together, he admired a blond German officer, whose face he recognized. The officer was seated. At his left side stood a broad-beamed Frau, most palpably a wife, and about his knees were grouped light-haired children to the number of five.

Written in tombstone script, he read: "*Deine Frau und Kinder gedenken Deiner im Gebete und bitten IHN, der über dich wacht, dass ER dich bald gesund und munter wieder nach Hause schickt.*"

The major didn't know much German, but he understood "Your wife and children pray for your safe return." Mademoiselle Germaine, of course, had the language perfectly.

He heard the Frenchman fuming behind him, a disappointed hunter, and he knew that the case against the girl was still to be proved.

"I have not found anything that would explain her motive," Captain de Stégur complained. "I thought there might be something—a bit of writing—more pictures."

The major said nothing; the bits of cardboard were safe in his blouse. But he knew, now, why the girl had come in; and he added the item to his data bearing upon the curious workings of a woman's heart.

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

"don't experiment with beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. " 'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.' "

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,720 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

More than 23,700 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

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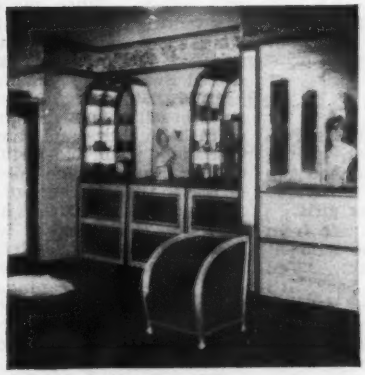

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No One Man *by Rupert Hughes* (Continued from page 25)

till Stanley began to fear for her, she looked so small and pitiful out there, her brown arms flailing the green surges. He wished she would ask him to come to her. Instead, she came ashore and dropped down beside Bill, demanding:

"What's the matter with you today? Lazy?"

"Haven't I the right to be if I want to?"

"Of course you have, baby. But you're not usually lazy about anything silly. About worth-while things, of course—that's another story."

"Oh, shut up!" he growled. She was not even offended. She pleaded:

"What on earth ails you, Bill?"

"Nothing," he mumbled. "Off my feed a little, maybe."

"Off your feed? On your liquor, you mean. You'd better get into your clothes and have a hair of the dog that bit you."

"Good idea!"

But he preferred to lie still a while, and she studied him. What a handsome brute he was! It gave her a queer elation to see him inert when she was so full of power and zest.

It amused her somehow to scoop up double handfuls of sand and cover him. He made no protest. In fact, he smiled at her sleepily. When she folded his hands over his chest, he let them stay. She had him under a mound before long, all except his hands and his face. He had the look of a mummy, an ancient Pharaoh in his cerements.

"It's nice to have you where I can watch you, Bill."

He did not answer.

A shadow was cast over Nep. She looked up and saw Mrs. Sue Folsom standing by. She looked like the devil—looked like a devil. There was ridiculous cynicism in her very costume. Of course, everybody was going about this season in dresses that were jokes. In the daylight, at least, the women were all clowns. At night they looked like bronzed athletes in long skirts—female impersonators.

If a farmer's daughter had appeared anywhere a few years before in what the smartest women were wearing today, she would have been ordered back to the county fair grounds. In fact, Sue's costume was called "farmerette." She grinned from the deeps of a flappy straw hat whose brim beat her shoulder tips like crows' wings. She wore a knee-length print coat of gaudy pattern.

Nep imagined that it was a flurry of orange peonies at war with sick mauve hollyhocks. This hullabaloo in fabric was loosely tied with a bathrobe belt of the same stuff. Under that was a thin blouse cut very low. The tail of her blouse was tucked into the belt of huge pantaloons of the same flagrant print as her coat.

Nep disliked Mrs. Folsom instinctively as a poacher, one of the ancients. Though she had had two or three husbands she still interfered with the quarry of the younger girls.

Nep was glad to have Bill safe from Sue Folsom's clutches for the moment and squinted upward to ask: "You haven't got a lily, have you, Sue? It's just the finishing touch I need for the late-lamented Bill."

"A lily in Bill's hand?" said Sue. "Why, it would turn into a passion flower at the first touch."

"You ought to know," said Nep before she thought, and Sue blushed as she snapped:

"Speak for yourself, my dear."

It was Nep's turn to blush, though the red could hardly assert itself through the bronze.

Mrs. Folsom moved on, lavishing a vain smile on Stanley. Nep glared after her with animal hatred. Then she turned and glared at Bill. She felt degraded by the thought that his perfidious lips had battened on Mrs. Folsom's rouge as well as her own. She noted that Bill's lips were pale. He must be ill. He might die. He looked dead and half buried. An uncanny dread sickened her. She began to tear away the sand, muttering:

"Come on, Bill. We're lunching at the Everglades."

He opened his eyes and rose from the grave, shaking the sand off in his resurrection.

He trotted with her through the squatters and beach combers under umbrellas. A woman reached up and, catching him by the hand, dragged him to her side for a moment.

As Nep waited, angry and irresolute, she was glad to be accosted by Joe Sturgis. He was an important man, oldish, at least thirty, but young for his achievements. He was a lawyer making politics his real career. He had been a state assemblyman for years and was conspicuous on committees and at banquets, decidedly a coming man and coming fast. He halted Nep and mumbled with a stirring secrecy of manner:

"Could I see you this afternoon?"

"Sorry. Got a date."

"You always have. But I've got to leave for New York tomorrow—and before I go I want to submit a matrimonial proposition."

"To me?"

"To you."

"Haven't you got me mixed with somebody else? This is just me—Nep Newbold. You must have mistaken me for——"

"You mean your answer is No?"

"Lord, no. If you're sure it's me you're talking to. Anyway, come on over about four. I'll break the tennis date."

"You mean your answer will be Yes?"

"Gosh, but you've got speed! Give me a chance to mull it over. I want to hear you make a speech before I take a vote."

"All right. Four o'clock?"

"Four it is. You know the name and address."

"I'd like to change them both."

"Whew!"

She fanned herself with her palm and made wide eyes. But she was immensely flattered as she trotted to the showers, and after a short stop there went to her own cabaña. When she came out, Bill was waiting for her in white flannels and white shoes and a blue coat, looking very nautical. Nep was in a girlish frock of dotted Swiss and a maidenly little hat.

Amid that throng of women in bathing suits, beach pajamas, exuberant trousers, or in little shirts and shorts, she looked incredibly prim, old-fashioned and exquisite. She had gone from the innocence of Eve to the innocence of Priscilla. She was adorable either way, and equally full of guile. Bill stared at her suspiciously and demanded as they left the club:

"Say, how many are there of you?"

She caught his meaning and answered: "Oh, a lot! Dozens! Nearly every day I run across a me that I never met before."

"The fellow that married you would be committing polygamy."

"Then I might satisfy even you for a while."

"A few of you would keep me busy for life, but who's going to satisfy all of you?"

"That is a problem. It's got me stumped."

"Had you thought of syndication?"

There was more than ribaldry in this ribaldry. There were great numbers of Neps in Nep, and she could never tell which one of her would be officer of the day—or of the night. There were a good many Bills in Bill, too; and there was no knowing when William the Wastrel would rule, and when William the Well-behaved.

The ancient patriarchs had sanctified polygamy but had taken care to give men the monopoly. The modern matriarchs were tending to reverse the arrangement. They had knocked the word "obey" so completely out of their lexicon that it had been dropped even from the church wedding service.

Nep was in a particularly dangerous situation now. As an American girl, she acknowledged no authority. She was rich. She did not have to marry for pretty things or money or food or clothes. There was hardly anything she had to do except go ahead and be happy with the fewest possible restraints.

There was in her own soul a wise and good rider, but she resented its guidance just as much as any alien coercion. She wanted all the normal things. But among the normal desires are variety in luxury, the evocation of passion and the exchange of ardent endearments. Bill could awaken and quell her flesh, but when it came to her more intellectual yearnings or her spiritual longings for uplift, he was simply not there. She had to look to others. Or she thought she had to, for she never dreamed that Bill had his lofty hankerings, too.

He never revealed them to Nep because he was sure that she would whoop with laughter at a serious expression from him. He could be hilarious, morose, restless, indolent, amusing, depressing, angry, imperturbable with her, but never serious. They were united in a mutual suspicion society, afraid not to be flippant.

There were times when Nep was sure that she would die without Bill and that he was more than enough for life. There were times when she felt that she would rather die than waste her life on him, or any other one man.

As Bill's car turned in at the Everglades Club, and they emerged from the long passage into the court, a new discontent overswept her. The patio was brilliant with brilliantly dressed people pleasantly hungry after a swim or golf or tennis. The trees snapped off in the hurricane, and supplied with false tops the season before, had now refurbished their crests. At one of the tables on the edge where the sunlight burned, Nep and Bill found a place in the shadow of a flamboyant umbrella, but she was as sad as any girl the sun shone on, and all the sadder because she had no real reason to be sad—no especial reason to be anything, in fact. That was the trouble: she was nobody going nowhere, and doing nothing where she was.

Having been born on the highest plateau she had no need to climb and she could not imagine why anyone should want to climb, or what there was to climb to. She despised those who envied her or thought it an honor to meet her. She envied the people who had the brains to busy themselves about something worth while. Oh, to do something! to be somebody! In the crowded court there were many important men, many brilliant women.

Nep wished that she could be of some

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importance in the Junior League. She was almost desperate enough to take up charity. Her blackest moods came upon her usually when she was among the most care-free crowds.

Usually she derided earnest endeavorers in a pretense of protective scorn. She called them "publicity hounds," busybodies who "went about doing good," and she prolonged the very word "good" till it was almost all "goo." Yet at other times her longings were frantic. Her soul cried, Oh, to be good! to be great! to be helpful!

She vaguely realized that the waiter had gone to another table while Bill was still trying to persuade her to eat something, and she rounded on him:

"For the Lord's sake, don't nag! Order me something and let me alone!"

"Is that so?" said Bill, who would not take impudence from women. "I'll let you alone with a poke in the snoot if you talk to me like that."

She turned to him with a start, as if she had been suddenly wakened: "Why, hello, Bill. When did you blow in? Why don't you stop to lunch now you're here? You don't know how I've missed you since you went away."

He stared at her hard for a moment before he growled with equal inconsequence: "Lord, but I love you, gel. Shall we get married this afternoon?"

"Dad's over there. Go tell him you're willing to make an honest woman of me."

"Oh, I didn't say that. I'm no miracle worker."

"All right, then; I'll accept Joe Sturgis this afternoon."

"You will not. You're playing tennis with me."

"Joe wants me to marry him. Do you mind?"

"I'll shoot the *fils de la plage!*"

"He's going to be one of the big men of the country. And he thinks I've got the makin's of a real woman."

"The makin's? Why, you've been made for years."

"I don't mean what you mean. Joe's always telling me I'm wasting my brain —you didn't know I had one, did you?"

"Of course I did. I thought you had too big a brain to listen to that kind of slush. Joe Sturgis wants you to be a slum worker, or a chairman of a hospital committee, or a professional nuisance of some kind. I hope you've got brains enough to lay off that stuff."

"What career would you recommend for me?"

"Just being beautiful and nice and sweet, having a good time and giving other people a share of it. Especially me."

It was their habit to avoid logic and skip connecting thoughts and moods like hurdles, but she startled him when she answered his poetry with a sniff:

"Sue Folsom over there—did you tell her the same thing?"

"I think I'll go get drunk," said Bill.

"A good idea," said she. "Stick to what you do best."

Before he could check her, she was on her feet and crossing the patio. He rose and followed her.

"Am I taking you home?" he asked.

"You are not. I wouldn't keep you from your gin."

"Mighty considerate of you."

They had not the faintest inkling of what they were quarreling about. Nobody else could have been half so disgusted with either of them as they were with themselves. They felt themselves to be a pair of defectives quarreling over feathers.

But who made them, what made them defective? Who or what set them at odds and suddenly covered the sun-gilded beauty of their blue lagoon with a green scum? They did not know. They knew only that they were unhappy, bewildered.

The Newbold home would have been gaudy anywhere else, but at Palm Beach it belonged. In so gorgeous a world, white or gray or black was ostentatious and off the key.

The Newbold house might have risen from the very soil, since the stone of its walls was a compact of native coral and shell, roseate yellows petrified, a porous stone that offered shelter to minute mosses. There was a monasterial sobriety in the design, but the gardening had been so managed as to give the effect of frantic plants and trees battling with a resisting temple.

The sun was furious now upon the fountain in the palm-sprinkled patio, but in the deep loggia there was a refuge of shadow where the family and the flitting visitors lounged. By late afternoon everybody except Nep had gone out on some pleasure-chore, and the house was hers for the interview with Joe Sturgis.

A strange mood it is that a woman endures when she waits for a lover to come to her with a proposal of marriage.

What should a woman say to a man who asks her to give herself and take him in marriage? She cannot guess what her lover will be like as her husband. She cannot even know what she herself will become in the association with this man. She can only be sure that neither she nor her husband together will be the same. One plus one equals one. Two are lost in a third something which is not either nor yet both, but a total foreigner.

It was a solemn hour for the frivolous Nep when she pondered the advent of Joe Sturgis. The marriage would do her honor, and delight her family. But what would it do to her in the privacy of her home, not to say the privacy of her soul? She wanted to be a good, faithful, passionately loving wife. Could she be? She was afraid of her own faults and prejudices. Little individualities of people, mannerisms, quirks of speech or thought sometimes delighted her at first and maddened her later.

To have an affair with a man was one thing, but what about having a *lifelong* affair with a man?

Would she ever be able to love him? Would she hate him at first and grow used to him? Would she like him at first and learn to hate him? Would she turn out, like many a wife she knew, a stodgy, exhausted, exhausting, homely dolt, or, like so many another, a nervous, sneaking, insatiable chaser of other men? Had she a right to take this good man's love and make a lot of solemn contracts, knowing that, as like as not, she would soon be sick of him?

She passed in review other men who loved her or had loved her or might love her, and she saw in each some charm that Joe did not have. She saw in each some fault that Joe did not have. How much would he permit her to enjoy of the society of these other men?

The word "permit" stung her like a whiplash from the dark. Good Lord, she would have to ask what he would permit! Permit! permit! Why, she had whipped that word out of her parents' mouths before she was twelve years old. And now she was going to sell herself down the river as somebody's slave.

In a moment the marriage was off. She would slap Joe's face if he dared to ask her to put on his handcuffs and leg irons and overalls.

Immediately life looked pretty forlorn. If she didn't marry Joe she couldn't marry anybody. He really honored her, wanted to free her, build her into a great woman, the very opposite of a slave. And yet—there they came again, that jostle of *yets* that had buzzed in her brain while she fried herself in the sand.

To escape the plague of thoughts she took up a New York newspaper and flung herself on a long couch in the loggia. The paper had been read and tossed aside by some member of the family at the page of society news from winter resorts. There was a picture of herself in it.

She was walking away from the tennis court. Behind her was Stanley McIlvaine, the fiery, impetuous companion of all her years. What would he say when he learned that she was going to marry Joe Sturgis? He would make a storm about it, but then Stan was always storming about something.

She glanced with languor at the description beneath her portrait. It spoke of her as one of the very princesses of American society!

She snapped the paper inside out to another page. It seemed to be a peculiarly matrimonial day and not a good day for matrimony. The woman who had hired a man to kill her husband actually had been found guilty of murder and sentenced to die as her lover had been. The man who set his mistress on fire and went home to his family was about to die.

A girl who had been discouraged in an effort to reduce her increasing flesh had jumped from a tenth-story window. Nep had seen the girl on the stage. Such a beauty then! Such a tragedy, fat! A wife had left her husband and her friends at the dinner table and had not come back. They found her shattered body in a courtyard twenty stories below.

Everybody was jumping from windows, nowadays. The sidewalks were no safer than the street crossings.

Today there was a story of a college boy—good heavens! She knew him. She had danced with him. She had sat out in his car, exchanging caresses with him. She flushed to remember that. It had meant little to her but he had been very emotional about it.

And now he had jumped from a window—a mere boy, a college boy, mixed up in some love tangle. The paper said that he had quarreled with a coed who was too cordial with a classmate and his little boy heart had broken. He didn't want to live. He had gone up to the top story of a hotel and leaped off that precipice.

Nep covered her eyes in horror, seeing him whirling down the air. She had been in his arms. He might have done that for her. What if somebody should love her well enough to kill himself because she announced her marriage with Joe? It was a tribute that no woman could resist, but when the tribute was paid it was too late to reward it.

Cold chills ran through her. She was glad when she heard a servant open the door, and heard Joe Sturgis' voice. She threw the gory newspaper away and went to meet him.

At the loggia entrance he paused to stare at her, a trifle jolted, used as he was to this trousered generation of women.

Nep at first glance suggested an exceedingly foppish young gentleman, an exceedingly gentlemanly young fop, a trifle too pretty for a young man, a trifle severe for a young woman. She wore what would have been called a man's

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dressing gown, in the days when men had garments they could call their own. It was a knee-length coat of a mad design.

Beneath it was what a man would wear as the wide-lapeled snow-white waistcoat of full evening dress. But underneath the waistcoat it was easy to see—it was impossible not to see—that there was only Nep. Her trousers were exceedingly wide and full. Her little feet were all but hidden under this great bell. And that was his prospective bride! She was stunning but she was not dressed to play Juliet to any Romeo.

When she pointed to a complete array of liquor machinery, Joe made himself a high ball and she accepted one. She offered him her cigaret case, but he decided to take one of her father's famous cigars, in order to make some contrast between the suitor and the besought.

He had lost his running start and he was a long while getting to the business of the meeting. He could not easily woo her in that big empty loggia with all that furniture sitting about listening, so he fell to putting the marriage across as a big proposition for her advancement, for a merger, an incorporation of her resources.

"Penelope," he began at last, "when I think of what the world today offers a young woman, I'm almost ashamed to be a man. I feel like a left-over from antiquity—a dodo or a giant sloth or something. This is your day, Penelope. The world belongs to such women as you. All you've got to do is to reach out and take whatever you want."

Penelope was chilled. Had she invited a lecturer to call and deliver a talk on current events? Why wasn't he taking her in his arms and telling her he would jump out of a fiftieth-story window if she didn't marry him? From a long distance she heard her voice saying in a brittle tone:

"But what is there to want? What do I do with it when I've got it?"

"Wouldn't you like to be a famous woman?"

"Horrors! No! Where's the fun in fame? I've met a lot of famous women. Whew, what dubs!"

"Wouldn't you like to be President of the United States? You could be. By the time you're fifty, it will be a common thing to have a woman president."

"Don't talk to me about being fifty. Nothing will matter then. What about tomorrow?"

"Well, what about it? What are your plans?"

"I was going out for sailfish tomorrow; but there's a big dance on tonight and I'll probably sleep late. In the afternoon, tennis maybe."

"But seriously. Wouldn't you like to be an artist, a sculptor, a painter, a musician?"

"It might be fun to toss off a bit of statuary or get up and sing an opera, but before you can even begin, you've got to put in years of hard work."

"Yes; anything means that."

"But that's what I haven't got in me, Joe. I never could study or grind or keep at any one thing. It just isn't in me."

"Go into business. Your father could set you up in any line."

"But what for? He's got more money than I can spend. If he went broke or turned me out into the night, I would work as hard as anybody to keep from starving. But there's not a single thing I've got to do. Isn't it pitiful?"

"If you can't do anything for yourself, do something for me! Help me!"

"How could a fool like me help a great man like you?"

"I'm not a great man, just a worker who can't work. I ought to be back in New York now, but I keep hanging around here in Palm Beach, loafing, wasting my time, opportunities, trying to force myself through the crowd around you. I love you, Penelope. With all my heart I love you."

There was a rapture of abjectness in her weak reply: "But I'm such a fool; such a worthless fool!"

"You're wiser than anybody. You're uncanny in your wisdom. The wisdom of a beautiful woman! There's nothing like it for a man. You could make a big man of me, and I could make a great woman of you. If I had you away from this hothouse, if we were together, we could whip the world!"

It was her nature and her habit to decry everything, herself most of all; yet she was stirred by what he said, or at least by the bugle cry in his voice. It would be great to be great.

Ambition!—it was more wildly voluptuous than any other emotion.

In an impulse of occult partnership she clenched her arms about Joe Sturgis and when he kissed her triumphantly, her lips were strong and resolute on his.

He talked on and on, and she nodded, accepting everything that he proposed without troubling to listen to it. She could trust him. He would lead her to the happiness that she had not even known enough to desire.

She heard something like a sob, or a quick catch of breath. She twisted about in Joe's arms, and peered over his shoulder. There in the doorway stood Stanley McIlvaine. She called out cheerily:

"Come on in; you're just in time to——"

His eyes blazed and his upper lip drew back over his teeth in a doglike rage as he snarled: "You might have the decency to break away, at least."

Dazed, Nep drew Joe a little closer. Stanley strode forward to confront them and shouted in a frenzy at Joe:

"Take your dirty hands off my girl, I tell you!"

"Your girl?" said Joe. "Why, you little whippersnapper!"

He started to rise, but Nep held him down while she explained everything:

"Listen, Stan darling, you're the first to hear the news. Joe and I are going to get married."

"You're going to marry him! Oh, yes, you are! I'll kill him first!"

He gathered himself for a leap at Joe, but Nep surged up and thrust herself in front of him, catching at Stanley's wrists and holding them fast while she pleaded with him as with a younger brother who had come home crazy drunk.

"Now, Stan; now, Stan! You wouldn't kill the man I love, would you? You wouldn't, now, would you?"

Stan was crazy drunk with boyish infatuation. He shook his head. "No; I couldn't kill anybody you loved or wanted. But what about me? You always said you'd marry me."

"Oh, but I was only a kid then and so were you. You're still only a boy. You won't want to marry anybody for years, and then you'll have outgrown a fool like me. Come on, Stan, my darling, dear old Stan, congratulate us! Wish us luck!"

His head doddered. Tears shot from his sick eyes and sobs racked him. He whirled and ran blindly, crashed into the loggia door, staggered on into the hall.

Nep dashed after him and caught him, held him fast, pleading: "Oh, Stan, don't spoil my happiness. Don't! Don't!"

His blubbered face was convulsed and childish. "What does it matter to you what I do? I couldn't spoil anything for you. But you've spoiled the world for me. I don't want to live. I won't live, either. You'll see!"

"Oh, Stan, don't be a cry-baby about a little thing like this. Take it like a man."

"I will. I'll be a man. I'll be a dead man."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!"

"Of course it is. Life is nonsense. And I've had enough. Go on back to your Joe Sturgis. I won't bother you. Go on and marry him. I'll get out of the way, all right. The day you marry him, I'll—you'll be married in New York, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, that new seventy-story building—that will be finished by then. The day you marry Joe Sturgis, I'll jump off that. It's the tallest building on earth. And I loved you more than anybody ever loved anybody on earth. And when you marry somebody else, I'll go up to the top of that building—to the very top, and I'll say, 'Good-by, Nep!' and——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth and caught him in her arms. He clutched at her, and his head rolled heavily on her shoulder. She kissed his hair and murmured loving promises.

Nep had been persuaded to accept Joe Sturgis because he had a new line of talk; he was a good salesman; he offered her real estate in Spain with high-peaked castles on it. But she had really felt for him hardly more emotion than the warm friendliness of a pleased customer who has been induced to carry home a promising bargain.

In this stodgily gaudy world the lightning of Stanley McIlvaine's love was as fierce, as madly beautiful as something legendary made real by miracle. Her lifelong playmate was abruptly transformed into the kind of lover she read about and never saw about; a lover who would kill himself just because she was going to marry somebody else.

Slowly she realized that she, Penelope Newbold, whom she despised and distrusted more than anybody else on earth—even she had inspired a man who knew her well with such devotion that he could not, would not, live without her; preferred death to the thought of her in another man's possession.

This undreamed-of tribute not only flooded her with glory, but so ennobled the man who paid her the tribute that he was suddenly a god. Even while she wept over him he was a god in pain, such a deity as all humanity has always demanded; the god that suffers.

She felt a great need of an uninterrupted word with Stanley out of eyeshot and earshot. She knew the time would be brief before Joe intervened. Since there was no other place handy without a long walk she dragged him into the little retiring room where callers hung up their hats and coats. She crowded Stanley and herself in among overcoats, raincoats, golf weapons, tennis sieves, fishing rods, hats, caps, what not.

"Why, Stan darling, darling, dearest Stan!" she maundered. "I never knew I meant so much to you. I never dreamed I did. Why, I don't know what to say. I always liked you, of course; always loved you, really; but I never realized how much till I realized how much you loved me, and then I realized all of a sudden how much I loved you all the while."

Her sobbing was so much like laughing that Stan wondered if she were not

Let's drive better than men!

By MARY ARNOLD

This isn't a challenge to men. It's just that I, as a woman who drives, have become a little weary of hearing, "A woman must be driving that car," whenever a car does something unreasonable.

Some of the very best drivers I know are women . . . and I long ago formed the theory that those of us who don't drive so well haven't been told enough.

For example, I felt sure that few women are properly told about those little gadgets on the switchboard. Or how to use "low" and "second" to the best advantage. Or how to soothe a car's cold weather tantrums.

So I began to ask questions—from my engineer husband. From writers of driving articles. From the Mobiloil engineers, the world's greatest authorities on lubrication. What a lot I discovered! So much that when I wrote it all down it turned out to be a book! And the Vacuum Oil Company, makers of Mobiloil, agreed to print it.

This little book was fun to write, and certainly it's simple. But it's really sound. It has been approved for all technical details by Mobiloil engineers. A woman artist whom I know planned some cheerful little sketches for it. And now the book is ready for its readers.

If you would like a complimentary copy, it will be sent to you by the Vacuum Oil Company. You can address your request to me . . . like this: Mary Arnold, Care of Department MAA-110, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

I've called my book, "Let's Drive Better than Men" . . . so you can see that I have had to put real information in it!

When you buy Mobiloil you can be sure that the maker of your car approves your choice. (No other oil comes even a close second in the recommendations of car manufacturers.) And Mobiloil is easy to get. It has wider distribution than any other oil.

Make this chart your guide

This famous Mobiloil chart (shown here in abbreviated form) enables you to buy oil for your own car as skilfully as though you were an engineer yourself. You will find the complete Mobiloil chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6, Sp.6, Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

Mobiloil

The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

simply taunting him as usual. He taunted back bitterly: "You love me, and you're going to marry him!"

"Marry who? Joe? Me?"

"Joe! Yes! You!"

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing?"

He all but howled: "Didn't you just tell me you were?"

"Oh, but that was ages—minutes ago. It's you I'm going to marry."

He caught her jaws in his two hands so fiercely that her face was all crumpled. He stared into it as if he held a skull in his palms and questioned it: "Are you telling me more lies? Are you?"

"Stan!"

"You really mean you're going to marry me, and not him?"

"If you'll have me."

"If I'll have you! If I'd have you!"

She stood on tiptoe and he lifted her off her feet as he kissed her. It was in this posture that Joe Sturgis found his affianced mate of a few minutes back. If Shakespeare himself had happened on such a happening, it would probably have taken him some little time to polish up a good speech for the occasion. Even Cyrano de Bergerac in a like plight could hardly have improvised an effective serenade.

Sturgis was a whirlwind in political oratory, and famous for his quick sallies when he was heckled in a campaign. But his adversaries were politicians, roughnecks, or pussy-footers. Never in his life had he expected to find his betrothed in a coat closet begging a half-wit for a kiss. The best he could do was not very good. It was eloquent only of his befuddlement.

He said and said it very slowly: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Normally his cue would have been to follow the poor word with a good blow. His fists begged for it. But once more Nep was between him and her conqueror. She was the utter opposite of the high-headed indomitable Penelope Newbold that Joe had thought worthy of great achievements. She was as meek as milk, and reveling in her submissiveness.

With the voluptuously meek Penelope, Joe did not know what to do. But with the insolence of a rival he could deal. He said with all the necessary menace:

"Come out from behind that girl!"

Stanley was willing and more, but Nep pressed him back and he could not get free of her before she had said:

"Joe, forgive me; but our engagement is off. I'm going to marry Stanley." While Stanley squirmed back of her she braced herself against him with a hand on either side of the door frame. "I'm horribly sorry, Joe. I didn't realize what I was saying when I told you I'd marry you. I thought Stanley didn't love me and nothing else seemed to matter. Please forget what I said."

Unable to select any one of the countless speeches boiling up to his lips, Joe smiled wanly, bowed with deep irony, and went, taking care to close the front door softly.

Out in the molten gold of the sunlit air he made to his own soul orations upon the fickleness and unreliability of women so brilliantly scathing that if they could have been taken down and published they would have exerted just as much influence as the other scarifying utterances men have made on that least neglected of themes since the first female wavered in her choice between two suitors. *La donna è mobile.*

Nep was so happy in Stanley's frenetic happiness that she had no thought to waste on Joe. When she and Stanley had exhausted the first ecstasy they were as abruptly solemn as two runaway children. They sank down on a stone bench in the loggia and let the fountain laugh for them a while. They made an antiphony out of a most useful word.

"Well!" chortled Stan.

"Well!" chortled Nep.

A long-drawn pause of looking at each other—drinking bumpers to each other with their eyes. Finally Stanley asked:

"Well?"

"Well?" asked his new-won Echo.

"When do we get married?"

"Don't ask me. Tell me! Mr. Master." She was boozy with the new wine of subservience. He flung out his arms and crunched her bones.

"The first day you say."

"Tomorrow is the first day I know."

"Grand and glorious! If you can call yourself a resident of Florida, we don't have to wait."

"It would be perjury, for I'm really a resident of Paradise from now on. But what's a little perjury between lovers?"

What indeed? Yet after a basking-while she said:

"Of course, if we dash off and get married tomorrow I can't wear a bridal veil. Do you mind?"

"I'd love to see you in one, but I'd hate to wait."

"My mother has been saving hers for me—the one her mother and her grandmother wore."

"I'd love you in a veil. You would be sweet in a veil. But I hate to wait."

"All right. The veil's out. I'll never wear one. For of course I couldn't wear it at my second wedding."

"Hush! That's blasphemy."

"I wonder if it isn't prophecy."

"Darling, cut out the sophistication."

"Forgive me, dearest. Well, do I wait for the veil?"

"Whatever you say, honey. I'll be guided in that altogether by you."

"But I don't want to do any guiding. I want to be guided."

"All right. We get married tomorrow."

"Great! And then what?"

"Where do we go for the honeymoon, you mean?"

"Gosh, have we got to travel?"

"Well, we've got to get acquainted, haven't we?"

"You and me get acquainted! Why, Stan, we know each other better than the Siamese twins."

"Still——"

"Oh, I'm not refusing. Just carry me off to your cave. But then, what?—after we emerge from the cave—after the honeymoon, what?"

"I don't understand, honey."

She frowned. He was a bit thick in the head. She explained in simple words: "After we're wedded and all fed up on bridal bliss, what do we do next?"

"Settle down and be happy, of course."

"Settle down where?"

"Oh, anywhere you like. We can look about till we find the ideal spot. Before long, I suppose, we'll have a baby."

"Oh! *We'll* have a baby? Three cheers for you! You're going to help. What an ideal husband!"

He drew a long face and sighed: "Penelope!"

She was Penelope, Pen, Nep, Miss Newbold—all sorts of people. She began to worry about what sort of Mrs. McIlvaine she would make. She felt it only honest to give him one fair warning.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you, darling, that the baby business is out. I'm not going to have any—not before I'm sixty, anyway, and then I'll probably get 'em ready-made at the department store—guaranteed not to rip, run, or fade, or your money back."

He bowed his head in a shadow that made a blot of the sun. She studied him hard and sighed in her turn.

"I'm sorry, Stan. If it's a family you want, it's not too late to back out."

"I couldn't live without you."

"I hope you can live with me. I'm pretty difficult, you know. I hope you'll have some good business to take your mind off me from time to time."

"Business, dear?"

"Dear business."

"Why, you're my business. Making you happy is my career from now on."

"Oh, Lord, Stan, what a waste of time! But seriously, darling, when you're not kissing me and making me happy, what other business are you going to take up?"

"Work, you mean?"

"Work, I mean. A man can't make a business out of just having fun."

"Why should I work? I've got more money than I need. You've got money. We'll travel a lot, of course."

"That'll be nice." She smiled with her teeth on edge. "I've always wanted to travel. I was born in Italy, wet-nursed in Sweden, weaned in Cairo, first spanked in the Azores, schooled in France, finished in London. But there must be some nice islands I haven't seen."

He tried to ignore this and went on: "What if you have seen all the sights? They'll bear seeing again. Think of the great art galleries."

"Think of the Aquarium!"

"We can see beautiful things, collect paintings."

"'And a few good etchings'?"

The sarcasm of this bit him like an etcher's acid. He stared at her in ghastly surprise. "Pen! I don't believe you love me at all."

"Of course I love you, my love. But I've been a tourist all my life and I'm done." She gripped him hard. "I want to be a good wife. I want you to be happy and worth while. I'm not enough. I would despise a man who simply devoted himself to a woman. I wouldn't let you. I want you to be a great man. I'd like to help you be one. Maybe I could. Even Joe said I would be of infinite help even to him."

She was profoundly sincere and earnest and something was shattered in her when the man for whom she had infamously wronged and insulted Joe Sturgis slapped her in the face, slapped her in the heart with a flare of raw jealousy.

"So Joe Sturgis is in again! I thought you threw him out once."

She was amazed at her own self-control. "But darling, I wasn't thinking of Joe. I was dreaming of your future."

"Thanks! If you don't mind I'd like you to keep Sturgis out of your dreams."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir. To make sure of it, I won't dream any more, sir."

There was an ominous darkening of her tone. She baffled him. She was one thing one minute. Another another. To look at her now she was as timid and as devoted as a kitten, yet he knew her temper. He wondered how long it would be before she was tearing him to shreds in one of her black leopard rages.

They sat and listened to the fountain. It no longer laughed. The sunlight was gone from it. The roof of the house had cut off the sunlight from the fountain. It leaped still, but the thought that insisted upon being accepted was the failure of the water to climb very high and the certainty that it would fall back and run away wasted.

Suddenly Nep rose and darted to a little wheel by the wall and twisted it vindictively. The fountain drooped and slumped and died, except for a few last

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It's one thing to say we'll do a thing—it's quite another thing to do it. Changing tooth pastes, for example. Many of us see the PEBECO advertisements, believe their simple explanation of Pebeco's extra value. Many of us hear our friends tell of the sparkling white teeth, the real mouth exhilaration and comfort Pebeco gives. Many of us realize that here is a *working* dentifrice...and then we put off buying it. Remember this: *You'll never know what you're missing until you try Pebeco*—and the trial costs mighty little. Delay no longer.

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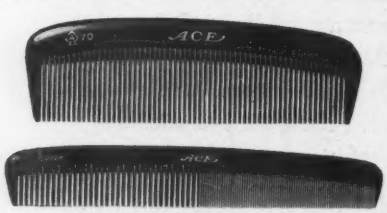
—WHAT ABOUT YOUR COMB?

A poorly made comb may do irreparable damage to your hair, pulling it out, breaking or cutting it off. Because the usual inferior comb has sharp, jagged edges along the teeth. Spaces between teeth are often V-shaped, causing the hair to wedge tightly—literally pulling it out of your scalp by the roots.

Yet all this costly damage can be avoided by the use of an Ace Comb. Instead of stamping out the teeth they are accurately moulded with rounded, highly polished surfaces, evenly spaced and parallel. An Ace Comb, made of pure, sanitary hard rubber, passes through the hair easily, laying each strand exactly as you wish it.

Ace Combs, made in a wide assortment of styles and sizes, are sold by best drug stores and department stores everywhere. They are usually displayed in an Ace Comb Cabinet, as illustrated.

ACE COMBS



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gurgles, then a ceaseless drip-drip from wet rims of basins.

"The infernal thing was driving me goofy!" said Nep, sitting down by Stan again. He wanted to lift his hands to gather her back to his breast. She wanted to lift her hands and twine them about his neck. Their arms and hands might as well have been marble.

The drip-drip-drip-drip, tinkle-tankle-plunk, of the fountain exerted its familiar torture effect and Nep rose at last to go in to escape from screaming curses at the fountain, and life and herself; and everybody but Stan. Even to Stan she said:

"I think we'd better not get married tomorrow, darling. It would only start a lot of wild talk and front-page stuff in the newspapers. And it would upset the family frightfully."

"Just as you say, Nep."

She was Nep again to him, short and sharp, though she was never so much Penelope as now that she was slowly unraveling the tapestry she had woven so swiftly in the first onset of her ecstasy. They were both as weary as if they had run a long way up a steep hill. They had really jogged a long way down a steep hill.

"You're coming to the dinner at the Colony Club tonight?" she asked drearily, for lack of anything exciting to say.

"Can't we just be alone together tonight?" he implored.

Her knees almost caved under her at that. The very thought of hours of solitude with Stanley smothered her. She was tempted to break the engagement then and there, but she was still incandescent from the first lightning of his love, and she was determined to believe in happiness. She explained:

"I'd love to be alone with you forever, of course, darling. But the parents are pulling a party for the Duchess of Kakiyak and Lord What-tripe, and I've got to be present. You come along."

"All right."

He was so wretchedly in need of a warm thought that he clutched her hand in a swift message of love and frustrated longing. And as she returned the pressure there was another hand clutching her heart and a mystic voice repeating the warnings of her morning sun bath:

"A year or two with the same man! . . . Three hundred and sixty-five days! And in leap years three hundred and sixty-six nights!"

She climbed to her room, shrugged out of her dressing gown, let her trousers fall about her ankles, stepped out of them, took off her full-dress waistcoat and came to the few feminine garments that still survived. She clambered into her tub, wept a little in it and wished she might drown there.

When she came out of it, she put on the exceedingly feminine clothes that were creeping back into usage after dark. As the long skirts closed about her knees and ankles, like lace leg irons, she went backward into femininity and became an old-fashioned woman in spite of herself. In spite of herself she surrendered freedom not merely of stride and posture, but also of mental frankness and independence. She became, like her clothes, graceful drapery.

At the Colony Club the moonlight was mellow upon the tables and dim on the dance floor. When the music was not turning the space into an eddying flower garden, it lay empty and unfrequented except by a singer who sat at a tiny piano and sang popular love songs to this table or that. Though his fervor was intense and his eyes were apt to fasten on the most attentive listener, there was a vague impersonality about his lyric declarations of undying love.

Nep was peculiarly subject to moon-madness and she felt a need of music's soothing influence. But Stanley could not grasp the distinctions. All he could see was that a professional minstrel was staring into Nep's eyes and moaning over and over how much he loved her.

He stood it as long as he could until he noted that Nep was drinking in the words and meeting the singer's eyes. He could not see the little veil that made all the difference and showed that the singer was only an appreciated entertainer and the lady an appreciative auditor. Nep's luxurious peace was suddenly wrecked by Stanley's voice at her ear:

"If that mucker doesn't keep his eyes off you, I'll knock 'em through his ears."

Nep caught his arm and whispered: "Oh, for God's sake, you can't be insane here. Go outside if you're going to have another fit."

"Another fit!" Her blasphemy of his love crushed him and held him inert till the piano was trundled to the next table, where the singer chanted to several other good listeners that he could not live without them. Stanley's wrath ebbed, but Nep's contentment was gone.

It was not restored by the sight of Joe Sturgis at the next table. This was his last night in Palm Beach and when their eyes met she was infuriated by the instant sense of guilt that brought her eyelids down in shame, but not in time to escape the look of puzzled amusement she saw in his stare. He was looking at her as if she were some queer animal whose behavior conformed to no human standards of decency or intelligence.

And she could find nothing in her heart to justify her treatment of so fine a man, who had committed no greater offense than to tell her that he loved her and believed in her greatness of soul. He must have been completely and promptly cured of both delusions.

The music struck up and she saw Bill Hanaway hurrying to her like a rescuing angel, to ask her for the next event; and his feet were beautiful upon the floor, because he would dance her out of the blues and into the pink at once. Her lips were formed for a Yes, but Stanley broke in with a startling curtness of ownership:

"Nep's dancing this one with me."

"Sorry!" said Bill. "How about the next, Miss Neps?"

Stanley was about to claim that, too, but Nep accepted too soon. She rose and left the table, followed none too eagerly by Stanley. She did not fail to note that Bill, instead of seeking another partner, jawed her mother for a while and finally led her out to dance, exerting all his well-known charms upon her.

"He's making love to Mother," Nep marveled. "That means he's thinking of me!"

The thought gave her a pleasure not at all permissible to a fiancée in her fiancé's embrace. But Stanley was not playing the lover at all. Though the music was imperious with edicts of love, Stanley's high devotion chose to take a nobler form. He danced like a priggish old husband who would consider it most obscene to expose to the public any indication of passion for his wife.

Nep was baffled, then insulted with all the outraged fury of a woman whose invitations are declined. The dance went on interminably and Stanley gave up before it was over. This was the final rebuff, and Nep went back to the table in a state of profound depression. She wondered what she had let herself in for.

Stanley had given her the loftiest uplift of her whole experience when he

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For sixty-five years this fine blend of coffee has been preferred in New England and many sections of the Middle West. Now . . . with the delivery date plainly marked in large type on the label of each can . . . it comes to your grocer *fresh twice a week.*

Direct from the roasting ovens . . . by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for the swift distribution of fresh foods! No storage stop-overs! Just enough at a time to last until the next delivery! And if a can is left at the end of ten days, it is collected and replaced by a fresh can.

Real "fresh from the roaster" freshness . . . the final perfection coffee lovers have craved! Until you have used the last spoonful, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has fresher, fuller-strength flavor... *because it is weeks fresher at the start.* Get a can from your grocer and enjoy it tomorrow in your own cup.

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Chase and Sanborn's Coffee = DATED

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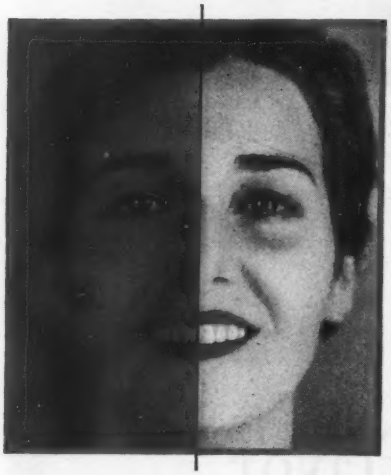

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It has a natural "bite" that harmlessly removes stains and film. Dentists recommend it particularly because its alkaline reaction neutralizes mouth acids—thus checking this cause of tooth decay.

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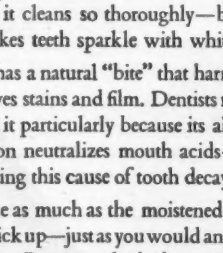

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disclosed that he loved her so that her loss would be fatal. Very dramatic, indeed, but only for once, only for the moment. Good Lord, a girl couldn't live on a single thrill for a lifetime. Was it going to be a choice of suicides?—a quick one for him if she left him; a slow one for her if she pooled her life with his?

Another thing: Stanley apparently had only big talk. But small talk was the bread and butter of everyday life. He could sit for hours apparently brooding silently over his love, but this was embarrassing to Nep, especially in public.

Then the blessed music snorted and made whoopee and Bill Hanaway left the beautiful mother for her more beautiful daughter. Nep could not deny herself the malice of bidding farewell to Stanley in the form of a command:

"Go make up to Mamma. Jounce the old girl about a bit."

But Stanley was apparently afraid to approach her and spent his time following Nep and Bill with jealous eyes. Fortunately the crowd was dense and they were out of sight except when they passed the foot of his table. The crowd was like an invisible cloak about all the dancers. There was intimate privacy in the very multitude and an increasing warmth due to the collisions and the caromings of the human electrons and protons inside the one big molecule of the dance.

Bill was restrained by none of Stanley's scruples. He was never respectable or respectful except under compulsion. He caught Nep off her feet as soon as he got her in his arms. He was a bit rowdy at first in his wide sweeps and his swift spins, but he filled her with a whirlwind joy and she was glad that he did not know of her betrothal to Stanley.

Abruptly his mood changed. He drew her close in under the eaves of his chin and murmured down into her hair: "Nep, honey, I've been thinking things over and I've decided to take a whack at marriage. I've tried everything else and looked everybody over and I've decided to settle down and be a good boy. And it will be a novelty for you to be a good girl."

She swung back as far as she could and stared up at him: "Bill! You're not proposing to me, are you?"

"To whom else?" he demanded, crushing her against his shirt front. He heard her say:

"Good Lord, it never rains but it pours."

He thrust her away from him till he could look into her somewhat elusive eyes and demanded: "Has anybody else been proposing to you today?"

"Only the chief of police, the dog catcher, Addison Mizner and the mayor. I haven't opened all my mail yet, either."

"Come on out in my car where I can talk plainer to you!"

"I wish I could, but Mamma won't let me. She saw the black-and-blue spots on my reputation after the last ride I took with you."

"Stop your nonsense, and tell me the truth. Are you engaged to anybody? Are you engaged to—my Lord, you haven't tied up with that McIlvaine maniac, have you?" Her evasive smile fooled him and he said: "Nep, I'm asking you a serious question. I mean it with all my heart. Will you marry me?"

"Maybe."

"Nep!"

"Some day—maybe."

"Will it be long?"

"How can I tell?"

"Can I consider myself engaged to you?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"It will help me to keep straight."

"No, no! Bill, the music's stopped!"

They had danced on, not knowing that the rest had dispersed and disclosed them to the laughter of the crowd. They walked across to Nep's table, pretending to be amused. There was no laughter in Stanley's eyes when Nep sank down by him in a most unusual agitation. He began without delay in a morose voice:

"What was Bill Hanaway saying to you?"

"Oh, you know Bill's line."

"He was so serious he didn't know the music had stopped."

"Yes, he was talking so loud he couldn't hear anything else."

"He was talking so low nobody could hear him after the music stopped."

"Then I'm a liar. As long as that's understood!"

"I wonder just how much is understood between us, Penelope."

He looked at her with eyes in which rancor had given way to the devotion of a dog. Nep could never be cruel to a dog. She stared at him and her heart went back to him, back to the mood of the coat closet. But her mind would not follow. It hung back protesting. As she stared at him, her mind was thinking with an unperturbed clarity. Suddenly it reached a conclusion.

"Stan, let's go for a ride," she said.

"Why a ride?"

"I want to have a serious conversation with you. I don't think people take marriage seriously enough. Come on! My car's outside. I'll drive."

Nep rose to say to her mother that she was dashing out for a breath of air, and led the way to her car. Stanley sat beside her, and admired the way she extracted the car from a tight place and drove fleetly along roads reeking with moonlight to a lonely nook where the grass-stitched sand dunes gave them a hiding place. Before them the ocean was dispread so vast and somber and moody that their own problem seemed too petty to be important.

Nep lighted a fresh cigaret and gave Stan a light from the lantern of her cupped palms. She inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly, first an uncanny amount of smoke, then an uncanny amount of wisdom. He could not see any virtue or sanctity or beauty in her philosophy, but it seemed to him shrewd, hideously sane, hard, cold common sense.

"Stan, dear," she began, "do you realize that we've been in hot water ever since we got engaged? Our life promises to be just one infernal scene after another."

"Not if you forget the other men."

"How can I forget other people? They're all around me. I know I'm not enough to keep you happy."

"Oh, yes, you are!"

"All right; have it your way. Put it like this: are you enough to make my life one long sweet thrill?"

"My Lord, you don't want other men in your life, do you? You aren't polyandrous, are you?"

"Come again?"

"You know what it means—a woman who has to have a lot of men around."

"Oh! Well, between Polyandrous and Pollyanna, I'll bet on the first one. I wouldn't expect to monopolize you."

"You mean you expect me to chase——"

"No; but you say you don't want to go to work. You don't intend to go out and compete with the men, and that kind of man usually has to have a lot of women. Not that I object to competition. The minute any other woman can get you away from me, she'll do me a favor by carrying you off."

"That's horrible talk from a nice girl."

"Maybe so, but I never told you I was a nice girl. And real life's not nice,

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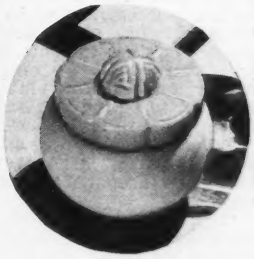

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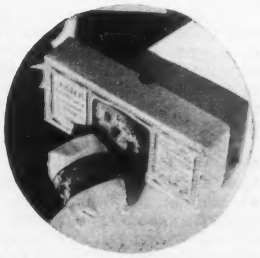

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either. When I look about me and read the papers I get so scared of marriage—whew! People who can't swim just link hands and start out into the matrimonial ocean. It's fine while they're wading and the beach is shallow, but when they hit the deep water or a big breaker comes—well, look at the divorces. I'm not afraid of marriage so much as I am of Reno. Good Lord, Stan, I don't want to go to Reno!"

"Really, Nep, you didn't bring me out here to talk about Reno, did you?"

"Yes! Look here, boy. Before I was allowed to drive a car I had to take a public test. Before anybody is allowed to run a locomotive or be a life guard or a druggist or a house and sign painter he's got to show he can do the job. Marriage is the only job I know of that anybody can plunge right into. It ought to be the last one on earth to be entrusted to rank amateurs."

"What are you leading up to, Nep? Not a trial marriage, are you?—not that loathsome, abominable, unspeakable, indecent——"

"Call it what you like. Isn't every marriage a trial marriage? And aren't most of 'em flops? Anyway, I was thinking maybe, before we take the awful plunge, we might just see how we'd get along together. If we don't, we won't get married. If we do—grand!"

"It wouldn't be a fair test."

"Why not?"

"There's no sacrament about it, no holy mystery."

"Do you think a license and a judge or a preacher can make any real difference?"

"Of course! Of course!"

"Well, your sister was mystified and licensed and sanctified three times and three times divorced."

"You needn't drag my family into this. Your own brother hasn't any too savory a record."

"Well, doesn't that prove it all the more? It looks as if there were nothing but divorces going on."

"All the more reason why I'll never get a divorce."

"You mean to say you'd never get a divorce?"

"Never!"

"You'd go up in the air that far without a parachute? Well, I won't. Look here, Stan, I like you a lot. I love you very much. Just how much I can't tell, till it'll be too late for anything but Reno. I've got only one first marriage to give to my country and I'm going to be mighty cautious about it. My mother made me learn to swim in the pool before she'd let me go into the ocean. If you want to take a little practice swim with me in the pool, come on in. If you don't, don't."

"You're not serious?"

"Just this serious, Stan. You said if I married anybody else you'd jump off the tallest building on earth."

"And I meant it. I mean it."

"And I mean this: I'd rather jump with you than marry you in my present state of uncertainty about you and about me and about how we'll hit it off together."

He writhed and groaned and pleaded and stormed, but she grew all the calmer. At length he faltered, as if he uttered something all but unmentionable:

"You mean that we're to go somewhere and live together as man and wife day and night without any ceremony?"

"Just that. Without any ceremony or any promise on either side."

"How long will the experiment last?"

"Till one of us is sure it won't work, or both of us are sure that it will. A week or two ought to tell the story."

"You said you loved me, and you won't trust me to make you happy!"

"It wouldn't be your fault if you didn't. Or mine. I'd try to make you happy. But it's not in our hands, Stan. It's beyond our control. And honestly now, don't you think it proves a little love on my part when I offer to run all the risks I must run, without any pledge on your part? Doesn't that seem to mean that I love you a little? Doesn't it?"

"Yes!" he whispered, in a sudden overwhelming rapture of certainty. He felt that his awe of her now was greater than any awe he could have felt for her as a bride in any trappings of white under any benedictions. And she responded to his terrified ardor with an innocent timidity more bridelike than a bride's.

"When does this—this mystic ordeal begin?" he whispered.

"Whenever you say—m-my husband," she whispered.

"Tonight?"

"We've got to go back to the dance. We've got to do a lot of plotting and preparing."

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow? I'll try."

They kissed and kissed and hoped for beatitude. As they drove back to the Colony Club, they perfected their conspiracy so that it looked fool-proof and guaranteed against interruption or detection. It looked so to them in the moonlight.

Almost anybody would have told them that there was a curse upon such unholy tampering with life and love, but Nep was one of the women of her century and her school. She thought that since she must, in any case, pay the price she should be allowed to dictate the terms.

Will Nep Newbold's plans go through without a hitch or will her experiment prove a costly one for her? Next Month Rupert Hughes tells you what happens to Nep and Stanley on their great adventure

Of Course You Can't Tell Whether It's Your Baby *(Cont. from page 27)*

complex stuff, susceptible to faint whispers, to the lifting of an eyebrow.

We start with genes, but we inherit a social and physical environment. No character in history is explicable apart from specific place and time. Darwin and Lincoln were born on the same day: suppose they had been mixed!

"My" offspring *might* be born, say, clubfooted or harelipped: my physical soundness is no guarantee of offspring's physical soundness. Despite clubfoot or harelip, that offspring *might* become a monstrous, insane criminal; or a nice gentle Mr. Milquetoast.

There is no guarantee; biology has no answer. Environment has. And we can look at that. We can look at poverty, at squalor, at misfortune, bad breaks, social injustice, at impossible social conditions which nurture social impossibles, at social cesspools which breed crime and insanity.

The "soil" in which we grow up is not our mother's womb, but an alley, a slum, a coal mine, a farm, a Main Street, a Broadway, a Fifth Avenue, even. And we can be born grub-struck or with a gold spoon in our mouth and tons of gold at our credit. What "dug" that gold: horny hands, clever brains, or a fraudulent Civil War contract?

These fortuitous environmental factors run into millions. Most of them are trifling and make no lasting impression, but now and then one strikes like a thunderbolt. Childhood and youth are enormously impressionable, easily molded. The bolt itself may have been unnoticed at the time, by parents, by teachers, by society; but lightning is lightning: it may paralyze one with fear; it may inspire a Franklin to fly another kite.

Specifically, any newborn babe is a potentiality—tractable, teachable, lovable. Treated one way, it develops into a sneaking cur; another way, into an honest man. Even dogs are what we make them. A fishworm can be educated up to a point; the one-celled amœba can learn a trick or two. Whatever education means, child born of woman has more capacity for it than the combined cosmic universe. Human behavior is, in the most literal sense, acquired, learned behavior.

Why bother, then, whether the child the hospital hands over is the one I sired, my wife delivered? The real business of fathering or mothering the child begins after the hospital is forgotten.

"But it is a potential idiot!" So were we all. "It may never love its parents!" It will if they are lovable. Love is not innate in our constitution; there is no mother-love instinct or paternal instinct. There is a mate-hunger in our make-up, and we are social animals by nature. We could not learn to navigate modern mazes if we had to depend on innate, instinctive, predetermined equipment. We have something far better: the capacity to learn to love those who treat us lovingly, to hate those who cross us, restrain us, thwart us.

Women are different and I don't know how a mother would feel, but all I should ask from any hospital is a *certified* baby, and of my own skin color—not because of my prejudice, but because of yours. You, society, have so much color prejudice that you would not let me father a colored baby as though it were my own. "Certified?" All there; enough fingers and toes and parts needed for a healthy, going, growing concern. Having such a child, I should accept responsibility for one fact. I can make it or I can break it. And as mothers naturally come closer to children, they have more opportunities to make or break them.

What this country needs to insure its enlightened existence is responsible, enlightened parents. The important point about a baby is not whether it is legitimate, but whether it is in hands that can and will bring it up honestly. Not forgetting that some of the finest ornaments to the human race never saw their fathers or heard of them. Reproduction among humans is bisexual, but the male parent is not necessary for the making of a man.

If those mixed babies only knew it, the real question is not which *babies*, but which *parents*. Fate may be dealing one of them an impossible hand. I should not like to have to grow up in a family which didn't want me, or doubted my genuineness or my ability, given a fair chance, to be as human as any human being ever born. Would you?

If hospital taggers make mistakes, you can't be sure it's your own child; but it's a good bet that it is just as good, and a still better bet that you can make it your own if you want to.

Brown Witch *by Vennette Herron* (*Continued from page 38*)

absorbed in money-making a man may be, it isn't enough for him to go from work to bed and from bed to work, with nothing to break his thoughts and give him some sense of living in between.

Which was why Radjoe, Dal's personal boy, appeared one morning leading by the hand a carefully rice-powdered bronze doll in an immaculately ironed brown sarong. And why, when the boy said: "This is Ona, *tuan*, my sister. She would keep the *tuan's* house and stay with him, for it is not good for a man to be always alone," Dal Trevelyan listened, reluctantly at first, but tempted in spite of himself, and after some half-hearted protestations, yielded.

EXISTENCE improved immensely after that, for Ona was deft and dainty. She had strange tales to tell and queer, haunting, melting minor songs to sing. Ona was cunning; Ona was a darling, and Dal Trevelyan was grateful and gave her everything, including an incomprehensible courtesy, as is the way of nice Englishmen—everything, that is, except love.

"We most of us come to it out here, sooner or later, if we aren't married," laughed Dirk van Haeften, discovering a toy hostess installed the next time he turned up at Kalalajaran.

And quite unconsciously he came much oftener after that, because of the welcoming comfort and light-heartedness which he found there.

Thus the friendship between the two men, instead of lessening, ripened. Guests came and went in their seasons; and although Ona kept to the background at such times, as became her, unobtrusively she saw that they too were made happier. And life moved suavely and the situation was accepted, as such situations are in the East, without undue comment. It was so natural, and apparently all was so well.

But a woman who serves a man day and night, concentrating all her energies upon his caprices, having nothing else in her thoughts, must either hate him or love him. And since there was nothing hatable about Dal Trevelyan—well, figure it out for yourself.

"You must be on your guard, Dal," big, blond Dirk van Haeften warned his friend more than once. "That's the one drawback to these arrangements: when the time comes that you want to be free, there's apt to be the very devil to pay. For these girls are dangerous! We tell ourselves that it's all fair and aboveboard, because they're used to it and commence with their eyes open, knowing beforehand that it can't last forever. And so it is, and so they do.

"But they're passionate and possessive in a way no white woman ever could be; and if a chap treats them halfway decently, nine times out of ten they get to care—and that's fatal! For they've no scruples and are as subtle and sly as sin; and always in their secret hearts believe that, so long as they want a man, they can hold him. And the worst of it is that very often they can!

"The East is full of poor devils who've succumbed—been sucked under. Married, some of them, and still hanging onto their jobs; but unable to go home, ever. With black wives and a batch of half-breed brats! Loathing the lot, but bound, by law and otherwise. Knowing that to try to sneak off would be like signing their own death warrants.

"And there are others lower still, who've lost their posts and self-respect—living like natives; loathing themselves, no doubt, but helpless. There've been plenty of 'Madame Butterfly' books written about the ruthless European who leaves the innocent little Oriental stranded with a baby and a broken heart; but there's another side.

"Hang it all, we don't go out after 'em, not here in Java! Maybe we would, it's true; but we never have to! They come to us, and plead and insist until we take them in. Every halfway pretty Javanese girl is taught by her mother that she must try to get a white man. And once they've succeeded, they've a million tricks."

"Such as—what do you mean? How can a man be helpless in the hands of a woman, especially one who's in love with him, while he——"

"Easy enough, if she's a native. They have drugs and spells; they can do anything they like. They can call a man back from far away, long after he thinks he's safe. And if he succeeds in getting beyond reach of their call, there's still revenge—at least, if he hasn't put a sea between them. And that's one of the sweetest of all satisfactions to a Malay. They can enslave a man so he can't do without them, even when he hates them like the poison they are."

"You're talking about that *goena-goena* rot now, I suppose. I've heard of it, of course; but I can't say I credit it. What could a poor little wisp like Ona do, for instance? Besides, she's loyal and has some genuine feeling and affection, I believe. She——"

"That won't make it any better for you, when——"

"Nonsense! Ona, come here!"

"Tuan?" On her heels before him, gazing up with eyes like two limpid autumn pools lined with brown leaves.

"Ona, you know that some day I'll have to leave you, to go back to my own country. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, lord; that is what they all do." The brown orbs remained open; but two tears brimmed over their lower lids, rolled down the satin-smooth cheeks.

"There, there; it won't be for a long time yet—several years probably. No need to be upset now. But you do understand, don't you, Ona?"

"Saja, tuan—yes, lord."

"And when the time comes, you'll be a good brave little girl. And I'll leave you properly fixed, so that you can return to your own village and marry a man of importance . . . But you'll do just as I tell you, won't you?"

"Is the will of my lord not always my will?" murmured Ona. "But why does the *tuan* speak of this now?" And one hand caught at her breast in a gesture which seemed to the two men more like a pretty imitation than the instinctive gesture of a woman foreseeing herself robbed.

"She's cute!" Dirk chuckled appreciatively. "But pay attention, all the same, my boy, when the hour strikes."

"Pshaw! She couldn't be bribed to harm a hair of my head!"

"I hope you're right." But the Dutchman sounded skeptical.

And then cropped up suddenly the one contingency which neither of the two friends had taken into account. Like a benevolent storm out of a clear sky, Sir Henry Morton, bluff and hearty, appeared at Kalalajaran. And with him his daughter, motherless, nineteen-year-old, black-haired and blue-eyed Betty—sufficiently beauteous and bewitching in any place; but on a remote Java tea plantation devastating.

"Dirk, did you ever see such a winner?"

"She's lovely!" Dirk agreed soberly.

"And they're going to stay three weeks. Isn't it ripping?"

"For you. Rather!"

"Sir Henry is practically the company, you know, and he's on a tour of inspection. Genial old boy, too, what? We'll have to get up some people and have some jolly festivities."

"Ja, natuurlijk." Lapsing into Dutch.

"What's the matter with you, you solemn ass?"

"Nothing—nothing. Only, have you thought of Ona?"

"Gad, no; I'd forgotten her entirely! But what does it matter? We've had guests before. She'll keep out of the way as usual; and she couldn't—er—spill anything, because they don't speak Malay. But Lord, Dirk, it does make one wish—— Why the devil did I ever fall for that nonsense anyway?"

"It was natural enough. You were lonely. You needed her, I take it; and——"

"That's true, Dirk; I did. There've been times when I believe I'd have gone mad without her! They got on my nerves so, the nights and the noises, and the boys sneaking around. I don't see how you stand it yourself, alone!"

"Oh, I was out here a lot as a child, and got used to it." Dirk shrugged. "It makes a difference; and then—different nerves, perhaps."

"But of course a girl like Betty could never understand."

"Betty—already? And is there any reason why she should? You'll be lonely again, old man, when they've gone."

"Perhaps." But Dal smiled hopefully.

"Fatuous fool!" thought his friend, then rebuked himself. "Good old Dal, if that's the way the land lies——" He laid a hand upon the other's shoulder. "Best of luck, dear chap."

Dal grinned. "Thanks; but it's a bit early, isn't it? Heaven knows I'm not a brilliant match! Well, we'll see."

On his way out Dirk caught sight of a tiny lurking figure. He beckoned; drew it after him into the shadow of the trees.

"Ona, the English lord who has just arrived is a *tuan besar*, a very great lord. He owns all this plantation and all the mountain; and if he's not pleased with everything, he will send Tuan Trevelyan away, so that you can never see him any more. But if he is satisfied in every respect, he will leave your *tuan* here, chief of Kalalajaran as always. And then he himself will depart soon, with his daughter; and they will not come again.

"But he might not like to know that you are the *tuan's* housekeeper. So if you are intelligent and want them to go, you will see that all runs as smoothly as possible while they are here, without obtruding yourself except when you can serve the lady. But then, you will serve her well!" Dirk added diplomatically, but with a force which veiled a threat.

THE *baboe* bowed her sleek black head meekly, submissively. *"Ja, tuan*, Ona comprehends, and will obey in all things."

Three weeks, in one of the windy months of sun. The days dry flame, and the nights, equally dry yet like cooling showers, perfumed by the pines and scent of rioting hill flowers. Tennis tournaments, dancing, flying visitors.

Moonlight—the jungle, no longer terrifying, a big, beautiful back-drop for the most engrossing of all dramas.

"Betty, do you mean it? That you

really could—right away—to live out here, so far from all your friends and everything? You wouldn't be lonely?"

"Lonely—with you, Dal? Besides, we can go home every year for a vacation. I'll fix it up with Dad."

"But your father—he may not——"

"He won't—not at first. But I can manage him; I always have."

In each other's arms under the ringing stars on the hilltop, neither of them conscious of the watching brown eyes which nevertheless were there.

"Oh, Betty!"

"Dal!"

Neither of them ever had been in love before and it is a question which of them felt the more unworthy, the more glorified. When the man kissed the girl's fingers one by one, she took his hand, buried her face in its palm, and her lips against it were like a prayer.

"Ought I to tell her, Dirk, about Ona?"

For an instant the Dutchman's face twisted; but there was in him a strength greater than any temptation—and there are men in whom friendship actually does surpass the love of woman.

"No, Dal. That other was necessary—for you; but it had nothing to do with love. You and I understand; but perhaps a girl couldn't. You love Betty and will make her happy; so I can't see that it's your duty to break her heart."

"You know, Dirk, I wish I hadn't—just because it might hurt her if she knew; but I can't seem to work up any real feeling of remorse either. I mean, there's no comparison, is there? Ona—poor little mite, I presume she'll feel cut up at first; but she simply doesn't count, and never did. While Betty—why, she's all the heaven I'll ever want or ask!"

"I know," said Dirk. "But for heaven's sake, get rid of Ona at once! And if she starts any trouble, let me know."

"I will. Lord, man, you can't imagine I like having her around now! It's only that"—confessing shyly—"I hate to hurt anyone now, when I'm happier than I ever dreamed anyone could be!"

"*Zoo?* Well, I don't think you need be sentimental about her, only diplomatic and generous. But on second thought, Dal, you'd best put it off until Betty and her father have left for Batavia. If they were still here, there's no telling what Ona might——"

"Pshaw! She won't do anything but cry, but that's bad enough! And of course if she made a scene before them, Sir Henry might suspect, even if Betty didn't; so I suppose it *would* be better to put it off. They're leaving Tuesday. If we can succeed in bringing the old boy round, I'll be following in a few weeks, and we'll be married right away. Betty wants to come straight back here for the honeymoon; she says it was here that we met, and—Dirk, she's a wonderful girl!"

"*Ja,*" agreed the Dutchman stolidly. "I like to see you happy, *beste kerel.* Promise you'll let me know if Ona proves troublesome?"

"Oh, yes—but she won't." Dal was too light-hearted to worry.

It took considerable talk and persuasion; but eventually the miracle was accomplished. "It's not what I would have chosen for her, I tell you frankly, young man; but I've never been able to deny her, and since you're what she wants——"

"You know he's a dear, Daddy—anyone can see that!"

"Humph! But the life, Betty darling—you don't know what you're getting into!" Sir Henry was pathetic in his bewilderment. "Hum—hum—what can I say? Hope you deserve her, Trevelyan?"

"I don't, sir—now; but I'll try my best to for all the rest of my life!"

Somehow the answer pleased Sir Henry. The two men shook hands.

A month later there was a charming ceremony at the British Consulate in Batavia; and after it was over, Sir Henry Morton sailed for England, and Dal Trevelyan brought his bride home.

Half a day's journey in a big new blue touring car, one of various presents from the bride's father. Home—to the huge house on the Java hilltop filled with exotic blooms, lighted with innumerable silk-shaded lamps. Brown, barefooted and saronged boys grinning. All the coolies lined up, peering furtively. Factory whistles tooting . . .

"Where's that cunning little maid, Dal, who always waited on me before?"

"Oh, she left some time ago; but I've got you another." The half dozen or so white employees were all waiting to welcome them, and there was a feast spread inside. "I feel as though I shall never have you entirely to myself—alone, Betty!"

"Never mind, darling; it's only for a little longer; and they're all so kind." Betty was blushing, beaming, shy. "I'm a trifle frightened, Dal. It seems so strange—unreal!"

"Sweetheart! Surely you're not afraid—with me?"

"No," whispered Betty, and just as she had done on their betrothal night, pressed her face for an instant into the hot palm of his hand.

His place being farther on, Dirk van Haeften reached his own quarters perhaps an hour later than the newly married couple reached theirs. He had stood with Dal at the altar like a solid blond column, supporting the other's nervousness. Now he was alone and tired, and meant to drink until he fell asleep, and so shut out the memory of Betty Morton's—no, Betty Trevelyan's shining look. In white satin and lace, like frost, like spun-sugar—like a fairy. If one took her in one's fingers, she would break or melt. Poor little radiant fluttering moth-thing! But she was safe with Dal. With Dal! Dirk winced.

An old dog had risen to greet his master. "We've been sufficient for each other for a good many years, old fellow; guess we can be still." Dirk tugged at the hunter's long silky ears.

He sank into a chair, and from the bottle before him poured out a full glass. But he did not drink at once; instead, he let his hand fall on the head of the dog leaning against his knee.

Presently he would commence to drink, and would go on drinking until he fell asleep. But not quite yet. For a little while he would let himself see it; would let himself dream that there was no reason why he shouldn't . . . That shining girl's face—blue eyes, black hair, long lashes; the gallant, half-boyish air of bravery, then the single second when the brave lips had quivered. No woman had ever looked at him like that—and never would now. No woman whom he wanted.

Dirk van Haeften sat on and on, while the glass before him remained untouched. The stillness grew deeper and deeper until it was a heavy oppression; and out of the heaviness came sounds: crackings, croakings, distant roarings, whisperings, the *toké-toké* of a *gecho* lizard in the rafters. All on the surface, accentuating the stillness.

And then, through all the superficial noises, came another—sobbing—advancing—retreating. Gradually Dirk realized that he'd been hearing it for a long time, yet it couldn't be anything but imagination, obsession. Because it seemed to be Betty's voice, calling him—from far away, yet growing nearer. "Dirk—Dirk—Dirk!" Yet how could Betty be calling him when this was her wedding night, and she was at Kalalajaran with Dal?

"Dirk—Dirk—Dirk!" Sobbing out of the darkness.

The man got groggily to his feet. The old dog stood up and trotted stiffly toward the door, bristles rising on its neck.

Dirk stumbled across the room and opened. This was the most terrible thing that had ever happened—anywhere! He felt cold all over; and it seemed that someone must be dying, either he or her; for otherwise how could he have heard what he had?

"Dirk—aren't you there? Dirk!" The words a shriek now of frantic despair. And in the blackness before him something white which moved.

Dirk van Haeften ran down the steps and caught it in his arms as it fell. And one fear went out of him; for it was flesh and blood which he held. But another fear entered; for it *was* Betty!

Betty with bleeding bare feet, like mired flowers, wearing the oyster-white cloak which had covered her bridal gown that morning—torn now, and hanging open over a slit and shredded nightgown of white satin.

"Betty!"

Her head rolled limp on his arm, and she did not answer. He took up the filled glass, poured as much of its contents between her lips as he could; then laid her down upon the divan, pulling her cloak around her. After a few moments she opened her eyes, shuddered, sat up, shook her head; then spoke—but astonishingly, not first of herself.

"Dirk, you must go to Dal! Something horrible . . . He's mad—mad! You must go to him quickly! I don't know what he'll do!"

"Betty! Try to tell me calmly."

"There were lots of people when we got there, and Dal was all right then. Just like himself—so dear—and so happy! And we all ate and drank, and he kept whispering to me. And after a while they all left and I went upstairs. There was a maid—a new one; and she helped me. And then I sent her away." Betty crimsoned suddenly, and halted.

Dirk tried to help her. "Yes, dear. And then Dal came?"

"I—I waited; and it seemed a long time. Then at last the door opened—and it was Dal. And I was so relieved I started to run toward him. And his face was so glad and—sweet! He was coming toward me, with his arms out.

"Then suddenly it changed—his face. All at once it was cruel and strange—ghastly! And his hands looked just like claws—Dal's hands did, Dirk! And instead of his arms around me, those awful hands reached for my throat.

"I screamed—and he sprang! And—I can't remember exactly, only he was chasing me round and round the room; and—it isn't possible, Dirk, but it's true—he was growling and snarling, not like a man at all, but like an animal—a tiger . . . I didn't imagine it; he was! And I screamed and screamed, and nobody came. Then somehow—finally, I got out.

"And the house was all dark; but I ran down the stairs. It was queer, but the front door was wide open and I ran through and slammed it behind me. Dal was coming after me—still growling and

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snarling; but he must have tripped—for I heard a crash and a fall.

"I kept on running, down the path into the woods. And then suddenly I saw that native girl who used to be a maid there—the pretty one. And I said: 'Come with me—to Tuan van Haeften; show me the way quickly! Tuan Trevelyan is very sick!'

"I've learned a little Malay, you know, and I think she understood; but she didn't seem to want to at first. She laughed, and she said: 'Is the *nonja* afraid?' almost as if she knew. But I shook her and told her: 'He'll kill us both if you don't! He's gone crazy!' Then she came, but she laughed, and seemed to be singing under her breath.

"Oh, Dirk, what is it? What can it mean? He wasn't Dal himself any longer—my lover, Dal! It was as though some demon had jumped into his skin!"

"I don't understand, Betty, any more than you; but I'll do all I can. But I must find someone to take care of you first. *Djongos!*" And when a sleepy boy finally appeared: "Is your mother still with you in the compound?"

"*Ja, tuan.*" The boy's eyes bulged as he stared at Betty.

"Go fetch her at once!"

"Yes, lord."

After a brief space the boy returned with a wrinkled hag whose eyes were wise and kind as those of any mother.

"*Nonja, nonja,*" she crooned and, squatting before the disheveled white lady, patted her hands and soothed her.

"Take her into the guest room," commanded Dirk, "and put her to bed. Bring your mat, and don't leave her for an instant! You must lock the door on the inside and let no one in until I return—no one, do you hear? And you, Kiri, must stand outside that door; and if anyone passes through it before I get back, you will be beaten until you die! Do you understand? And Betty, have courage, dear; I'll do all I can."

Then Dirk went to take out his car and drive, like a madman himself, over the dark hills to Kalalajaran.

Dawn was breaking when he arrived. All the doors of the great house stood open, and distracted boys were rushing here and there.

In the hall he found Dal, white-faced, swollen, bleary-eyed. "Dirk! I was just going to send for you. Have you seen her? We've been scouring the woods. It's Betty! She's lost, or—I don't know how to tell you, Dirk; it's too terrible! Oh, my head!"

He was incoherent and almost sobbing; but he was not insane.

"Dal, she's safe, believe me! But——"

"Where? How? Where?"

"At my house, with old Mina. She's all right, I tell you! But you——"

"But how did she get there?"

"Walked."

"Betty walked—through the jungle alone? And why? Dirk, I don't know what you must be thinking, but I don't understand anything myself. I loved her, Dirk—love her. You know I do! And yet—Dirk, do you believe in witchcraft, in devils? Is she hurt? Is she dead? Tell me the truth—the truth!"

"My word of honor, Dal, she's safe and unharmed, except for exhaustion and shock; needs only rest. But listen, old chap; you must try to think calmly. You must try to remember what occurred."

"Honestly, Dirk, I can't—not much. But there was a party—just the people here, you know; and when they left it was already late, and Betty went up. After a while her maid came down and let me know, and then I went to her.

"Why, I would have died rather than frighten her, Dirk. And then suddenly when I was in the room the most beastly thoughts came—like something awful between us. Things I couldn't ever put into words. But beastly—oh, beastly! I—Dirk, I must have gone completely out of my head, because—it's all vague; but I believe that I—I wanted to kill her! And worse—worse! I can just remember that she screamed and that, in that hideous second, something which wasn't me, but which yet was inside me, was pleased!

"I can't remember any more. Only that finally I found myself on the floor at the foot of the stairs, with my head aching horribly. I managed to get up, and then I couldn't find Betty anywhere."

"Dal, what did you drink last night?"

"Just champagne—and not much. I wasn't drunk, man! And if I had been, it wouldn't have been—like that!"

"Of course, I know. And she wouldn't have put it in the wine; that would have been too clumsy. But Dal, why didn't you tell me Ona was up to something? You said she went off without a fuss."

"Ona? What has she—but she did. She cried a bit at first, and then seemed sulky and made some feeble sort of threat, but right afterward she calmed down. I gave her plenty of money, and for just a minute she seemed to want to refuse it; but then she took it. She just said: 'With this one can accomplish much,' as though she were satisfied, and walked off as coolly as you please."

"But what was it she said before that, when she was threatening?"

"She wasn't at all violent; not making a scene, or cursing me, or anything—at least it didn't seem so. But—oh, yes, I recollect now. She said: 'You are mine, *tuan*, whether you will it or not; and you will never have any pleasure with that other—never! And the day will come when you will be glad to call me back!' But it was what any girl might say whose pride was hurt. She never showed up again; and I've never given her another thought."

"Well, she's given a good many to you, it would seem."

"But Dirk, it's impossible that she—you don't think——"

"I don't think; I know. You've Ona to thank for what's happened—Ona and *goena-goena*. She was even outside waiting; and it was she who——"

"But it's absurd! How could she?"

"Oh, that's beyond me—beyond any white man."

"But then, Dirk"—Dal's face was like paper now—"will it always be like that? Does it mean that I can't ever—live with Betty? And that I've ruined her life by marrying her? Dirk, it can't mean that!"

"I don't know, Dal, honestly. But we'll fight it to the last ditch! There are all sorts of things to try. But we'll have to begin by telling Betty."

After a moment Dal said: "The only fair thing is to let her know the truth; and—and then let her go free. Our marriage can be annulled; I can't keep her tied, with a curse on me, if that's what it is. It's the price I have to pay for being too weak to face the loneliness. But to lose Betty, and to have dragged her through all this! When I never dreamed of harming anyone!"

"But you mustn't assume straight off that you've hit bottom, *beste kerel*. Brace up, and probably we'll find a cure. If I can once get my hands on that girl! But Betty—yes, she'll have to know, to make her own decision."

"You'll have to tell her, Dirk. I don't dare see her myself now—even if she'd let me. It might come on again." Dal buried his head in his hands.

Dirk nodded soberly. "Yes, I'll tell her. And I'll come straight back here

and let you know whatever she may decide. But promise me that you won't do anything silly. Promise?"

"Yes, yes—I promise."

Dirk van Haeften drove back to Taletatan like a man made of wood; and no one could have guessed from his aspect what was going on in his mind.

How to do what he must, he did not know; yet obviously the deed was his to do. Tenderly, simply, plainly, he put the plight of the friend whom he loved before the one woman whom, had she not been pledged to that friend—but may one finish a sentence which Dirk never did, even to himself? He told her frankly and fully that there might well be a remedy and a chance for Dal's recovery; but that in justice to herself she must face the fact that a future with her husband might never be possible—and that if freedom was what she desired, it was obtainable. He expressed no opinion; did not urge her one way or the other.

Betty stood up, drawing her cloak about her, but not thinking at all of her bruised bare feet. "I don't like it!" she said distinctly. "In fact, I hate it! But I understand perfectly. And I'm Dal's wife, and of course I stand by him. He's already been punished enough, it seems."

Then for an instant she flared, exquisitely. "Were you imagining, both of you, that a woman must be black in order to love and fight for her man? He's mine now—whatever he may have been! He never loved her, anyway; and if ever I see that girl, I'll shake her until she lets him loose!"

And that, in one way, is the end of the story; for when a woman speaks like that . . . But on the other hand, it was only the beginning of the drama played through to the end and fought to a finish by three loyal souls, in secrecy and suffering, through burning days and freezing nights, on that lonely hilltop.

Naturally, they tried the simplest measures first.

"Dal, so many say it's all suggestion—hypnotism; and now that you know, perhaps you're strong enough yourself. You must tell yourself that it doesn't exist."

"And Betty isn't afraid; she wants to see me? But if I should hurt her, Dirk?"

"You can't, Dal! I'll be there, you know. And she isn't afraid. She wants you."

Try to imagine it! The two men riding over the hills: Dirk van Haeften taking Dal to Betty Trevelyan. And Dal with his very soul on fire to see her, but bound by that awful fear that he might see her only to harm her. And Betty waiting gallantly, standing in the doorway, calling out encouragement. "Dal—Dal darling, I'm so glad you've come!"

And the man approaching, his face full of joy, of hope. Surely there was nothing! And when he was only a few feet away—stopping, straining, fists clenching, face changing until it wasn't his face any more. Then Dirk stepping between, putting his arms firmly about his friend. "Go, Betty—quick! Shut the door and lock it!" Struggling with an animal—a beast, a tiger.

And after the spasm had passed, Dal limp, holding his head in his hands and sobbing like a baby. "Dirk, it was—I felt it crawling into me and I tried to fight it—but I couldn't! And now—my head—oh, my head!"

Then Dirk would take him home. And after a couple of days, when Dal seemed rested and perfectly normal, they would try again. Sometimes he'd appear to be gaining a little; to be holding his own; but always the beast would get him in the end. And the headaches between

And so again you ruefully resolve:

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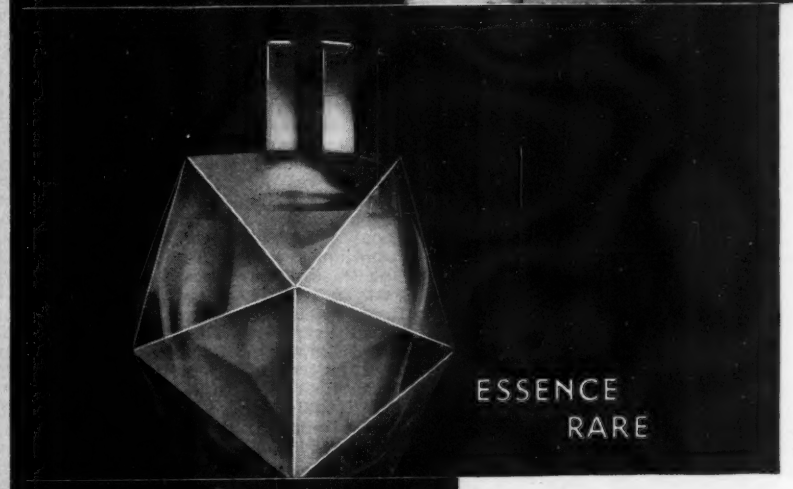

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times were bad, growing constantly worse. Yet when he was alone at Kalalajaran he could go about his own affairs.

They packed up and brought clothes to Betty, and she remained on in Dirk's house at Taletatan—old Mina always with her, babying her like a nurse. What else was there for her to do? She couldn't leave the battlefield; her father was in England, and she wouldn't let him know so long as there was any hope.

And so there was Dal at night, alone again in his big house, listening to the noises, knowing that only an hour's run away was the bride who might never be his—yearning for him, perhaps, but in the house of his friend.

And there was Dirk, alone too in his sitting room, knowing that Betty was sleeping—or striving to—just beyond the wall. Going to the cupboard to take out the stone jug of gin, the colonial's consolation; putting it back again. Clutching the hair of the old dog beside him.

And then there was Betty—not thinking of Dirk, except for his kindness now and again; thinking always of her man.

They wrote each other letters, Dal and Betty; it was her inspiration. Possibly the strangest letters that ever passed between husband and wife. Lovers—passionate lovers; yet separated—by that fantastic nothing!

It was as though they were condemned to live together with a sheet of glass between them; and yet through that glass, and through longing and misery, they came to see each other clearly as perhaps few lovers ever do.

When rumors eventually leaked out, Dal and Dirk drove together down to the club at Batavia and laughed them away. And returning, determined upon a fresh experiment. Betty was moved back to Kalalajaran, but with old Mina and Kiri, her son—both of them to be trusted. Dal swore never to go near the wing where Betty would live unless Dirk were with him.

Think of him then! With his bride in the house—where he could look out and see her walking in the garden sometimes, followed closely by her two guards. They even attempted to dine together one evening—all three; with Betty at one end of a long table, and Dal and Dirk side by side at the other. But after ten minutes, during which every breath Dal drew could be heard, Dirk motioned the girl to leave—and held his friend hard by the wrist as she hurried past them.

After that Dal begged the Dutchman to take her back with him to Taletatan. "She isn't safe here—it's too dangerous! Last night I found myself creeping through the hall toward her rooms. I turned and ran—I found the strength for that—but take her with you, Dirk, please! I'm afraid it's hopeless!"

"Nothing of the sort, old man; we've only begun to fight! But you're right—she'd better not stay here."

They made all manner of excuses—that Betty was ill, had had a nervous breakdown—because, of course, Dal had to keep on at his work. They received no one. And then, naturally, they consulted doctors; first Dutch, then Javanese. They studied his case and tried weird things. But the headaches continued; the condition remained unaltered.

Dal was convinced now that he could not be cured. He was rapidly reaching the point where he would be unfit for any life at all.

And, the first flush of sacrificial exaltation past, Betty too was losing hope; but her daily letters to her husband were never neglected.

If they could have found Ona, they might have coerced her somehow. But the jungle had taken her. They could get no help from the authorities or the police, because Dal wasn't poisoned; there was nothing which could be proved against the *baboe*, and legally witchcraft no longer existed.

Meanwhile Betty sat still and white, brooding, when she wasn't writing to her husband. And then one evening she said: "Dirk, if I should go away, and Dal should let it be known that he'd made a mistake and was ready to take her back—that girl!—probably she'd show up, wouldn't she? If he could make it seem that he was through with me?"

"Probably she would then."

"And if Dal should actually take her back and—live with her again, do you think she'd make him well—normal?"

"I—why, yes, I expect she would, if there *is* an antidote. If she could, she would, surely."

"And if it is some kind of spell, do you think she could cure him?"

"They say so; yes, I think she could."

"Then don't you see, Dirk, what we must do?" She talked excitedly for some time, while the Dutchman listened.

"Betty, would you actually do that, send him back to her in order to——"

"Yes. I've been arguing it out with myself for days. I hate it—hate it! Just to let her think that she's won, even for a little while. I could kill her for that alone, Dirk! But I won't be small—I won't! And it isn't my pride or even my happiness that counts; it's Dal—a man's whole life at stake! It's his last chance, and he must have it!"

"Betty, we were idiots never to have thought of it before. But if I had thought of it, I'd never have dared suggest it. You're an angel, Betty!"

"I'm nothing of the sort; I've been fighting the inspiration for three days. But I hope I'm sensible!" She was smiling at him through tears.

And that evening she wrote the whole plan to Dal and sent it to him by Dirk.

Dal said at first: "But I can't—not that! I could never carry it through!" Then he said: "But yes, if Betty is willing. Dirk, was there ever a girl like her? It might work. I believe it might! Dirk, I'm going to live again!"

A few days later Betty Trevelyan sailed for England, and all Java knew that for some mysterious reason she had never lived with her husband, and was going home to ask for an annulment.

The two men, Dal Trevelyan and Dirk van Haeften, remained on at their posts, both seething with suppressed fury to proceed, but grown wily with waiting. This was the last stand, and it must not be spoiled by impatience.

Somehow they got through a month like that. Then gradually Dal began to throw out hints and questions. Radjoe, his former boy, had been dismissed with his sister; but there were still servants in the house who had been there through everything, and Dal now let them understand that he was utterly weary once more of loneliness and a bachelor's existence—that, in plain terms, he would welcome the return of Ona. Or, if she either could not be found or did not care to come back, then perhaps some other pretty *baboe* . . . "That'll bring her, if anything will," he thought.

And thought rightly, apparently; for within a few days Ona did appear—intelligently not flaunting her triumph, but humbly submissive as always, with only a tiny wicked gleam in her veiled-with-meekness brown eyes. "If the *tuan* desires Ona. She has been so sad, but she has been faithful; and she has remained away, as requested, to see if without her the *tuan* might find felicity."

"The *tuan* did not find it," Dal told her grimly. And drugged himself with drink, and took her, with grim ironic laughter, into his arms. And Ona, smiling sly smiles, watched and waited.

The reason-wrecking headaches did not cease at once; it required a patience and a play-acting which were perhaps the hardest test of all that time of trial.

But there came at last a day when Dal could drive to Taletatan and whisper to his friend: "Dirk, I believe it's gone—I really do! I haven't had a headache, or one of those horrible dreams, for over three weeks; and I'm feeling perfectly fit. Dirk, don't you think it's time . . .?"

"*Ja*," agreed the Dutchman, stolidly, solemnly pleased.

A few days after that Dal was summoned to a company conference at Batavia. There was the telegram; and there was talk all over the plantation, among the employees and coolies, of big changes to be made. Dal was seen to go about humming, interested and contented, absorbed in estate affairs. Ona too was lulled and contented. With her own hands she packed a bag for him.

He took nothing else; he would be back the next day. She had made careful inquiries long before this and knew that the annulment of his marriage was an established fact. Wherefore, without premonition, she let him depart.

Dirk was waiting for him in Batavia, with everything needed and the tickets in his pocket, and hustled him onto a boat which sailed that same hour . . . And unless a man bears it on him when he leaves, over a sea the Malay curse may not travel.

And when, after more weary weeks, Dal finally ran down the gangplank at the Southampton dock, there was Betty! And he took her in his arms and found himself free. Free! And cleansed by much suffering and endurance.

Sir Henry had come too, because Betty had made him. He was certain that he could never forgive Dal, even though he could not deny his daughter, any more now than in the beginning.

But when he saw the fined face of the younger man—when he saw the two in each other's arms, somehow it came to the father that a love like that was too big a thing to ignore or cavil at; and his hand went out to Dal.

Next day there was a new ceremony, arranged by special license—less picturesque than the first had been, perhaps, because it was all done so quickly, but somehow even more impressive. And after it was over, late that night, cradled in the circle of her husband's arm, Betty said:

"Dal, I wouldn't have chosen to go through it, and I wouldn't choose it for another girl! But if everything had gone normally and right for us, although we'd have been happy, perhaps we'd never have felt the way we do tonight.

"Now, Dal, we *know* that there isn't anything—anywhere—that can part us, ever! And somehow I don't seem to mind any more anything that happened—all the bitterness is gone. Because—isn't it true, Dal?—this minute is worth it!" And Betty bent her head to press her lips once more into his palm.

Alone with his dog at Taletatan, Dirk van Haeften took out the stone jug and filled a glass to the brim. A cable signed, "Dal and Betty," lay on his table. "Well, here's to them!" he said, and drank. "Some seem to be born for one life and some for another—and our place, old fellow, I fancy is here. But it must be tough," added Dirk thoughtfully, "on a dog—who doesn't like gin."

No Mother to Guide Her *by Anita Loos* (*Continued from page 67*)

stripped from her—and then be expected to face a terrific moral and physical ordeal, without sympathy or encouragement! I was overwhelmed with pity.

Now Goldmark turned toward me. "Here's Elmer Bliss," he said. "He's been appointed Czar of the Barco Murder Case."

Viola's whole face brightened up. "Oh," she said, "that's wonderful!" and I gave her probably the only reassuring smile she had had that morning.

"Now," continued Goldmark, "his first job is to try and teach you a few quiet occupations that will keep you out of the scandal sheets in the future."

Viola said nothing, but at that moment how I hated Goldmark!

"Go on to your lunch," he continued, "and listen to what Elmer tells you."

"Yes, Mr. Goldmark," said Viola.

Goldmark, with a parting "I'll see you later," left us. Viola turned toward myself, with a big sigh of relief.

She impulsively took my hand to lead me off toward the bungalow which served her as "home" while at the studio and she did it with such friendly confidence I felt ashamed that I had conjured her up in my mind as a dangerous girl, a "vamp" who might entangle me.

We entered the bungalow and went through the hallway and dressing room into an exotic sort of—well, shall I say, boudoir?—which was hung with black satin and decorated in tones of red.

Once there, Viola insisted on making me "comfy" with cushions on the broad black velvet divan. To tell the truth, I was anything but "comfy," but her intentions were so charmingly hospitable that I did not like to reveal to the poor child that I preferred to be sitting upright in an honest wooden chair.

Once she had me "comfy" (as she thought), she looked about the boudoir and then, remarking that the sun was much too bright, she pulled down the blinds and turned on the light in a small red hanging lantern.

"*Now* I'm ready!" she exclaimed, starting toward the divan. Then suddenly she stopped as if a new idea had struck her. "Wait a minute!" she cried. She ran over to a teakwood table and lighted some Chinese incense in a burner.

Then back to the divan she came, picked up a cushion, threw it on the floor and settled down beside me, leaning her head against my knees.

"*Now!*" she exclaimed, in childish anticipation, gazing up at me.

I BEGAN my inquisition by asking her how she had ever gotten started in this terrible addiction.

It was truly a pitiable tale Viola Lake unfolded—a tale not of the glamour of screen life, but of its dull drudgery.

For years Viola Lake, no matter how tired, or even ill, had had to spend hours, day in and day out, posturing prettily before a camera. Finally the spoken film made its appearance in Hollywood, and Viola Lake was called upon to *memorize speeches* which seemed to her to be well-nigh endless. One day, just before an important scene, something in the poor little head went "snap!"—her mind became a complete blank and the "shot" had to be put off to the next day.

That evening, discouraged and utterly brain weary, Viola allowed a chance acquaintance she had made in a hairdressing parlor to argue her into attending a party in the hope that it might revive her spirits. The party had started off innocuously enough—merely some noisy clowning on the part of a few of the boys present—but Viola's depression had increased; so she had asked her hostess for an aspirin tablet.

The hostess had jumped up, run out and returned with a little box full of white powder and a nail file. Dipping the tip of the file into the box, she expertly gathered up a small mound of the powder, held it to Viola's nostrils and told her to inhale. But Viola first inquired what it might be.

"It's something that's better for you girls than the medicine you're always taking," was the hostess' reply, so Viola did not hesitate to do as she told her.

As a result, Viola's depression disappeared as if by magic. And next day, on repeating the experiment with some of the powder presented to her by her "generous" hostess, Viola *had been able to remember every one of her lines!* But at that moment was the dread die cast—Viola began to rely on this terrible means of stimulation until she could no longer get along without it.

Then slowly she had started to lose caste among decent film folk. Today she had no real friends; no one to give her sympathetic aid or guidance.

As she finished telling me her story tears were flooding her eyes. Grasping my hand, she held it to her cheek and cried, "Oh, Elmer, you must help me!"

"Yes, Viola, I will," said I.

"If you will promise to stand by me, Elmer, I can give it up *at once*—today!"

"But Viola, is that possible?" I asked.

She now looked up at me, and said:

"I only need it when I have a headache. And I only have a headache when I haven't had any for *quite a while!*"

Well, this was good news indeed, for I had understood that the habit, in Viola, was established. I cannot describe what a relief it was to hear the contrary from her own lips. I pressed her little hand and said, "My dear, dear child, you can count on me to stand by you through everything!"

At this juncture the colored maid entered with sandwiches, salad and coffee, and, gently withdrawing my hand, I arose. The maid started to serve us but Viola dismissed the girl, sending her on an errand. I was hungry, so I sat at the little table and began to help myself.

Viola, leaning back against the black divan, continued to gaze up at me. Finally she reached down into the red satin top of her pajamas and brought forth a crumpled newspaper clipping.

"Elmer," she said softly, "do you know what this is?" Without awaiting an answer, she continued: "It's what you wrote about me. And, oh, Elmer, *you don't know what it's done to me!*"

Her words were ringing with sincerity, and I could not down a sensation of the prideful pleasure of male mastery.

"And what *has* it done to you, Viola?" I inquired.

"Elmer," she cried, "nobody ever before realized that I loved birds and bees and flowers! Why, I never even knew it myself, until *you told me!*"

"So, Viola," I said, "I have helped reveal you to yourself!"

"That's it!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Elmer, you know everything!" She sank to her knees and buried her head in my lap.

Well, this would never do! What if someone were to enter and misunderstand? I gently disengaged myself, and realizing it might be well for the conversation to take a different turn, I began to broach the matter of Viola's too careless attitude, in the past, toward admirers of the opposite sex.

"Viola," said I earnestly, "I want you to give me your word of honor that in the future you will keep your good name high above the possibility of smirch!"

"Oh, I will, Elmer!" she cried out, and once again she grasped my hand.

"Hold yourself sacred," I continued, "for a time when you may stand proudly before the marriage altar with some *good* man who *respects* you by your side!"

"Oh, Elmer!" she cried, ecstatically taking my other hand and pressing both.

"And," I continued, a strange new exaltation coming over me, "promise me that when you feel the interest of one of the opposite sex is merely in your frail beauty, and *not* in your mind or in your moral attributes, you will shun him as you might a plague!"

"I will!" she cried, and she raised my hand to her lips—a gesture of repentance and contrition.

Well, somewhat shaken by the beauty of her repentance, I started to go on, but I hadn't gotten far when I was startled by Goldmark's voice from the hallway, calling, "Hey, where are you?"

I quickly got up, for I knew the evil mind of Goldmark would never understand the innocence of our juxtaposition.

Then I went to the window, raised the blinds and opened the casement.

GOLDMARK entered and stopped short. He looked at Viola and then at myself, after which his gaze traveled to the red lantern and the incense burner. And such is the power of evil suggestion on the human mind that I actually found myself blushing.

"Well," said Goldmark, "how far have you got?"

I cleared my throat. "Mr. Goldmark," I said, "Viola has finished with this addiction, today, once and for all time."

"Uh-huh? What makes you think so?"

"Because she's given me her word of honor," I replied.

Goldmark still looked unconvinced. Viola, noting his attitude, now did a magnificent thing. Pulling up one leg of her pajamas, she reached down into her stocking, took out a little white paper packet, held it up and cried: *"There it is, Mr. Goldmark!"* Then she went over to the open window and threw it far out into her patio.

But Goldmark was still stubbornly unmoved. "I seen a fellow do that in a play once," he stated, "and I had the feeling he went out after the curtain dropped and picked it up again." Then he added dryly, "You better try knocking off a little bit at a time until you get yourself down to a maximum."

He now turned to me.

"What else have you done?" he asked.

"We've talked over everything!" said I.

"Yes? And what's your program?"

"Sit down, Mr. Goldmark," I said. He sat, as did Viola and myself. "Mr. Goldmark, first of all, Viola, at the present time, is living alone except for hired help. She ought to have a chaperon."

Goldmark's face brightened at last. "Now, that's an idea!" he exclaimed.

Encouraged, I turned to Viola and asked: "Viola, would you consent to our sending for your nearest living relative, to introduce into your home a touch of family life?"

Viola's face took on an expression of reluctance and she did not answer.

"Now, Viola," I urged, "didn't you promise to do *everything* you could to help *me?*"

Viola thought a moment longer, then smiled up at me and said, "All right,

When You Go To Bed
Can You Go To Sleep?

Now there's a way without drugs

—that not only brings instant sleep;
but builds *new energy while you sleep!*

WHEN you go to bed do you have trouble going to sleep? Do you wake up in the morning feeling dragged out—nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate—your vitality drained by afternoon?

This, authorities say, keeps thousands of people below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern medical science has found a natural way to combat this. A way without drugs. A way that usually brings instant, restful sleep and creates new vitality in mind and body while you sleep!

Morning finds you a new man—fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the vitality to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A remarkable Swiss food-drink does this for you, as it has for thousands already. A simple food concentrate that you mix with milk. A super-delicious drink that's making a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous, sleep-starved people.

What It Is

This scientific food-concentrate is called Ovaltine. You simply take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime, it brings you both sleep and vitality in a natural way.

First, it induces sleep. A few minutes after you go to bed, you get sound, natural sleep. For Ovaltine contains no drugs—as every doctor knows.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties re-supply your system with the vitality lost during the busy day. For it contains in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to vital energy. And thus you not only enjoy sleep as soon as you go to bed; you get the *kind of sleep that re-builds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well. You feel like a new person all the next day!

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
if unable to secure locally

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. B-14, S
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(*Print name and address clearly*)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*) 720R

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

Elmer. I'll do anything you tell me."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, and turned to Goldmark as if to say: "There! You see?"

"Very well," he said. "We'll send a telegram. Who is your nearest relative?"

"It's Neal Jones," said Viola, "a chiropodist in Kansas City. He's my husband."

Well, this news fell on us like a bombshell, for not even Goldmark was aware that Viola had ever been married.

He slumped into his chair and gave me one long look. "That's a *fine* idea!" he said. "America's Favorite Film Flopper *married*—and to a foot doctor!"

Viola realized by now that her frank revelation had been ill-advised and she tried to rectify matters by telling us that very few people knew about the marriage.

"Viola, haven't you a *female* relation of some sort?" I inquired of her.

"Oh, yes," spoke up Viola; "my papa's sister lives in Manitoba."

"Excellent!" I exclaimed.

"Yes?" said Goldmark. "Well, what's her name and police record?"

"Oh, Mr. Goldmark!" cried the poor child, hurt. "She's my Auntie Minnie and she's never been arrested in her life!"

This sounded most encouraging—even Goldmark appeared to cheer up a trace.

"All right!" he remarked, and turning to me, he said, "Send her a telegram."

Viola scurried about and brought a pencil and a telegraph blank. I sat down at the desk and asked Viola for her aunt's name and the address.

"It's Miss Minnie Horsefeather," began Viola, "and she lives——" But a sharp exclamation from Goldmark stopped her.

"What's that name?" he asked ominously.

"Horsefeather," faltered Viola.

"Horsefeather?" he reinquired. "And she's your *father's* sister?"

"Yes," said Viola.

"So!" said Goldmark. "That means for a *real* name, you've got a name like *'Horsefeather'?"*

Viola was frightened—but she nodded.

Goldmark gave me a bitter look. "And *you,"* he said—*"you* want to drag the auntie clear down here from Manitoba in order to let the whole world know it!"

I felt myself perilously approaching impatience. "Mr. Goldmark," I said, "after all, what's in a name? The whole world knows that Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith and that Billie Dove's is Lillian Bohny. Let it also know that Viola Lake's is——"

Turning to Viola, I asked, "What is your Christian name?"

"Ruby," she faltered.

"Ruby Horsefeather!" repeated Goldmark, and he shook his head in despair.

"Now look here, Mr. Goldmark," I finally broke in. "As a name, 'Horsefeather,' I grant you, may sound peculiar, but, at the same time, it also sounds *real* and *honest.* Let us send for this aunt and face the matter. There's a note of sound security about it which I like."

"Oh, you do?" he inquired.

"Moreover," I went on, "if we publicize the fact that Viola's father was a Horsefeather, the Public will feel that he actually *existed* and that we are not merely *trumping up a father* for Viola."

Goldmark gazed at me, amazed at my ability to find, in any cloud, a spot of silver lining "Well," he said finally, "I give in. Send for Auntie Minnie. Things couldn't be worse, whatever happens!"

The upshot was that I wrote a telegram to Miss Horsefeather to come at once.

The assistant director now entered to tell Viola she must get ready for work, so Goldmark and I started back toward his office. On the way I tried to dispel his gloom. "Cheer up, Mr. Goldmark," said I. "Think how much has been ac-

complished in one day only! Why, I am delighted. Things couldn't be better. With Viola's addiction finished, we can count on her keeping her head——"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and stopped short.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You better go back and pick up that package of stuff she threw out of the window," he said. "Some of them child actors might get hold of it and they're fresh enough already!"

So I went back to the patio and searched but could not find the packet. What could have become of it?

Had Viola, after all, betrayed my trust?

I entered the bungalow, an icy chill upon my heart. The door to the boudoir stood open. I stopped and looked. Viola was there, but she did not hear me. And as I watched, my heart stood still.

Yes, she had the packet in her hand. She was undoing the paper! She had failed! Bitterness flooded my heart.

Now she had the packet open. She gazed into it, and I could see, even from where I stood, that she was trembling.

And *then*, Viola rushed over to the teakwood table, jammed the packet, powder and all, into the smoldering incense burner, and fell to her knees on the floor, shaking with violent sobs.

"Viola!" I cried, overcome with joy at her victory.

Startled, she looked up.

I reached her side and raised her to her feet. Still sobbing, she buried her curly golden head against my chest.

"I d-did it f-for you, Elmer," she stammered between her sobs.

I put my arms around her and let her cry her little heart out.

And as I stood there, with this wayward little thing held close in my arms, a strange new elation surged through me, stronger and more uplifting than any I had ever before experienced in all my searchings for the better things of life.

And yet, at the same time, I was conscious that I was a Moral Arbiter, and she a beautiful blonde, and the world, if it could have seen, would never have understood. Why, but a few brief hours before, I myself would not have believed such a situation possible.

Was I developing in human understanding? Was this frail little creature whom I had "pitied" and "patronized," and "condescended" to "guide," perhaps going to teach *me* something?

Was she? Further developments in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

Hunted

(*Continued from page 32*)

died for. Perhaps it is a throwback to those far-away ages when all men felt kinship with the hunted.

Imagine, if you can, all the terrors of a hunted, stalked, surrounded animal. Multiply them a thousandfold and you have not even approached the terror of the hunted human.

The animal has no imagination as he runs. But in running, hiding, we see not only the cage, the gun, the pursuers we are trying to escape, but all that will follow with capture.

At Quebec we organized ourselves as best we could against the danger of being captured or kidnaped. And so commenced our period of fugitiving—an existence that gradually sharpened all our age-old animal instincts against pursuers. We were driven and stalked from place to place, sometimes as a whole family, sometimes in divided groups. Eventually Monty and I became such harried nervous wrecks we were secretly

5 o'clock · MIXED . .
6 o'clock-jelled

A delicious new dessert — at trifling cost

LIME LOUISE—Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert (lime flavor) in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken. Mix in ½ cup canned cherries and 1 banana, sliced. Pour in mould and chill until firm. Serve plain, with whipped cream, or with custard sauce. Canned seedless grapes, drained from syrup, may be used in place of canned cherries. Serves 6-8

Approximate cost—16¢

This new Royal Quick Setting Gelatin Sets in half the Usual Time

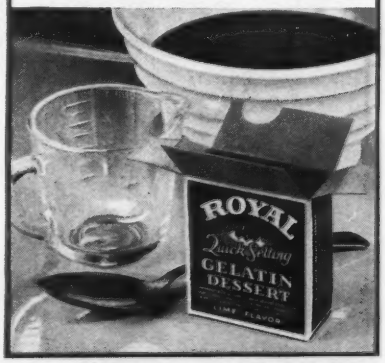
IMAGINE! A gelatin that sets in an hour. That's good news, you'll agree, if you have meals to prepare in a hurry.

You mix this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin just before the rest of the meal is put on to cook. At dessert time it's ready — perfectly set — tender-textured, quivery, smooth.

What a convenience! No more bother about making your gelatin hours ahead. No more uncertainty, wondering if it will "jell" on time.

Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin is something entirely new—made by a formula recently developed in the laboratory of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

So please don't confuse it with any other gelatin you have used or may be using. Royal sets nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.



Six delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange and a brand new flavor — Lime

And, in addition to this convenience of rapid setting, you get a full-bodied, richer flavor.

Remember, mothers, that gelatin is good for your children. So be generous with Royal. Serve it often.

But—when you buy—insist on getting the *quick setting* kind. Ask for it by name —Royal Gelatin Dessert.

ROYAL Quick Setting Gelatin Dessert

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.. in Fencing it's TOUCH

Chester

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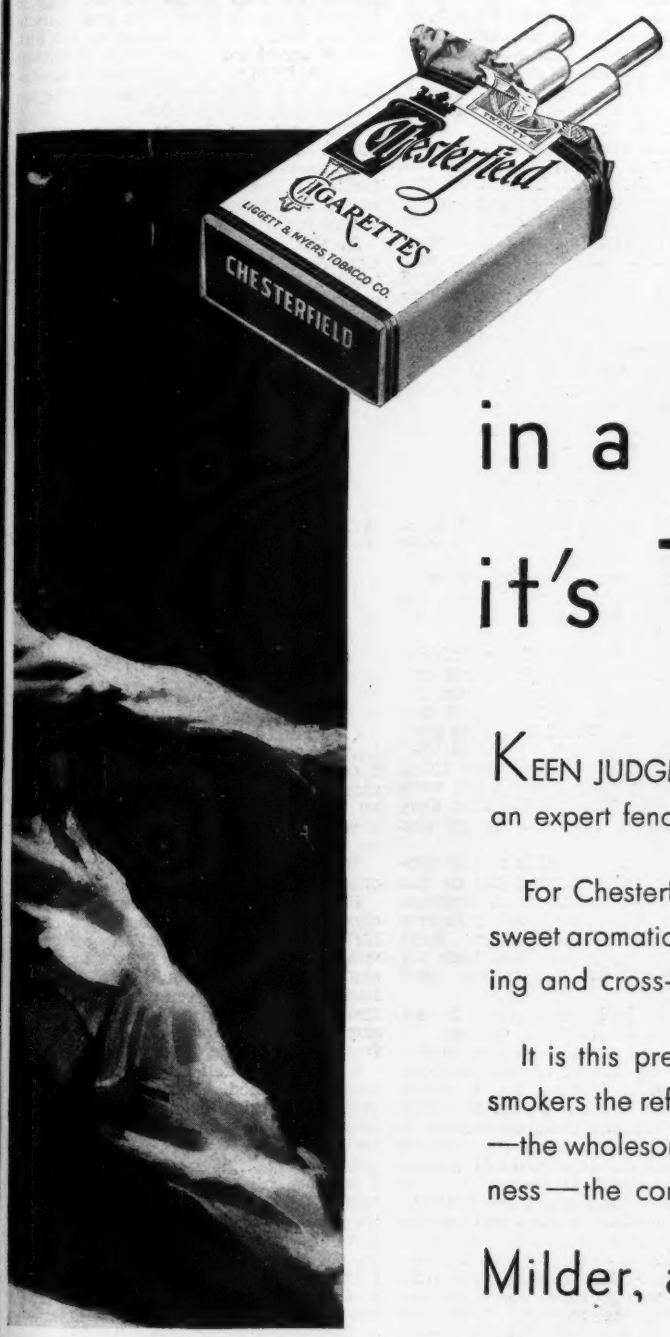

in a Cigarette it's TASTE!

KEEN JUDGMENT and unerring accuracy help make an expert fencer—or a good cigarette.

* * *

For Chesterfield, judgment of the rarest sort selects sweet aromatic tobaccos—accuracy guides their blending and cross-blending to an exact balance.

* * *

It is this precise formula which assures Chesterfield smokers the refreshing fragrance of thoroughly aged leaf—the wholesome flavor of well-rounded tobacco goodness—the complete satisfaction of a cigarette that is

Milder, and of Better Taste!

field

popularity must be deserved

WHICH *of these* Mistakes *in* English do You make?

After you have talked with a person, what impression do you leave? Your English helps or hurts you, and poor English hurts you more than you will ever know.

HOW often do you hear others say "I didn't see him since . . .", "those kind," "she don't care," "nowheres." Persons who make these mistakes are never *sure* of themselves. They seldom know, for example, whether or not to spell "judgment" with an "e" after the "g" or "recommend" with one or two "c's" or "m's". They often hesitate to use simple words like "finance" and "penalize" for fear of pronouncing them wrong. They are inclined to overwork commonplace words such as "wonderful", "clever", "adorable," and "marvelous" until their speech and writing become dull and lifeless. How grossly their careless mistakes and hackneyed language *misrepresent them!*

What does Your English Tell About You?

Yet are you *sure* that your mistakes in English do not offend others as much as these offend you? Unfortunately, if you make mistakes you are unconscious of them. Others *do* notice them, however, and misjudge you accordingly. Even if you are not guilty of the slips mentioned above, is it not possible that you make other equally unpardonable blunders without realizing it?

Every time you talk or write your English either *handicaps* or *helps* you. It has more to do with your progress in life than you yourself may fully realize. To be on the safe side *always*, find out now about the discoveries made by Sherwin Cody, the famous authority on English. After many experiments he finally invented a simple, patented method through which over 70,000 persons have already benefited. You are invited to learn, in detail, what it can do *for you.*

FREE BOOKLET ON ENGLISH

If you want to learn exactly how to get rid of embarrassing mistakes in grammar, pronunciation, spelling, punctuation—how to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, persuasively—how to gain the self-confidence that easy familiarity with good English always brings—send TODAY for our free booklet "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." Simply send the coupon, a letter, or a postal card. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 1411 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

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(This valuable booklet can not be sent to children)

thinking of capture as a merciful relief.

But let me tell you the story of our hunted lives from the day we became fugitives from justice.

We made our get-away to Canada in a big car geared for tremendous speed. Until that moment I had always looked the world in the face. But almost immediately I had a deep sense of guilt that swiftly made me the prey of fears which grip only the hunted.

Monty and I were either very tense or nervously alert. What a contrast we were to our children! They were like kids starting off on a long picnic.

My second son is a keen observer. He watched me as we drove at sixty, seventy and eighty miles an hour in our race for freedom. Finally he asked why I kept looking behind. Was somebody after us? Was I afraid? I am sure the same questions were on the others' lips. They waited intently for my answer.

I said Daddy was trying to beat all the other cars. Thus commenced the long series of "white lies" I had to tell my children. It always went against my grain to tell them.

I wondered at the moment how I could ever tell them the truth. This would have to be done sooner or later. Fairy tales couldn't go on forever—not after they found out that their happy play plans were not coming true. We would have to refuse them the companionship of other children, keep them indoors like caged cubs. All this passed through my heart like a knife.

I had always thought of my children as far removed from danger, deceit and disgrace. They had always given me their whole-hearted confidence. I had given them mine. Would they soon grow suspicious of my answers? Would they lose faith in me? Would they think badly of me if they learned we were hunted people? The thought that they might do any or all these things was unbearable.

I was in dread of trouble at the border. A high fever burned me as the customs officials examined our luggage. It seemed as if we were waiting forever to have them check us through. Each car that drove up to the line made my heart stand still for fear it was filled with detectives.

I felt as if I had run a brutal Indian gantlet when we reached Quebec. A big hotel is not exactly the best hiding place. But we stayed at the Château Frontenac while looking for a haven off the beaten tracks. I was in terror that Monty or the children would be kidnaped. The chances of this seemed less in a public place crowded with people.

Our big problems in Quebec were to stay under cover and guard the children. We were determined to keep them under our eyes every moment. The first night we held a council of war. I told the kiddies we must remain in our rooms most of the time because there was a scarlet-fever epidemic in Quebec. I warned them not to go anywhere without Daddy or me. I told them they must not speak to anyone, or make friends with any other children.

They looked downcast, and some of their holiday spirits flitted away before my eyes. I believe they sensed that something far beyond their understanding was wrong. They tried to help, and were good little soldiers about staying in the rooms. But they were constantly looking wistfully out of the windows, and my heart went out to them.

A fugitive from justice must provide himself with secret, grapevine means of information about his pursuers. Monty had made such arrangements in New York. A fearful warning came to us shortly. We were told that the bonding company's men were on our trail, sworn to bring Monty back to the States. A plane was said to be on the way to Quebec with six New York gangsters to kidnap him. If they failed to get him, one of the children was to be abducted!

I was frantic. Every sound that suggested an airplane sent me rushing apprehensively to a window.

The next day Quebec newspapers reported the landing of a mysterious plane in a near-by field. I bought an automatic, feeling that I might find myself at bay any moment. We didn't leave our rooms for four days.

In the meantime we obtained added protection from the outside. It is impossible for hunted people not to take someone into their confidence. Usually we found help and sympathy, especially from the very human Canadians.

We were singularly blessed with "good fairies" in our hunted life. Utter strangers often proffered aid, and some helped us in our tightest situations. But the first two men we appealed to for protection in Quebec eventually proved false.

After our long siege indoors I dared to take the children to a park. I sat on a bench in front of Taschereau's statue and watched them play. Suddenly four men converged upon us from different points. I saw an underworld gorilla in each.

As a rule I am capable of action in an emergency. But when my children are in danger, I momentarily fail to function, or become hysterical. I grew positively numb as one of the gangsters approached my little girl. I was sure he was going to kidnap her.

He smiled horribly as if trying to coax her. The automatic was in my bag, but I could not move a finger. I tried to scream. Even my voice was paralyzed by fear. The sinister creatures were closing around us. The horribly smiling gorilla came nearer. He said something.

"Don't talk to that bad man, sis!" cried my eldest boy.

His warning magically ended my paralysis. I screamed and flew between my little girl and the startled gorilla. I was shaking violently from fright and excitement. But I would have shot him had he moved one step closer. A policeman and other people had heard me scream. They came running. But the four gangsters had taken to their heels.

I didn't dare tell the officer what had really happened. I merely said I had become hysterical at sight of a man who looked as if he wanted to lure my daughter away.

Still badly frightened, but in command, I called a cab. We drove rapidly to the hotel. I did not feel out of danger until we were behind locked doors. The children had accepted my explanation to the policeman as the real reason for what had happened. I stressed this experience as the reason why they must never have anything to do with strange people, especially evil-looking men.

There are persons who traffic in the fears of the hunted. At a moment when we were in the greatest danger of being tracked down in Quebec the two men in whom we had placed our trust victimized us by a blackmail plot. I bought them off, realizing it meant only temporary immunity. We were in their power. They would strike again for more money. Quebec was no longer safe for us.

Monty had finally located a hiding place on Lake St. Joseph. It was off the beaten track, deep in the big woods. Under cover of the utmost secrecy we drove at top speed through the night to the new haven of refuge. We took three servants: a chauffeur named

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 qt. milk—and other food to suit the taste.*

2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —**the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.**

Harold; Harry, a Chinese chef; and Margaret, an Irish maid.

During the wild ride to Lake St. Joseph I was overshadowed by the fear that the blackmailers—and perhaps the gorillas—were behind us. But we reached our new hiding place without interference.

We now changed our name to Marvin. The children could not understand why, and asked many questions. I said Marvin was a Canadian name, and better for us since we were living in the Dominion. Our house had a little porch on the roof. The kiddies were under orders not to leave the premises. But I let them play outside for an hour or so every day while I stood guard on the roof porch.

Although we had always liked society we were forced to live in strict isolation, shunning all social contacts.

Monty's father unexpectedly arrived from New York with terrifying news. He had learned that more kidnaping attempts were afoot. Federal agents were also on the trail again. With the net closing around us, we decided it was best to separate. Monty slipped away to Montreal and lived there in secrecy.

HE USED to drive down to visit us at night. I was half crazed when he made these trips. I had a persistent premonition that he would be taken from us on one of his nocturnal trips. My presentiment of disaster was so great on one occasion—I thought he was going to be ambushed on the way back to Montreal—that I insisted on accompanying him part of the way.

A car apparently followed us in the night, hanging closely on our speeding trail. We had a motor breakdown in the St. Basil forest. The roar of the overtaking car filled us with panic. We ran into the vast dark woods like hunted wild creatures.

Finally we stumbled upon a woodsman's cabin. He and his family saw we were in trouble and took us in. They did not let us venture forth again until the woodsman had made sure there was no one on our trail.

I was a nervous wreck after leaving Monty, and returned to the children like a shell-shocked person. I grew haggard and lost pounds overnight.

The telephone rang at midnight once, an unnerving, eerie sound in the stillness. Immediately I thought Monty was in some desperate corner. His voice on the wire took my breath away. I dropped the receiver from sheer shock when he said he was in New York. But he was safe for the moment. The strain of the hunted had driven him to risk capture in an effort to see about his case. He said his influential "silent" partner had promised to exonerate him shortly.

I was terribly upset until Monty returned safely. Subsequently, he made two more secret trips to New York, and on both occasions I was at the breaking point. Only the necessity of guarding the children kept me from collapsing.

The early Canadian cold proved nearly fatal to their health. My eldest boy had previously sustained a serious head injury in a fall. Grippe sapped his strength. The old wound bothered him again. European and New York specialists had already told me that in case this situation arose a serious operation might be necessary. I had been advised that a certain Boston physician was the one person qualified to make a decision on this point. Going to Boston meant a chance of capture. But my child's life was in danger. I had to take the risk.

The Boston doctor ordered a thorough examination and observation at the hospital.

Monty and I communicated nightly by long distance. It was risky but he was in desperate suspense over our boy's condition. One night his call did not come through. As I waited in my room, beset by fears, there was a knock at my door. I jumped, believing I had been tracked and trapped. It was Monty! He had come to hear the doctor's verdict, leaving his father to guard our other children.

Oh, the blessed relief of that verdict! The operation was not necessary.

Heavily disguised, we recrossed the line and slipped back to our hiding place on Lake St. Joseph. The next day our youngest son came down with a serious illness which necessitated an immediate operation. I became ill with a sore throat. Monty was a ghost of his old self. His father, too, had come under the harrowing spell of the hunted.

We were very near to giving up. In our desperate situation surrender seemed to promise God-given relief.

Then one day Margaret, my little Irish maid, came to me with the news that meant we were on the verge of being cornered and captured. She knew an immigration doctor. Through him she had learned that the Canadian immigration authorities at the request of the United States Government were going to deport an American family named Montgomery for having overstayed its visiting period. If we were sent back to America it meant certain capture and imprisonment for my husband.

Margaret said she knew we were the Montgomerys, not the Marvins, because she had seen "Montgomery" on some of our linen. I was in the desperate position of the stalked animal. Where to run next? Where to turn? The next move might be fatal, the end!

With the youngest boy ill we could not run away from civilization. We could not go far from a specialist. We ran to Toronto. There my boy went through unspeakable pain in a hospital. But his grit and fortitude prevailed.

We moved to another home on a lake beyond the city. Our period of greatest secrecy commenced. Discovery by any of our many pursuers—the bond company's hirelings; the United States postal inspectors; the Quebec blackmailers; the Canadian immigration authorities—meant the end. We kept the children indoors constantly except in the evening.

Something now happened in the kitchen which was shortly to bring our pursuers to the front door. The chauffeur had been constantly badgering Harry, the Chinese chef. Finally the chef turned on his tormentor with a knife and attacked him.

Only my two boys were in the kitchen at the time. Terrorized, they struck the enraged Chinaman over the head with two large silver candlesticks. Harry ran away. The chauffeur was horribly cut. We had to call a doctor. The story got out. Publicity resulted. It was fatal. Our house came under surveillance.

Just before Christmas a Canadian immigration officer accompanied by a United States agent knocked at the door. It was early in the morning, and a new maid admitted them. Monty and I went down together and faced them. They demanded that my husband go with them to Toronto.

In Canada, as in England, a man's home is his castle. The officers did not have warrants. I put them out of the house. They stood outside and said that Monty would be much better off if he went with them. The strain of being hunted, fugitiving, and the children's sickness had worn Monty down. His usually quick faculties were not working. He agreed to go with them.

But I still believed in fighting for our freedom. It was a desperate situation that called for like measures. I summoned Harold. His knife wounds had healed. I told him the police were after Mr. Montgomery. I said he must be spirited away.

"Will you help him?" I asked.

"With my life, madam," he said, probably remembering my boys had saved his own life.

We went outside. I told the officers we would go with them. One wanted to ride in our car. I refused coldly, saying they had their own machine.

Harold put on speed immediately. We were running well ahead when we came to a railroad crossing. A train was blowing down the tracks. The warning bell was clanging.

"Keep on," I commanded.

We dashed across the tracks just as the gates came down, cutting off our pursuers. The train roared between us. Harold drove down a side road. Reaching a garage, Monty changed to another car and dashed for Hamilton, Ontario. He reached there safely. Under an assumed name, he remained there. I returned to the children and gave the officers no satisfaction.

But our days were numbered, and I knew it.

The children and I went in stealth to spend Christmas day with Monty in his hotel room at Hamilton. He had fixed a pathetic little tree and decorated it with such simple gifts as he had been able to buy.

The children tried to make it a merry Christmas. But it was obvious that their holiday was overshadowed by their parents' anxiety and fear, which they couldn't understand. Monty and I realized then that we had been hunted and stalked to the bitter end.

In desperation we shortly made a secret trip to New York, hoping to make Monty's influential silent partner exonerate him. Through motives of misplaced idealism and generosity, Monty had been shielding this man. The latter made more grand promises. But I demanded action.

I told Monty to make his associate stand trial with him. But the man influenced Monty to give him a little more time to straighten the case out.

THERE was nothing to do but to go back to our harrowing, hunted life. We decided to drive to Harmon, New York, and slip aboard the Canadian train there. Having exercised the utmost secrecy, we hoped to elude our hunters once more. But at that very moment the long arm of the law was about to clutch us.

As our taxicab stopped opposite the Commodore Hotel in New York en route to Harmon, two detectives jumped on the running board. They were operatives for the bonding company. I knew they were without authority to arrest Monty. That was a job for the United States authorities. I wanted to throw my arms around one of the men and scream, so that Monty could run out on them. But he permitted them to take him.

The next day he was held for $100,000, which he could not raise. Monty went to jail. On the stand he exonerated his influential silent partner (since tried and found guilty of graft) who had failed Monty at every turn. Monty was convicted for fraudulent use of the mails and sentenced to a term in Atlanta.

Our terrorizing experience as hunted humans had been in vain.

He Never Had a Failure *by Montague Glass* (*Continued from page 76*)

the letter and handed it to Miss Bruckman, and Miss Bruckman nodded. She was quite aware that in calling his brother a *"Macher,"* which may be roughly translated as "schemer," Max was expressing admiration for a program which at first sight appeared to be perfect except that it contained one weak spot.

That is to say, the chief actor in it had been improperly cast; for, while Miss Bruckman had never seen Eddie's play, and was not enough of a dramatic critic to judge it anyway, she had seen Eddie himself, and she was certain in her heart that it was a crackerjack, first-class, Grade-A play. This opinion was based on Eddie's voice, which was gentle and low-pitched, and was further corroborated by his manner, which was modest, as evidenced by the blush that suffused his cheeks when he and Miss Bruckman had bent over Max Lodzker's financial statement the week before.

At THAT time, she had pointed out to Eddie the excellent condition of his uncle's affairs, and in thus pointing she had accidentally touched Eddie's hand, and Eddie had been so thrilled by it that he had bumped his head against Miss Bruckman's head. And now she was to be made the tool in a plot to balk the American stage of what she felt certain, looking back on that bump on Eddie's wavy brown hair and his clean-cut features, was a masterpiece.

No wonder she was indignant when she entered the elevator at the left of the lobby in the Regency Theater. It was not a large elevator, and had just room enough to hold Miss Bruckman, the elevator man and a tall, slender young man about twenty-eight years of age, who made a much tighter squeeze of what was already a tight squeeze, and thereby heightened Miss Bruckman's indignation as well as the color in her cheeks.

"Did you wish to see somebody?" the young man inquired as he and Miss Bruckman disengaged themselves from the narrow entrance to the elevator.

Miss Bruckman glared at the young man, who was not at all embarrassed by the situation. In fact, he was never embarrassed by any situation. It was perhaps the secret of his success.

"I'm Mr. Lomax," he explained, and led the way to his private office through a door which opened directly into the hallway. He did not even pause to see if Miss Bruckman had followed, since when he invited anybody into his private office, he was always followed.

It was an opportunity for employment not to be neglected by actors and actresses in the present parlous condition of the New York theater, but Miss Bruckman was not an actress. In a way she represented the dramatist's side, and she proceeded to the outer office, where she was the only person who did not crave a personal audience with Mr. Lomax.

"Hand this letter to Mr. Lomax," she said to the female typist, who combined with stenography the functions of an office boy and a telephone operator. "I'll wait for an answer."

"Then you'll wait an awful long time," the operator said. "Mr. Lomax don't dictate his letters till half past five."

"But this is from his father," Miss Bruckman said, and the telephone operator was about to retort that nobody could get no letter in to Mr. Lomax with no song and dance like that, when she was interrupted by a sharp buzz from the switchboard.

"Yes, Mr. Lomax," she said, and immediately all the occupants of the room except Miss Bruckman sat up in their chairs and prepared to leap into Mr. Lomax's presence as soon as they were summoned.

"Yes, Mr. Lomax," the operator continued after a pause. Then followed two or three more pauses, punctuated by the words, "Yes, Mr. Lomax," from the telephone operator, and at length she spoke to Miss Bruckman.

"You're to go right in there," she said, and with complete unison all the occupants of the room slumped in their seats —all except Miss Bruckman and a young or youngish lady who looked enough like Miss Bruckman to be related to her.

"Should *she* go in first when *I've* been waiting here since already ten o'clock?" this youngish person said indignantly.

"Did anyone ask you you should wait here, Miss Somerville?" the operator retorted. On many other occasions, there had been a sharp buzz at the switchboard, and the operator had been directed by Mr. Lomax to admit Miss Somerville, so her resemblance to Miss Bruckman was more than coincidence. It indicated that both Miss Bruckman and Miss Somerville conformed to a type admired by Lomax.

Miss Somerville favored Miss Bruckman and the telephone operator with a look which in lower circles often precedes a hair-pulling and face-scratching combat, but Miss Bruckman was entirely unconscious of it. In fact, she was as little anxious to go into Lomax's room as Miss Somerville in her jealousy could have wished, and she handed the letter again to the telephone operator.

"Just give him that letter and tell him I'm waiting for an answer," she said. "This lady is ahead of me anyway."

She smiled at Miss Somerville, who became at once apologetic and tearful.

"You've got to forgive me, dearie," she said, grasping Miss Bruckman's hand. "He's been stringing me along now for a couple of months, and"—here she looked about her at the other ladies and gentlemen of the stage, whose masklike faces had suddenly become alert—"tell you some other time," she murmured and squeezed Miss Bruckman's hand affectionately.

As for Miss Bruckman, she was quite unaccustomed to sudden theatrical friendships, which spring to full blossom after two hours of ensemble waiting in a manager's anteroom, and wither in two minutes if one party to the friendship gets the job and the other doesn't. Suddenly she felt that the Lomax office was warm enough to make her cheeks positively flame, and she longed to exchange its odor of jasmine, quinine hair tonic, face powder and cigarets for the unaffected atmosphere of Max Lodzker's raw-fur warehouse. In fact, she was meditating a quick retreat, when the telephone operator reentered the room.

"Mr. Lomax never puts nothing in writing if he can help it," she announced. "So go inside and see him, and rub that make-up off. Mr. Lomax likes 'em pale."

She almost thrust Miss Bruckman through the door as she spoke, and almost before Miss Bruckman was aware of it, she stood in the presence of that noted theatrical manager, the one theatrical manager who had never had a failure—Mr. Lomax himself.

"Sit down, dear," he said, and Miss Bruckman immediately bridled.

"Now, look here, Mr. Lomax," she began, "I'm not an actress, and——"

"You don't mean 'and,'" Mr. Lomax said. "You mean 'but.' You're not an actress, *but* you ought to be."

Miss Bruckman was so surprised at this unexpected statement that, against her impulse to leave, she did sit down.

"And when I tell you that you ought to be an actress, young lady," Lomax continued, "I'm giving you my expert opinion. I've never had a failure yet, and don't intend to, and I say that you've got everything—the face, the presence, the figure, everything."

"You're crazy!" Miss Bruckman exclaimed.

"And the voice," Lomax continued. "Anyone who can say 'You're crazy!' as dramatically as that is wasting her time as a stenographer."

He then ripped open the envelope and read his father's letter, and for the second time in five minutes Leon Lodzker's reputation as a *Macher* or schemer was severely injured, if not shattered.

"Well, if two managers are fighting for it, I'm a third," he remarked. "The play ain't bad at that."

"It's a *great* play," Miss Bruckman declared fervently, and a shade of annoyance passed over Lomax's face. It was not a pleasant face, preserving as it did all the worst features of Mr. and Mrs. Max Lodzker's faces and omitting all their good humor and kindliness. Moreover, Lomax decidedly was not good-humored over being contradicted.

"It can be made into a great play, if *I* handle it, and if I can get the right actress for the lead," he declared. "And I think I know where I can get her."

"You mean that lady outside?" Miss Bruckman asked.

"What lady outside?" Lomax retorted. "The lady I mean is sitting right here in this room. The lead in this play has got to be young, innocent, beautiful and stylish, and on condition that you play the lead, I'll produce the play."

But Miss Bruckman's capacity for blushing had been exhausted. Instead, she grew pale and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Lomax asked.

"I'm going to tell Mr. Lodzker that you won't produce his nephew's play," she said as Lomax stepped toward her. "And don't you try to stop me, either."

For half a moment, Lomax meditated seizing her arm and detaining her, and then he shrugged one shoulder and picked up the telephone. "Get me the Kosciusko Bank," he said to the operator, "and ask for Mr. Eddie Lodzker in the Loan and Discount Department."

He slammed onto its rack the one-piece instrument which New Yorkers and people engaged in the motion-picture industry erroneously believe to be the sort of telephone used by European aristocracy, and promenaded his office. At last the bell rang, and he dashed to the desk.

"Hello, Eddie," he said with a calmness he didn't feel; "I've just been reading that play of yours, and I want to see you about it."

HAD there been a witness in the room, he could have deduced from the squeak which came from the receiving end of the instrument that Eddie was excited. What he said was that as soon as the bank closed he would come up.

"Now listen, Eddie," Lomax said. "Banks don't mean a thing in my life. If I say I want to see a party, I want to see him right away, so if you ain't here in half an hour, don't come at all."

Once more he slammed the instrument onto its metal base, and lifting it

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again, he instructed the operator to send in Miss Somerville. He had hardly finished when Miss Somerville burst into the room.

"Now, listen, Jeff——" she began, when Geoffrey Lomax stopped her with one of those contemptuous facial expressions which are a specialty of the successful Broadway manager.

"So you're Jeffing me again, *are* you!" he said.

"Oh, you're frightful!" Miss Somerville exclaimed almost involuntarily.

"I am, am I?" he said, and rose menacingly from his desk. "I suppose I ought to throw you right out of here, but I can't act that way to a simp like you. I'm going to give you another chance."

"Jeff!" Miss Somerville cried, clasping her hands.

"And don't misunderstand me," he continued. "I'm going to give you a good part in a good show. It'll really get notices above the lead."

"Then it isn't the lead?" Miss Somerville cried in dismay.

"It isn't the lead for *you*, Somerville," he said. "But that ain't the point. It'll be a good part in a successful show, and it will be a success when I put it on. You know that."

Miss Somerville nodded dolefully.

"And you'll understudy the lead, so that if anything happens to her, you can step into the part," he announced.

"But who *is* the lead?" she asked, and by way of answering her question, or perhaps by way of not answering it, he lifted the telephone from his desk.

"Tell all those people I won't see anybody else today, and when my cousin Eddie Lodzker calls in about a quarter of an hour, send him right in.

"All right, Somerville," he said, as he replaced the phone; "tomorrow about this time, and I want to tell you something: anyone who can't forget today what happened yesterday, or even last winter, hasn't got any future in *this* office. Do you understand *that?*"

Miss Somerville murmured something, and by an effort, succeeded in walking steadily out of the room into the corridor, where for a moment she leaned against the elevator door to recover her strength. She had dined the night before on buckwheat cakes and coffee, in the expectation, fully realized, that the ensuing indigestion would suffice for her breakfast the next morning, but she had not reckoned on missing her luncheon, for Lomax had left word with his telephone operator the previous day that he would positively see her at ten o'clock this morning.

Only a few short months before, Lomax not only had kept appointments with Miss Somerville but had even sought them anxiously. In this instance, however, he had purposely avoided seeing Miss Somerville until two o'clock, which is a method the successful Broadway manager has of successfully terminating successful love affairs when they begin to pall.

But, Miss Somerville reflected as she proceeded to another cheap and indigestible meal, he *had* been successful with plays. For that matter, Miss Bruckman, when she had left Lomax's office, also had pondered on Lomax's remarkable success in the theater.

In fact, Miss Bruckman was no more proof against being told by a successful manager that she had in her the making of a great actress than any other good-looking stenographer would have been, and she was so flustered by it that she forgot to take the subway back to Max Lodzker's. Instead, she walked the entire distance, some two and a half miles, and consequently when she arrived she found trouble awaiting her.

"I tell you, I don't know nothing about it," she heard Max Lodzker protesting in loud tones. "She ain't come in yet."

"Oh, she ain't, ain't she?" Leon Lodzker shouted. "Well, that probably accounts for the whole thing, because you yourself said that Eddie blushed when he spoke to her."

"Could she help it if Eddie blushed?" Max demanded. "She don't encourage nobody to get fresh, like blushing."

"That's what *you* say," Leon declared, "because you're such an old-timer that you don't notice nothing. The chances is that her and him are old friends already, and now she goes to work and instead of delivering that letter, y'understand, she probably begs your son he should put on the play."

"Did *I* want to send the girl up there?" Max protested. "I told you she had work to do here."

"But you didn't tell me she was such a snake in the grass that you couldn't trust her to deliver a letter and get a simple answer, and what is the consequences?" Leon said. "Right when I am promising Sol Feder that the boy would forget such *meises* as writing plays, he comes into the office and says he is going to quit, on account Geoffrey Lomax would produce his play."

"And did Sol Feder make you clean up your loan?" Max asked.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"But if he didn't call your loan, what are you kicking, Leon?" Max said.

"I tell you I don't want my only son to be a theayter loafer!" Leon roared. "I should go worrying about how I stand at the bank when the boy has got a good chance to work his way up to be chairman of the Loan and Discount Committee the way Sol Feder is today?"

He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and supported both his cheeks in the palms of his hands.

"Ai tzuris!" he wailed. "It'll break his mother's heart. First he begins blushing at bookkeepers and he'll end up blushing with actresses like Gershon does."

Max was about to protest, when Miss Bruckman created a diversion by appearing in the doorway of Max's office.

"So!" Max exclaimed before her outraged feelings would permit her to say anything. "You are here at last, hey?"

"Where *was* you?" Leon demanded, and Max raised one hand.

"She's *my* bookkeeper, Leon, not yours," he said.

"I don't care whose bookkeeper she is," Leon declared. "She deliberately went to work and got that low-life son of yours to produce Eddie's play."

"I didn't do anything of the sort," Miss Bruckman announced, "and what's more, he isn't going to produce it. He can't—without me."

Leon exchanged significant glances with his brother. "What did I *tell* you!" he said, but Max waved him into silence.

"And why not without you?" he asked with a note of irony in his voice.

"Because he said he wouldn't produce it unless I played the leading part, and I wouldn't do that," she replied. "I'm a bookkeeper, not an actress."

"And I suppose you wouldn't do it for my son, I suppose," Leon added satirically.

"I don't know anything about your son," Miss Bruckman replied. "I only saw him once."

"You only saw him once and you are blushing like this!" Leon exclaimed as a brilliant tide of color rose to Miss Bruckman's face.

"For heavens' sakes, is there anything so terrible about blushing?" Max cried, coming to the defense of his bookkeeper.

In truth, Max had just noticed that

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Miss Bruckman was a remarkably handsome young woman and a spark of chivalry began to glow in him, despite twenty-six years of married life and thirty in the raw-fur business.

"Do you want her to swear on a *chomish* that she wouldn't play in your boy's rotten play?" he asked Leon.

"It *isn't* a rotten play!" Miss Bruckman declared.

"But you ain't going to play in it, anyway, are you?" Max insisted, but before Miss Bruckman could reply, the telephone rang. It was the kind of apparatus used in the raw-fur industry and not in the motion-picture business, so after Max answered the phone, he passed it over with both hands to Miss Bruckman.

"It's for you," he said, and the two brothers watched her intently as she started to speak.

"Yes, this is the stenographer here," she said, and then added: "What business is it of yours what my name is? . . . No, there's no reason why you shouldn't know. It's Sarah Bruckman . . . Sure, I know who's speaking. It's Mr. Lomax."

"A loafer! What?" Leon said to his brother, and Max couldn't help nodding.

"It's no use putting Eddie Lodzker on the wire, because I wouldn't do any such thing," she declared to the telephone transmitter. "And besides, I'm talking on your father's telephone. He's hearing every word I say, and it wouldn't make any difference if he didn't——"

"Tell him for me he should *verplatz*," Leon interrupted, and Miss Bruckman waved frantically for silence.

"I can't hear what you say," she said to the transmitter, and then she covered it with her palm and turned to Max and Leon. "He tells me that Eddie threw up his job," she almost wailed.

"What's that your business?" Leon asked.

"It *is* my business," she said, stamping her foot. "If I hadn't taken that letter there, and talked to Mr. Lomax, this wouldn't have happened to Eddie."

"Eddie!" Leon exclaimed. "Where do you come in to call him Eddie?"

While squeaking sounds came constantly from the receiver, Miss Bruckman took her own time in which to survey loftily this quondam schemer, the near-Machiavelli who had brought her so much trouble, but he was unmoved.

"Who knows *how* long her and him have been carrying on together!" he said to Max. "And you say there's nothing so terrible in blushing yet!"

Max groaned aloud, for he saw himself on the point of losing a good bookkeeper, and he was not mistaken. After once more glaring at Leon Lodzker, she spoke again into the telephone.

"I can't discuss it over the phone, Mr. Lomax," she said in firm tones, "but I'll be right up to your office and perhaps we can agree to something."

She hung up the receiver with a bang, and five minutes later she shook off the odor of the raw-fur business from her fashionably cut baby-lamb coat and abandoned forever not only stenography and bookkeeping but also all of Max Lodzker's monthly statements.

"*Now* you see what you done it, you fool *you!*" he cried. "It'd serve you right if I never let you step foot in this office again."

"Don't do me no favors!" Leon retorted. "With or without a gas mask, I'm off of this tanyard for life."

And when he left his brother's office, Leon meant what he said. It was therefore surprising to Max when, at five o'clock that afternoon, he raised his head from a welter of monthly statements, all to be mailed that night, and discovered Leon standing in front of him. In the emergency of addressing envelopes, he was glad to see him.

"Leon," he said, "how do you spell Chillicothe?"

"*I* don't spell it; my bookkeeper spells it," Leon replied.

"Then for heavens' sakes tell her to come over," Max said, "otherwise I would be here till twelve o'clock."

"All in good time," Leon said. "I've got other worries, Max. Which you would think, Max, that you and me together, with two sons in the theayter business, wouldn't got no trouble in swinging it, but do you suppose them two boys would do such a thing? *Oser!*"

Max glared at him. "Do me the favor, Leon, and don't beat no bushes around."

"Who is beating bushes?" Leon asked. "It's a dead open-and-shut proposition, which not fifteen minutes after I left here, Sol Feder rings up from the Kosciusko Bank and says he understands that Eddie and Gershon are going to put on a play together, and as Gershon never had a failure, y'understand, Feder wants to buy in on it."

"Sol Feder wants to get mixed up with theayters yet!" Max cried, horrified. "Ain't he got no regard for his bank?"

"What's the bank got to do with it?" Leon asked. "Ain't Otto Kahn been a partner in grand operas for years already, and is *his* bank shaky? So therefore when Feder asks me I should find out how much them boys want for a one-fifth interest in that rotten show, I went right up to see Gershon, and how much do you suppose them two highwaymen asked for such an interest?"

Max disclaimed all knowledge of theatrical values with a shrug.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried Leon. "And when we rang up Feder, he said he would mail his check right away, so naturally you would think they'd let their own fathers in with another fifth for seventy-five hundred, ain't it?"

He paused for some comment from Max but Max showed no interest whatever.

"But the least them two robbers would take was nine thousand," Leon continued, "so I put you down for four thousand five hundred dollars."

"What!" Max cried.

"And give 'em a check for the whole nine thousand," Leon said with a calmness that he didn't feel, "because them two highbinders wouldn't sell less than a fifth, so you and me and Sol Feder are due to make a lot of money."

"You and Sol Feder are," Max retorted, "but not me. Count me out of it."

He started to pick out some statements to be sent to customers with such easy addresses as Trenton, New Jersey, and Atlanta, Georgia.

"Now listen, Max," Leon said. "Sol Feder told me over the telephone that Gershon made from his play, 'Bad Conscience,' nearly a million net, and you yourself say he's never had a failure."

"Is this any reason why he should now blow himself to one with our money?" Max demanded. "I tell you I positively wouldn't invest a cent."

"And that's your last word?" Leon asked. "Because if not," he continued, "you can send me a check at your convenience and I will ring up my bookkeeper she should come and send out them statements for you. She's an expert at sending out statements of overdue accounts—the way the garment business is now."

Max looked at the pile of unaddressed envelopes and groaned.

"Have it your way," he said at last, and thus it happened that Geoffrey Lomax went into rehearsal with a play by a credit reporter in a loan and discount department, with a bookkeeper in

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the principal rôle and with the entire cost of production and tryout financed by selling a two-fifths interest to a bank president, a raw-fur dealer and a garment manufacturer.

For three weeks the rehearsals continued, and from the results he obtained during this short time, it cannot be denied that Gershon Lodzker must have possessed a touch of authentic genius.

"It looks good, Gershon," Eddie Lodzker said, as he sat in the Lomax office the day before the dress rehearsal.

"Of course it looks good," Lomax admitted. "I tell you, Eddie, I've had my grief making an actress out of that bookkeeper."

He was not referring to the eight separate and distinct occasions when, after he had proffered Miss Bruckman some undesired familiarity, she had slapped his face. In fact, Eddie had seen nothing of this. That is to say, all this face-slapping had occurred in the privacy of Geoffrey Lomax's office.

"I must say you've worked against difficulties," Eddie commented, "and she ought to be grateful to you."

Gershon looked hard at Eddie to see if there wasn't some ironical implication in this compliment, but Eddie meant it.

"I can't understand the way she acts toward you, Gershon," he added. "She seems to be sore at you, or something."

Gershon imitated his father's shrug. "After you've been in this business as long as I have, Eddie," he said, "you'll find that all these actresses have a strong streak of negativism in them, as it's called. They won't do what you want them to do; not at first, anyway."

Again he looked hard at his cousin, but Eddie simply could not understand that Gershon's interest in Miss Bruckman was not as businesslike as, for instance, Max's interest in raw furs.

"Well, she needs a little talking to," Eddie said, "and I guess I'll do it now."

"I'd wait till after the dress rehearsal," Gershon advised. "They're all the same. Take Miss Somerville, for instance, and I saw she had ability when she worked in a library under the name of Esther Sonnenschein, but she was a tough one at rehearsals too."

"She looks a great deal like Miss Bruckman," Eddie remarked.

"And she once acted like her," Gershon added, "but she's a regular trouper now. She could go on at a moment's notice and play Bruckman's part, in case anything happens."

"Why should anything happen?"

"Well, like you talking to her, Eddie," Gershon said. "She might get temperamental and throw up the part. So let's go and see what they're up to on the stage downstairs."

As usual, Miss Bruckman greeted her manager with a scowl, but Eddie she favored with a smile so dazzling that in spite of what Gershon had told him, he determined to let her know how ungrateful she was.

After all, they were now good friends, and he called her Sonya while she called him Eddie. In fact, she was to be billed as Sonya Brooks, while Eddie's name had been changed for the purpose of publicity to Edwin Arnold Loder, the "Arnold" being Gershon's idea and a vestige of his English course at the City College. It might also be said that Gershon thought "Her Only Sin" an old-fashioned title, and he had altered it, perhaps in a spirit of prophecy, to "The Bombshell."

"Now look here, Sonya," Eddie said. "This won't do." He had climbed onto the stage after the act in which she was rehearsing had finished, and talked to her in undertones.

"What's wrong now?" Sonya asked.

"The way you're acting," Eddie said.

"Well, naturally, I don't act as well as Miss Somerville," Sonya replied. "It's three years since she was a librarian, and it's only three weeks since I was a bookkeeper."

"I don't mean that kind of acting," Eddie said. "It's the way you're acting toward Gershon, or—or——" Here a horrible doubt assailed him. "Maybe it's me," he suggested.

Miss Bruckman reverted to her old bookkeeping habits and blushed furiously. "Can I help it if I show my feelings?" she said.

"But if it *is* me, Sonya," he said tremulously, "you'll have to forgive me. It's the first time I've ever had a play produced, and naturally I get excited." He seized her firm white hand. "Now, for instance, yesterday in that scene you had with Mr. Who's-this, the leading man," he continued, "I told you that you ought to act more like an inexperienced young girl. Maybe that's only my idea of the part. Maybe I'm wrong."

"And maybe *I'm* wrong," Sonya replied. "I *am* inexperienced, and I'm not so old either, so perhaps I'd better go back to bookkeeping."

Here Gershon's advice recurred to Eddie with a rush, and he dropped Sonya's hand. "You're not getting temperamental, are you?" he asked anxiously.

"That's what your cousin always says when he's giving me what he says is direction," she replied, "but I'm going to stick this thing out for your sake, Eddie."

"Stick it out for your own sake," he said. "I've told you before, Mr. Feder, the president of the bank I worked for, will be at the dress rehearsal tomorrow, and I want you to make good."

She laid a hesitating hand on Eddie's sleeve, and asked a not-altogether-disinterested question. "Eddie," she said, "do you think that if the show flops, he'll give you back your old job?"

"I wouldn't take it if he would, and besides, the show isn't going to flop."

"But if it does," she persisted, "I'm going back to mine, if your uncle will have me."

"Well, if it looks tomorrow as though it would flop, you might ask him," Eddie said. "He'll be here too, and my father as well. They'll probably bring along a couple of old-time Broadway first nighters—the kind they call 'murderers.' So you'll get the verdict then and there."

He turned to rejoin Gershon, but Sonya detained him for a moment. "I don't care how you talk to me," she said, putting both her hands on his shoulders. "I only want you to know that——"

But here she was interrupted by the peremptory voice of Gershon. "Are you going to talk all day, Eddie?" he called. "You're keeping everybody waiting."

And therefore Eddie was left without the important information which he was just about to receive. Instead, for the rest of the rehearsal, he suffered a severe palpitation of the heart whenever he looked at Miss Bruckman.

"She's not doing her best," Gershon commented. "But I'm not going to say a word to her. I'm going to leave her alone until after the dress rehearsal tomorrow."

He spoke as if he considered this a magnanimous concession on his part, although it was an attitude too difficult to maintain for a person with Gershon's energy. He therefore relieved himself with a running fire of disparagement directed at Miss Somerville's performance, and even when he had reduced her to tears, he was not satisfied.

"Now, if you'd only cry like that at the curtain of this act when your husband goes back on you, Miss Somerville," he

said, "it'd make the show, so try to remember that tomorrow. Everybody in the theayter by half past ten."

Then he walked out of the theater, with Eddie and the stage director following as star dust behind a comet, and in the same order they entered the theater the following morning.

Six rows in the orchestra were comfortably filled by friends of the management and the actors, and five seats were more than comfortably filled by the bulky frames of Max and Leon Lodzker, two Broadway first nighters whose names are of interest only to theater-ticket speculators, and the well-nourished Mr. Sol Feder, president of the Kosciusko Bank.

Mr. Feder was an excellent judge of all such speculative propositions as certain light and power companies, oil wells, chain stores, second mortgages on improved real property, musical comedies and legitimate dramas. He did not need the advice of the two Broadway "murderers," for the reason that he was a proficient murderer himself, and if he had no financial interest in a play, he was just as ready as the next one to criticize it unfavorably, no matter how good it might be.

He had, however, called the turn on "Abie's Irish Rose" during its first performance, and had also got out of United States Steel in September, 1929. This will give you some idea of his powers of dramatic criticism.

"I liked the show when Eddie read it to me six months ago," he said to Leon Lodzker, "but I discouraged him because Eddie was a first-class credit reporter and they're hard to find nowadays."

He then folded his hands in the region of his platinum watch chain, and prepared to find his opinion justified by the first act at least, for he was not an undue optimist.

"There's only one set, I believe," he said, as the curtain rose, and then joined in the patter of applause which greeted the *décor* of the first act, for Gershon had not permitted the well-known name of Geoffrey Lomax to be associated with any makeshift scenery.

"Splendid! Splendid!" Mr. Feder murmured, and Leon and Max Lodzker grunted in unison. It seemed to them that for their nine thousand dollars, there ought to have been anyhow three sets with a large mechanical chariot-race effect in at least one of them. But as the story unfolded itself, under the skilful direction of their son and nephew, they forgot about the scenery. Even the Broadway "murderers" were impressed.

"Look at my face," Feder said to Max Lodzker as the curtain fell in what, for a small audience, was a wave of applause. "There's water in my eyes, ain't there?"

Max nodded as he blew his nose vigorously.

"Well, this is the second time I've cried at a show in ten years," Feder announced. "The first was when I bought in on a musical comedy which my wife reported from Long Branch was a riot."

He turned to Leon. "Come on, Leon," he said, "let's go back stage and congratulate your son."

He took Leon, Max and the two Broadway "murderers" with him through the iron doorway which separated the auditorium from the stage. Sol Feder, as head of the procession, arrived on the stage first, and it ought to have taught him the lesson that on occasion modesty repays itself. For instance, if one of the Broadway "murderers" had preceded him, Sol would not have received on his fleshy nose a left-hander which had been intended for the hawklike features of Gershon Lodzker.

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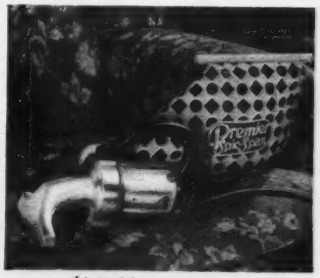

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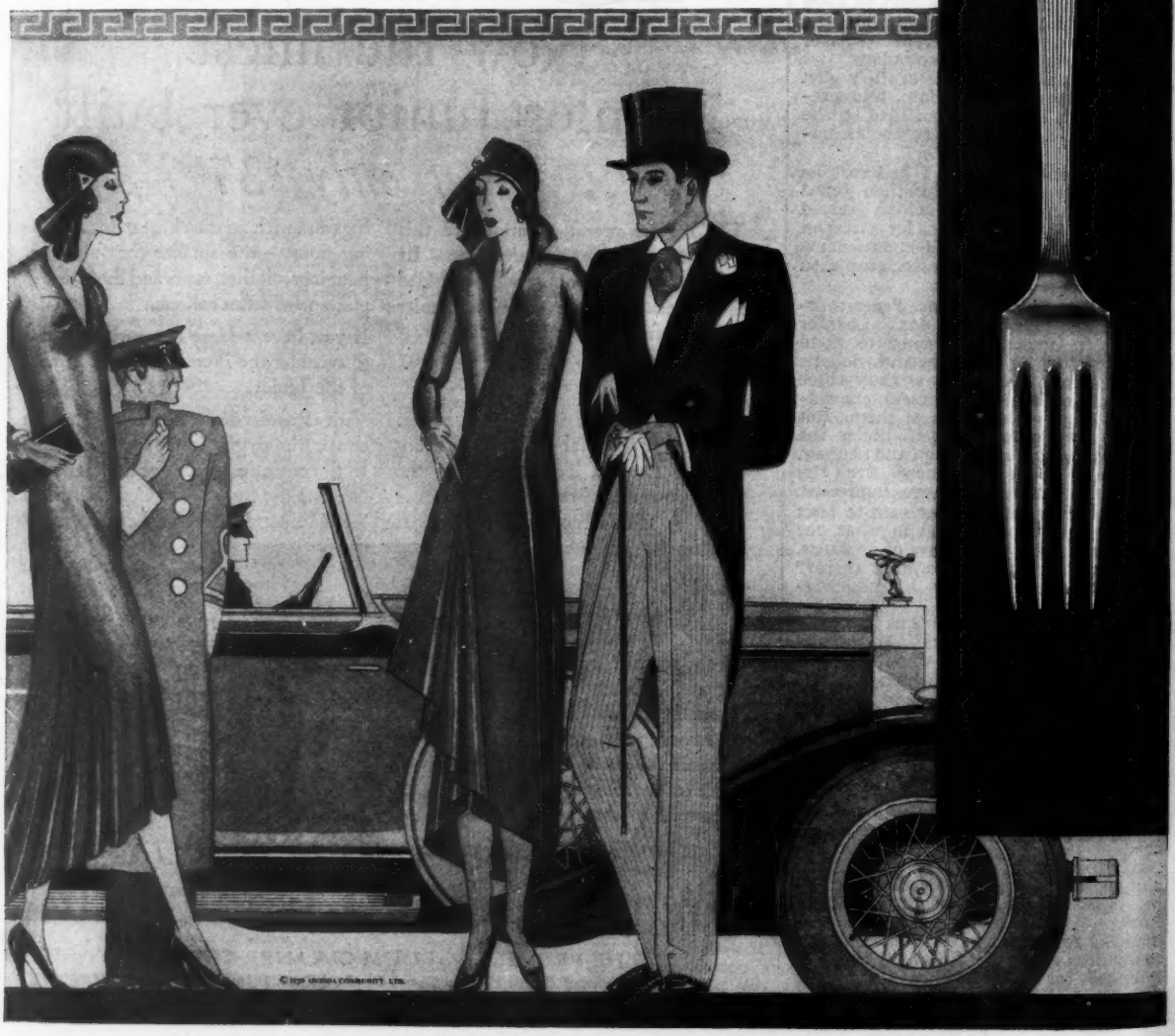

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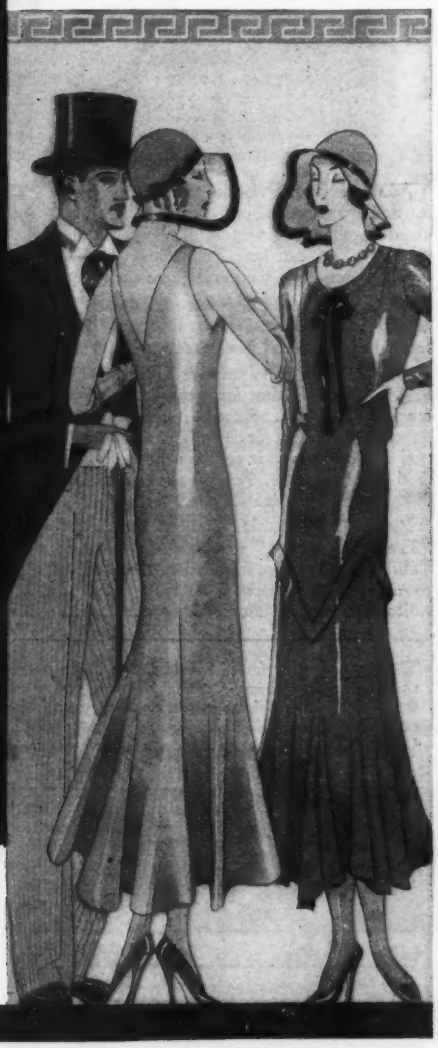

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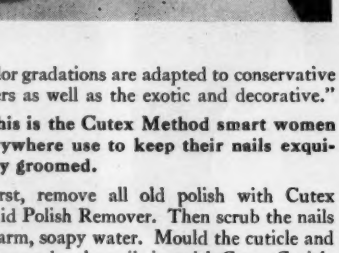

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crash, taking with him a black hawthorn jar and the black lacquered cabinet on which it had been mounted, but this disaster passed unnoticed by the two combatants, Eddie and Gershon Lodzker.

"Eddie! What *is* this!" Leon cried, but Gershon's head carpenter restrained him.

"Leave 'em alone," the carpenter said. "He's got it coming to him. I seen the whole thing, and I've been seeing it for days."

As he spoke, Eddie succeeded in landing a clean knock-out, straight from the shoulder, on Gershon's chin, and for the first time in its theatrical career the Lomax office had to admit that its chief, Mr. Geoffrey Lomax, had not scored a success. Moreover, such representatives of the Lomax forces as the head carpenter and five stage hands did not appear to be downcast by it. In fact, they applauded it. The head carpenter even patted Eddie on the back.

"He had it coming to him," he repeated while Eddie gingerly felt a rapidly closing eye, for the Lomax management had not succumbed without putting up a good fight.

"Two minutes, almost to a second, I make it," the head carpenter said; "less than one round." He then turned to his assistant. "What are you standing there fooling with that old bird for?" he said, referring to Mr. Feder, who was being fanned by the assistant in question. "Get some glue and fix that there cabinet. We've got to ring up in five minutes."

After this, he seemed to gather the two Broadway "murderers" in one hand and to thrust them with the other into the auditorium. He also propelled Max and Leon in the same direction and after he had closed and barred the iron door behind them, he lifted Mr. Feder to his feet.

"That'll learn you to stay in front where you belong," he said.

"What happened?" Feder asked feebly.

"Something fell on you," the head carpenter said, just as Gershon regained consciousness and struggled to his feet.

"Where *is* he?" he demanded, and as if in answer Eddie appeared with his arm around Miss Bruckman's waist. She had hastily rubbed the make-up off her face and had a hat on—a plain bookkeeper's hat which contrasted strangely with the Paris frock she was wearing as one of the costumes of the play.

"Now, you've had *enough*, Mr. Lomax," the carpenter said, "and we've got to ring up in a couple of minutes."

"We're not going to ring up now or any other time," Eddie declared. His eye was rapidly assuming a damson purple, but he presented a handsome figure nevertheless. As for Miss Bruckman, nobody would have noticed the absence of make-up in her flaming cheeks.

"We're not, hey?" Gershon roared. "You get back to your dressing room, Miss Brooks, and fix your hair, and if you ain't ready to go on in three minutes, Miss Brooks, your contract's canceled."

"My name is Bruckman, not Brooks," Sonya said, "and I don't care what you do with the contract. I'm through."

"Is that so!" Gershon exclaimed, and snapped his fingers at the trembling stage director. "Call Somerville."

"She's got hysterics," the director said.

"Did I ask you what she's got?" Gershon shouted, and the director disappeared like a jack rabbit into a hole, but in the meantime nobody had paid any attention to Mr. Feder, who had succeeded in stanching his nasal hemorrhage.

"Now, what's all this nonsense?" he said. He had listened sufficiently to form his own impression of what had happened, and he judged by the manner in which Eddie was protecting Miss Bruckman, coupled with his knowledge

of such managerial types as Gershon, that the merits of the quarrel were with Eddie. "You have a great play here, Lomax, and you too, Eddie. You're not going to be as childish as to spoil it all?"

"Well, you may call it childish, Mr. Feder," Eddie said, "but if my job's open to me, Mr. Feder, I'll come back to work tomorrow morning. I'm through with the theater, and so is she."

"Then if that's a promise," Gershon broke in, "let her go to her dressing room and take off that costume. It'll fit Miss Somerville."

"She'll go to her dressing room," Eddie said, his face white with rage, "if you promise to stay here and not try to break into it, the way you did just now."

"So that's the kind of dirty loafer you are!" Feder exclaimed, and the head carpenter could not restrain a guffaw.

"You keep out of this!" Gershon cried, addressing the carpenter.

"Say!" he said. "If the rules of the union wasn't against it, I'd paste you one myself." And then, with another contemptuous guffaw at his employer, he swaggered off to his work.

"Clear, everybody!" the stage director cried as Miss Somerville walked on in Miss Bruckman's costume, and Gershon surveyed her as critically as his two swollen eyes would permit.

"You're a wonderful double, kid," he said. "You're exactly like Miss Bruckman."

"I was," she said, "before I met you."

And the next moment, the curtain rose. Once more the act was a tribute to Gershon's theatrical skill. It made Feder forget about his nose, and Max and Leon no longer worried about their financial interest in the production. In fact, they entirely failed to recognize the substitution of Miss Somerville for Max's former bookkeeper, and it is a sad commentary on the educational value of first nights that neither of the Broadway "murderers" noticed the change either. Nor did anybody suspect that in the same row, seated next to Mr. Feder, were the author of the play and its former star, Miss Sarah Bruckman, who still answered to the name of Sonya when addressed by Eddie.

He did not address her during the progress of the act, however. He merely held her hand and on one or two occasions when the heightened interest of the scene absorbed the attention of the audience, he kissed her, or rather, they kissed each other. They also kissed each other openly and unashamed when the curtain fell in what, for the size of the audience, was a riot of applause.

During the intermission, Sol Feder rang up a speculator and offered to finance him in a "buy" of four hundred seats nightly for sixteen weeks.

"Well, Eddie," Sol Feder said, as he returned to his seat to find Eddie and Sonya conversing cheerfully with Max and Leon Lodzker, "do you still want your job back?"

"I'll let you know after the opening night in New York," he replied. "I'm going to be busy making cuts in the script and getting married while we are trying out the play in Atlantic City."

"I congratulate you in advance *anyway*," Sol Feder said. "It's bound to be successful."

And it was. In fact, Miss Somerville scored so heavily in the leading part that Gershon decided to settle down and follow his cousin's example. They were therefore married at the home of Miss Somerville's parents on Amsterdam Avenue and will probably live happily ever after, or at least up to and including January first, 1932.

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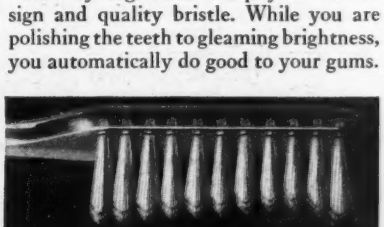
If you do not feel a tingling glow of health in your gums after brushing your teeth, please try one of the modern Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes.

Brush from the base to the tips of the teeth, uppers and lowers separately. This is the method which dentists advise. You will feel how the extra-resilient bristles s-p-r-e-a-d. How they firmly but gently massage the gum margins. How the sharply pointed tufts reach and clean between the teeth.

The gum massage is *automatic*, produced by ingenious Pro-phy-lac-tic design and quality bristle. While you are polishing the teeth to gleaming brightness, you automatically do good to your gums. The blood supply is energized. Tissues are firmed. Oral resistance is strengthened.

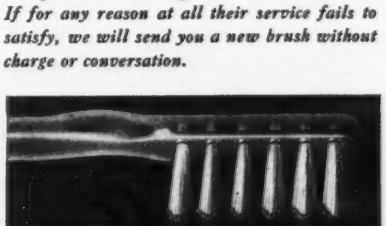
Don't expect such results from brushes of lesser quality, whose bristles get flabby after a few wettings in water. Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle comes from France, Russia, and all world markets. It is the first-cut from the butt end, and its "liveness" and resistance to water can be recognized in its almost-transparent pearly color.

Because we make Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes right in our own New England plant, and have done so since 1888, they carry the broadest guarantee in the field: ***If for any reason at all their service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***



TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

To reach and clean every part of every tooth, use this brush. Especially if your molars (back teeth) are troublesome. Try it. See how the famous end tuft reaches back teeth; 50¢.



MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. Designed by a committee of the dental profession for maximum cleaning of inter-dental crevices and correct gingival friction. Note pointed, wide-spaced tufts; 50¢.

A Masque of Liverpool *by John Masefield* (Continued from page 55)

LIVERPOOL
And you, my sailors, see the ships at rest,
Ready to wander Ocean on this quest;

Beauty and worldly power are at one
In all these ships, the finest under sun.

I have these things to sell, these things to buy.
Will you take ship and barter for me?

SAILORS
Ay,
We will take ship and barter as you bid.

LIVERPOOL
The seas are little known, their dangers hid.

SAILORS
Life is a chance, a danger, a chance more.

LIVERPOOL
The sea will lie behind you, sea before.

SAILORS
By sun and moon and star we find a path.

LIVERPOOL
Against you will be wind and sea in wrath;

SAILORS
Against them will be light heart and cool head.

LIVERPOOL
Bitter your drink will be, and hard your bread.

SAILORS
Sweetness and softness will be found ashore.

LIVERPOOL
The washing seas will soak you to the core.

SAILORS
We shall not be the first nor yet the last.

LIVERPOOL
You will be frozen, working on the mast.

SAILORS
We shall be hot enough in lower hold.

LIVERPOOL
Yes, you will sweat enough, for little gold.

SAILORS
Our mothers did not make us thrifty, Queen.

LIVERPOOL
The sleepless nights and toil will make you lean.

SAILORS
Fat men and fatness both belong on land.

LIVERPOOL
Strange deaths await you, many as the sand.

SAILORS
But only one will kill us, as elsewhere.

LIVERPOOL
Death waits to murder vessels as they fare.

SAILORS
Some, Death will take, but some he will not take.

LIVERPOOL
Those that he cannot murder he will break.

SAILORS
That which is only broken we can mend.

LIVERPOOL
The sea gives but hard days and harder end.

SAILORS
We do not heed the end, we only care
To take the ship and wander anywhere;

To mind her, day and night, while underneath
The mouth of ocean opens, showing teeth.

To give her beauty, though ourselves have none,
And let the others have the wealth that's won.

But for ourselves, a ship, and open space,
Blue water, and a salt wind in the face.

Come brothers, the sea waits, ay, many seas
Wait for the will of men who love not ease.

Come, let us man the windlass and again
Heave, singing up the anchor and its chain.

Come, man the windlass, and heave in, away.

(An anchor chanty, with solo and chorus; modelled on some popular song, like "Annie Laurie.")

SOLOIST
In Liverpool where I was bred,

SAILORS
A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST
They taught me how to heave the lead

SAILORS
And across the Western Ocean
We're bound away to-day.
They'll give me a donkey's breakfast,
When I sign away my pay;
And across the Western Ocean
We're bound away to-day.

SOLOIST
They taught me how to hand and steer,

SAILORS
A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST
And all the leads of all the gear.

SAILORS
And across the Western Ocean—
(Etc., etc., as before)

SOLOIST
It's hard to starve and freeze and bleed.

SAILORS
A long, long time ago.

SOLOIST
Hell at the end would be hard indeed

SAILORS
And across the Western Ocean.

(Etc., etc., as before)

LIVERPOOL
Farewell, adventurous hearts, who, in thin rags
For little pay accept the little ease
Of bearing up aloft my merchants' flags
Into the havens of all foreign seas;
Who give your strength your watchfulness, your care,
To things not yours, at all times, everywhere.

THE MERCHANTS
Farewell, O valorous souls, to whom we trust
Our treasure, our magnificence of ships,
In the wind's anger and the billow's lust,
When steel is crumpled and when timber rips,
We know, when the wind howls, that you are there
Awake, on guard, for our sakes, everywhere.

LIVERPOOL
Farewell, and if it be you never come
After long waiting, late, dismantled, tosst,
Again into this river of your home,
But lie on the sad record of things lost;
Farewell, and blessing, for no holier guide
Is here, than those who, in attempting, died.

And know, that He who walkt upon the waves
Will befriend sailors, and at Death and Wreck
Stand by them ever with the Hand that Saves
Even as the roller thunders on the deck
And guide both ship and sailor to the blue
Bay of more peace than any living knew.

ALL
And there, such spirit-voyage as the souls
May take for man on the Eternal Seas
That beat about Man's headlands and Earth's poles,
Surely such great adventurers will make these
Bringing to men who suffer and despond
In life on earth, good tidings from beyond.

The Wanderer

You swept across the waters like a Queen,
Finding a path where never trackway showed,
Daylong you coultered the ungarnered clean
Casting your travelling shadow as you strode.

And in the nights, when lamps were lit, you sped
With gleams running beside you, like to hounds,
Swift, swift, a dappled glitter of light shed
On snatching sprays above collapsing mounds.

And after many a calm and many a storm,
Nearing the land, your sailors saw arise
The pinnacles of snow where streamers form,
And the ever-dying surf that never dies.

Then, laden with Earth's spoils, you used to come
Back, from the ocean's beauty to the roar
Of all the hammers of the mills of home,
Your wandering sailors dragged you to the shore,

When Emil Mix plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Tuesday evenings over CBS, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the distorted* tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

PHILCO BABY GRAND

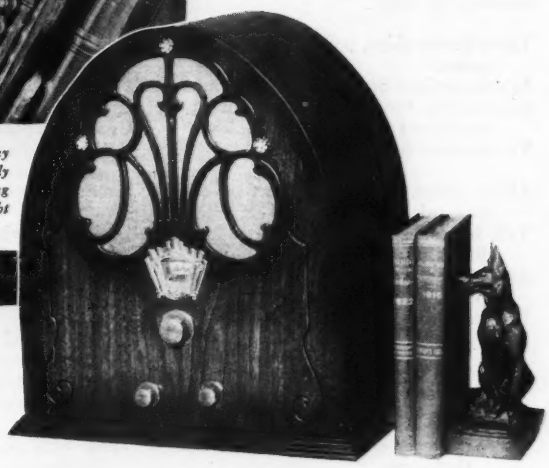
Handsome Gothic design; genuine walnut; 7 tubes (3 screen grid); genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker built-in; push-pull audio; All-Electric; 16 inches wide; 17½ inches high. Full size radio *performance* in small space

ONLY . . $49.50 less tubes

Also available in Baby Grand Console, $69.50 less tubes

Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

Prices slightly higher in Canada



And now, the balanced-unit principle in the PHILCO BABY GRAND · $49.50!

PHILCO BABY GRAND has made its bow to the American public as the first REAL, fine-performing, full-toned screen grid radio receiver ever offered at this price.

Philco Baby Grand has the *quality;* good distance ability and sensitivity; wonderful undistorted tone; and *complete* radio features which make it the biggest *value* of its kind ever offered.

Philco Baby Grand is blood brother to the great Philco Radio Line whose "balanced units" eliminated distortion —made true, clear *undistorted tone* a national by-word.

Here in this attractive little cabinet is a grown-up, big-performing, and marvelously engineered receiver. It has to be, to get in the Philco line where *quality* comes first.

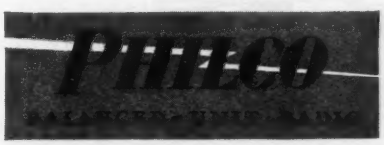
The wealth of fine *tone,* high selectivity and power, exclusive screen grid circuit with 7 tubes and genuine electro-dynamic speaker is almost unbelievable in such a compact set, and at $49.50. Many people who have hesitated to invest in two sets can now afford to add the Philco Baby Grand at this low price.

As an EXTRA *Radio Set*

With the radio fans dancing in the parlor, how wonderful to have the Baby Grand upstairs where mother, perhaps, would like to listen to some fine music. For that boy or girl at college, Baby Grand steps in with great performance at a price that will hardly make a father flinch. For the spare bedroom it is hospitality indeed to the guest under your roof. For the children's room it gives them a personal interest in the fine child programs of today. For the boudoir; the "den"; the sun-porch; the summer cottage; and as the gift supreme for all occasions, the Philco Baby Grand fills a long felt want.

Philco Baby Grand is *all-electric;* portable — can be carried from room to room; just plugs into any AC light socket; fits in anywhere and is decorative everywhere. It is sensitive — picks out the program you want easily *and there is no cross-talk,* due to the same fine engineering that makes the bigger Philcos out-perform any ordinary radio.

See your dealer today. He'll let you have a Baby Grand for free demonstration. Easy terms, too, when you decide to buy. Philco also offers a *complete* line of radios from $95 to $350 in Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is available through all authorized Philco dealers.



PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radio, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

Singing, to leave you muted and inert,
A moping place for sea-gulls in the rain
While city strangers trod you with their dirt,
And landsmen loaded you for sea again.

Liverpool, 1890

GRAY sea dim, smoke-blowing, hammer-racket, sirens
Calling from ships, ear-breaking riveting, the calthrops
Of great gray drays, fire-smiting on the cobbles, dragging
The bales of cotton.

The warehouse roofs, wet-gleaming, the ships bedraggled
Awry-swung yards, backt on the main, the jib booms
Run in, the winches clanking, the slings of cargo
Running up, jolt.

There lie the ships, paint-rusted, each as a person
In rake or sheer or rig, coulters or counters,
Sea-shearing bows, those swords of beauty that thrust
The heart with rapture.

All fair ships, man-killers some, sea-eagles, sluggards.
Tall, too, many: lofty, a dread to look at, dizzy thus;
Among them always one more sky-aspiring, queen,
Remembered always.

Liverpool, 1930

THE dockyards of the ancient days are filled
With roads and buildings: of the ships that were
Not any lift their glory to the air;
The singing of their coming-in is stilled.

All has become much greater than of old,
Man has advanced in mastery afar,
The soul of man is conquering his star,
Mud has been changed for granite, dross for gold.

O Capital, whose highway is the sea,
I think of forty years hence, when your spires
Will flame with beauty's intellectual fires,
And what your sons imagine now, will be.

On Skysails

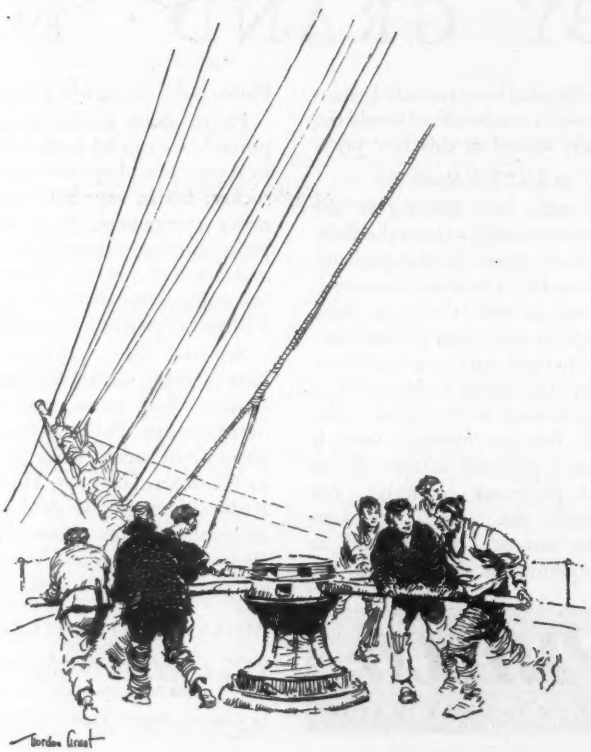
I SAW you often as the crown of Queens
As snow upon a mountain, as the rose
Red in the middest summers many greens
You were the beauty's final grace, as those.

Or as the spire that lifts aloft in heaven,
Or as the wind-vane on the spiry peak,
Or as the glory glimmering in the sweven,
Caught by the dreamer as he wakens weak.

Or as the rapture of the heart at breaking,
Or Power's last touch, or manhood's winning-place,
Even so were you that set the shadows shaking,
On ever hurrying sea, to leave no trace.

Far, far away, the men beholding knew
A queen the more was passing, seeing you.

The west wind blows the smoke among the rain,
The rigging drips, the iridescent dock
Dimples beneath each following pellet's knock,
From each ship's scupper crawls a rusty stain.



The winches rattle cargo; from a shoot
Coal thunders down; a tugboat threshes past
Towing a ship with colours at her mast;
An orange-bearer scents the air with fruit.

Four boys, two ancient riggers and a mate
Heave round upon a capstan, the pawls clink,
The gathered heaves of purchase fall and kink,
The dangling yard goes up into the sky,
Up on its end it goes and swings awry
And settles square, and is a crown of state.

They reared the pine-tree to its height and held
Its slender taper steady with a stay
What Nature could not compass they compelled,
There the spar stood, since Nature must obey.

Then, turning pride to use, they crossed the yard,
Itself a triumph with its manly gear,
Theirs was a Queen whom nothing should retard
They set a sail upon the pointing spear:

And there it gleamed aloft, below the flag
Over strange seas, impelled by many airs.
What though the waters raged? What heeds the stag,
Running the hills, of stag-hounds, as he fares?

He pays no heed, but canters, as did she
Billow by crashing billow, sea by sea.

Pay

THE world paid but a penny for its toil,
That which was priceless got the beggar's dole;
Men who fetcht beauty, iron, corn or oil
Scarce could keep beggar's bones about the soul.

I saw those sailing seamen, cotton-clad,
Housed in wet kennels, worm-fed, cheated, driven,
Three pounds a month, and small delight they had,
Save the bright water and the winds of heaven.

Yet from their sweated strength an order rose
The full-rigged ship in her delightful line
So beautiful and tranquil in repose
But in supremest action so divine.

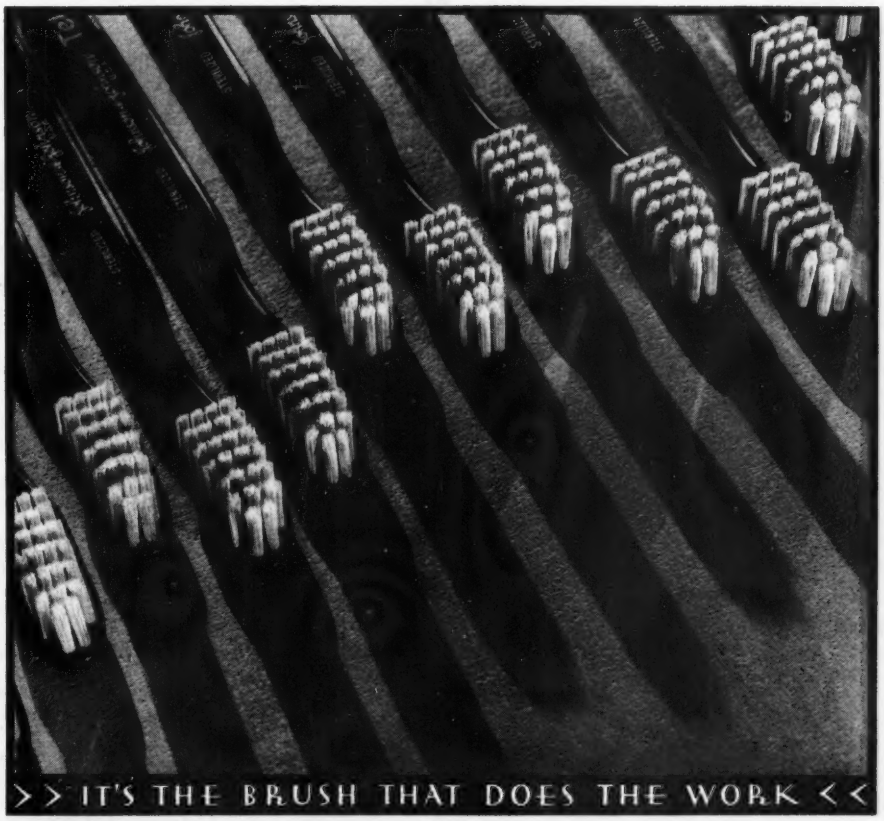
For in the trampling seas the beauty stood
Trampling those seas, and made her pathway good.

The Crowd

THEY had secured their beauty to the dock,
First having decked her to delight the eye.
After long months of water and the sky
These twenty saw the prison doors unlock;

These twenty men were free to quit the ship,
To tread dry land and slumber when they chose,

BRISTLING WITH ACTION



A TOOTH BRUSH is only as good as its bristles... the spring and snap of these bristles ... and the way they are grouped together for efficiency in action. Tek bristles, selected and tested by our laboratories, have the unusual quality of staying resilient even after daily vigorous use and soaking with water.

Try Tek behind your front teeth. That's one real test of brushing efficiency. Shorter and slightly curved, Tek brings all its bristle tufts into action every stroke! And while you clean, the extra width of Tek's brush-head massages your gums. That's Tek-*sercise*. You'll like it.

There is no quality pledge stronger than the signature ... Johnson & Johnson ... on the Tek Tooth Brush. Sealed in a special windowed container, where it may be seen without being touched, your Tek brush comes to you in perfect condition ... sterilized ... ready for use. Tek Tooth Brush, 50c. With dental floss in the handle, 75c. Tek, Jr., 35c. Tek handles in charming pastel shades of Lucite ... or black or amber.

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY *world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings*

To count no bells that counted their repose,
To waken free from python Duty's grip.

What they had suffered and had greatly been
Was stamped upon their faces; they were still
Haggard with the indomitable will
That singleness of purpose had made clean.

These twenty threadbare men with frost-bit ears
And canvas bags and little chests of gears.

Under Three Lower Topsails

THREE lower topsails dark with wet are straining
The lower yards to curves, a great sea runs,
Shrouds shriek aloft, the fabric is complaining,
The roaring of the nor-nor-easter stuns.

Men stand together waiting for a call,
Their yellow oilskins glisten as they stir.
Each clambering comber toppling wall on wall
Seethes and roars by before its follower.

The ship goes labouring on, until a pause,
A lurch, while a sea mounts and climbs and crowns;
Then like some rapturous instant's loud applause
The thundering billow breaks aboard and drowns

Flooding the deck rail under, that she lies
Quenched, and the seaman wonders, *Will she rise?*

Eight Bells

FOUR double strokes repeated on the bells,
And then away, away the shufflers go
Aft to the darkness where the ruler dwells,
Where by the rail he sucks his pipe aglow;
Beside him his relief looks down on those below.

There in the dark they answer to their names,
Those dozen men, and one relieves the wheel,
One the look-out, the others sit to games
In moonlight, backed against the bulkhead's steel,
In the lit patch the hands flick, card by card, the deal.

Meanwhile the men relieved are forward all,
Some in their bunks asleep, while others sing
Low-voiced some ditty of the halliard-fall,
The ship impels them on with stooping wing,
Rolling and roaring on with triumph in her swing.

Posted

DREAM after dream I see the wrecks that lie
Unknown of man, unmarked upon the charts,
Known of the flat-fish with the withered eye
And seen by women in their aching hearts
World-wide the scattering is of those fair ships
That trod the billow tops till out of sight:
The cuttle mumbles them with horny lips
The shells of the sea-insects crust them white.

In silence and in dimness and in greenness
Among the indistinct and leathery leaves
Of fruitless life they lie among the cleanness.
Fish glide and flit, slow under-movement heaves:

But no sound penetrates, not even the lunge
Of live ships passing, nor the gannet's plunge.

If

IF IT could be, that in this southern port
They should return upon the south-west gale
To make again the empty bay their court
Queen beyond queen, at rest or under sail.

And if, from every ship, the songs should rise
From those strong throats, and all be as before
Should we not all be changed and recognize
Their inner power and exalt them more?

Not so, we should not, we should let them be,
Each age must have its unregarded use,
That is but of its time, on land and sea
Things have their moment, not a longer truce.

Each darkness has her stars, and when each sets
The dawn, that hardly saw her, soon forgets.

I Saw Her Here

ALL tranquil is the mirror of the bay,
Empty the anchorage from shore to shore
A sea-gull rides the water where she lay
The ships are gone, they come not any more.

Smoke rises from the town, not any noise
Save from the gulls that mew about the pier,
The shadows in the water stand at poise,
All different from the day when she was here.

For she was here when the tumultuous west
Roared on this granite coast for days together,
And billows rode the Channel under crest
While all the hurt swans sheltered from the weather

And maddened water seethed along her sides
Here, in this quiet, where the sea-gull rides.

Wanderer and Wonderer

WHEN first the thought of you took steel
I could not know, I could not feel.

When first you thundered down the slip
What more? I had not seen a ship.

When riggers crowned you with your pride
I trod the sunburned country-side,

In cider time, by apple trees,
In stubble, after partridges,
Two hundred miles perhaps from where
Those now-dead sailors made you fair.

* * * * * *

I could not know, but by some law,
You were the first great ship I saw

Unwitting, I: had I but known
I would have searcht you to the bone.

I saw you in disaster, then,
I sided with you against men.

For beauty, not success, endures
I saw that queenly soul of yours.

Angels with silver trumpets blew
The song of glory that was you.

They were the self men did not see
Behind the rags of misery.

So is it, in this world, where power
Waits for the rotting of Death's hour.

Which is but for an hour, though shrewd
Its poison is on hardihood.

Out of all death, out of all dream,
I help your spirit to go gleam.

And you, unutterably fair,
Shine on my mind's sea everywhere.

O opportunity let pass;
Beauty that no more is, that was.

Passer that challenged and went by,
A live thing in dead memory,

We two were subtlier linkt than most
By thrilling atoms of the ghost

And shall perhaps be, still, anon,
In wondering and wandering on.

From whence none knows, to where none knows,
Save from the gas-whirl to the rose,

And from the rose to man, and thence
To spirit that has beaten sense

To that that can annihilate
To Heat, all Death, to Light, all Fate,

And is all spirit, spark and spur,
Magnificence and minister,
To Wonderer and Wanderer.

And so, farewell, sea-wandering bird,
Whose flight I watcht, whose call I heard,
The time has come
For the last touch, for the last word.

You, with the transitory grace
That gat steel limbs a little space
Have wandered on
Away, into another place.

I, that have flesh, shall follow soon
As Life commands Death pipe the tune
To change elsewhere
Or here on earth beneath the moon.

However changed upon the chain
Your shape and mine will meet again.
When ship meets ship,
Sea-wanderer, the colours dip.
The hidden then may be made plain.

Great Day in the Morning (Continued from page 57)

at five-thirty A.M. he took station behind the bar, Dink Givens already having tidied up, and served those early birds who caught the worm, or rather, who caught the distilled fruits of the worm of the still.

At nine Mr. Broyles was to relieve his associate, staying on until the middle of the afternoon; then he would swap off with Mr. Coulter for a rest and a nap, but during the evening hours when trade naturally would be heaviest, they meant to stand a double trick together. Every second day they would alternate shifts; such was the routine as planned.

The soul of punctuality in all things, Mr. Broyles appeared prompt on the nick of nine. Mr. Coulter reported on takings and prospects, and having checked out, he donned civilian dress and departed. There being no patrons present at the moment, Mr. Broyles retired to a cuddy and proceeded to girth a spotless apron about his globular middle and exchange his street coat for a new-washed bar jacket.

He was smoothing down the lapels of the latter garment the better to exhibit a string tie of white lawn and a banjo-shaped cluster-pin of chip diamonds where it blazed like some icy outcrop against a glacially smooth expanse of starched shirt front, when he heard the hinges of the swing doors whining and caught the sound of footsteps entering and crossing his floor.

"Be with you in just one second, pardner," genially called out Mr. Broyles. He gave to the snowy glories of his bosom a final affectionate pat and emerged from his retreat. "Well, brother," he continued, "whut's it goin' to be?"—and then he raised his gaze and then he gave a gurgle and then he almost fell back again into the recess.

Unless his goggling eyes deceived him—which they did not—a plump, somewhat elderly, gray-haired and soberly dressed female, by all outward signs a lady, moreover a demure and placid lady, was before him and she wearing a look of calm assurance with traces of a gentled curiosity in it.

Through all his years in this line, and he had been in this line through all his maturer years, Mr. Broyles had never seen the like of this before. This was a new experience and a daunting one. With almost a visible wrench of his egg-shaped form Mr. Broyles somewhat recovered himself.

"'Scuse me, ma'am," he began, "but ain't you made kind of a mistake?"

"This is the Idlewild Saloon, isn't it?" she countered brightly, and smiled as though over some little joke of her own.

"Yessum, 'tis. But—but——"

"And you are Mr. Broyles, the owner, are you not?"

"Yessum, I am. But——"

"Then there's been no mistake." This Quakerish-appearing intruder said it softly but with a certain finality. "I beg pardon, Mr. Broyles, I haven't introduced myself: I'm Mrs. Hetty Tabscott, living diagonally across the street from here. It's that low white house with the green blinds."

"Yessum, I seen it."

"I've heard your name mentioned often but we never met before, I think?"

"Nome. Wellum, pleased to make your acquaintance." The stunned Mr. Broyles was managing to follow the accepted convention. Somewhat theatrically he cleared his throat: *"Hum—hmm!* Wuz there anything special you wanted, ma'am? Anythin' I kin do, you only got to jest say the word."

"Much obliged," she said. "You see, Mr. Broyles, it's this way: It would seem we're going to be neighbors from now on. So I thought it no more than neighborly to drop in on you and say 'Howdy-do' at least. I'm a great believer in being sociable with my neighbors and, having been here longer than you, it was my duty to call first, wasn't it?"

"Yessum. Certainly 'preciate the kindness." He got it out but with obvious difficulty. "But—'scuse me ag'in, Mizz Tabscott—ef I got the name right?—but ain't it kind of irregular fur a lady like you to be a-strollin' into a place like this, jest so?"

"Well, it certainly is interesting, I'll say that much. Do you know, Mr. Broyles, I never saw the inside of a saloon before, not in all my life, and I'm nearly sixty-one! I'm one of these women who don't mind telling their age. What I say is, what's the difference after you get to be a grandmother? I have four grandchildren—two boys and two girls. I'm crazy about my grandchildren. And I've always wanted to see how the inside of one looked—a saloon, I mean." Her birdlike glance flitted with a quick inquisitiveness here and there. "Well, this certainly is a nice saloon of yours. I really must compliment you on the appearance of everything, so fresh and bright and everything!

"I don't want to disturb you from whatever you're doing, Mr. Broyles, but wouldn't you be good enough to explain about some of these things to me? For example, what's that maul-looking thing yonder? In all my years of housekeeping I never saw anything like that before."

"Nome? Wellum, that's whut we call a bung starter," stated the dazed proprietor. "You use it to get bungs started out of barrels and kaigs and such. So that's why we call it a bung starter."

"What a fascinating name! Show me how you use it, won't you? Show me everything."

Had anybody told Mr. Broyles beforehand that he ever would be doing what next Mr. Broyles caught himself doing, Mr. Broyles would have called him a liar, flat out. In a sort of walking and talking coma, Mr. Broyles passively led this astonishing visitor hither and yon—to the free-lunch counter, where by his mumbled invitation she nibbled a gingersnap and a small cylinder of sliced dill pickle; led her in front of the bar and behind it, in this stage he being dimly cognizant that she praised his zinc-lined sink and tilted drying board; led her, she all the while most widely awake but he like a sleepwalker, on a complete circuit of the main plant.

"This here is the back room," he detected himself saying at the conclusion of the tour, "fur card games and the likes of that. And the kitchen's on back still further. My darky's there now, fixin' up hot vittles fur the lunch counter."

"Then let's not bother him. I've certainly enjoyed the novelty of it all thoroughly—and thank you again, Mr. Broyles." Neither in her voice nor in her manner was there, or had there been, the slightest trace of self-consciousness.

"Yessum. Don't mention it; always a pleasure. And ef you're fixin' to go now I'd like to say that ef ever you sh'd be needin' to borrow anythin', ef you'll jest send over——"

"Oh, it's not time for good-bys yet," she told him archly. "Not for hours and hours yet. So don't you start in hinting." He could feel his stupefaction, which had lifted slightly, beginning to resettle on him, denser than ever. "I told them over at my home not to expect me back until they saw me. You see, what with my married daughter having been sick, I got behind with my regular fall housekeeping. My cottage is still all torn up, and this being wash day besides—well, I expect, Mr. Broyles, if you're a gentleman of family you must realize how those things are.

"So, since you've been so gracious and all, I just think I'll take off my coat"—she did take it off—"and ask you to hang it up for me in that closet yonder"—dumbly he accepted it—"and I'm going to sit down here at this nice little table by your nice new stove.

"Don't you bother any more about me, Mr. Broyles. I won't be lonesome. See here, I brought some fancy work along with me to do." She was taking a chair now. "I declare this is comfortable! And anyhow, I forgot to tell you before—I'm expecting Mrs. O. J. Tudor—she's another new neighbor of yours, Mr. Broyles. She told me she'd be by during the morning. She said maybe she'd bring her little boy along. He's four and so full of spirits! His name is Oscar J. Junior but they call him Buster because he's so large for his age."

Fumbling with his feet, as awkward with them as an amateur somnambulist might be, Mr. Broyles retreated until he had the bar between his spherical shape and this amazing invader. It was the last ditch of his breached defenses, the innermost refuge, as it were, and somehow he felt safer there, although not any too safe at that. Almost gayly Mrs. Tabscott chatted away. It was a one-sided talk, since Mr. Broyles replied but in monosyllables or in vague gruntings, meanwhile making pitiable pretense at busying himself with this and that.

The thing was getting to be a prolonged nightmare—precisely that—and behind the nightmare a great doubt was jelling into a direful presentiment.

How many times he had mechanically mopped and remopped the already immaculate mirror he had lost count, when the first break occurred in his confused but painful speculations. The interlude began at a moment when he had his back to the vivacious sojourner. He heard door hinges creak, then heard a muffled but violent exclamation which evidently was of masculine origin, and glancing about he saw the twin lattices quivering as though in an ague, and below them beheld two sets of legs from the knees down.

As he watched, the paneled half-doors ceased from their shuddering and parted cautiously until between them there was a narrowed space suitable for peeping. After a little, the slit widened yet a little farther, and a furtive hand showed in the opening. It beckoned twice and was withdrawn.

"'Scuse me, ma'am," he made shift to say as he quitted his sheltering breastwork. "Seems like I'm bein' wanted outside a minute."

"Go right ahead," she bade him. "I told you not to make company of me."

On the pavement, two gentlemen, both potential customers, awaited the unhappy saloonist. Amazement was written in capital letters all over them.

"Say, look here, Crispy Broyles," inquired one, "have you been seein' whut us two fellers jest now seen?"

"Fur the better part of half an hour

now I been seein' it," replied Mr. Broyles bitterly.

"Lucky we ketched a quick flash, else we'd 'a' been right in there ourselves," said the second man, with the air of one congratulating himself upon a narrow escape. "First off I sez to myself: 'By gum, I must be dreamin'!'"

"I wish't I wuz," rejoined the morose Mr. Broyles.

"And then we had the gumption to fall back and then we crope up ag'in and took one more quick slant on the sly, and we seen, by gum, that it wuz true!"

"I'll say it's true!"

"Whut on earth do you make of it?" inquired Number One. "Whut on earth's the gin'ral notion?"

"I ain't dead shore yet," said Mr. Broyles. "But I'm beginnin' to git a kind of a smatterin' of a suspicion. Boys, I'm worried."

"Maybe she's suddenly went crazy in the head." It was Number Two who offered this offhand diagnosis.

"And maybe I'm the one that's fixin' to go crazy," lamented Mr. Broyles.

"But looky here, Crispy, ain't they a law ag'inst 'lowin' wimmin inside of a saloon? Couldn't you call the police and have her put out? Comes to that, couldn't you put her out yourself—that is, ef she wouldn't go peaceful after you ast her wouldn't she?"

"The law didn't mean that kind of wimmin, and you know it," stated the pestered publican. "And how long would it be, onc't the word got round that I'd laid my hand on somebody like her or even had raised my voice to her rough, before this whole town wuz up in arms ag'inst me? Think I'm honin' to git myself shot or mobbed or somethin'? Besides, I wuzn't raised that way.

"Say, fellers," he pleaded, suddenly beset with a craving for such moral support as the presence of members of his own sex might supply, "come on in anyhow, won't you, please? I'll—I'll set 'em up. 'Twon't cost you boys a red cent."

They thanked him but even while doing so were backing away and they kept on backing. They weren't thirsty, they protested, or if they had been, weren't thirsty now. They'd be back later on, they promised, still backing. They departed with the looks of men who had great news of a great mystery to spread and meant to waste no precious moments before they started spreading it.

Sunk in forebodings, Mr. Broyles returned to his violated citadel, from where presently he was cognizant of the gathering of what must be a sizable crowd without. No one actually entered but there were rustling sounds beyond the entryway. There were stealthy small movements beyond his inner barriers, and legs belonging to unseen bodies passed in a swift processional before his view, to all of which Mrs. Tabscott gave no heed.

In fact, the next real interruption to her conversational rapid-fire befell when Dink Givens, blithely whistling, came in from his domain at the rear, bearing a large tureen of vegetable soup, the first item of the list of hot delicacies advertised to be served from eleven o'clock onward.

"Now doesn't that smell just too nice for any use!" declared Mrs. Tabscott, while the panic-stricken Dink Givens gave vent to muffled stammering sounds and couldn't make up his mind whether he should flee or fall in a faint. "Put that soup bowl right down," she blandly bade him, seeing how, because of their owner's indecision, his feet also stuttered. "I expect you'll be bringing in something else that's just as appetizing next, won't you? And it's all part of what you call your free snack, isn't it, Mr. Broyles? Well, I wouldn't be surprised but what Mrs. Tudor and Buster and I just had a bite here instead of going home for dinner. She's due here any minute now."

Sure enough, her expectations shortly were gratified. Leading Buster by the hand and seemingly not in the least flustered by the fact that she had just run the gantlet of a whole battery of astounded male eyes, Mrs. Tudor soon appeared, revealing herself as a smallish matron of perhaps forty who, with keenly accented words and a brisk nod, made acknowledgment of Mr. Broyles' bow as Mrs. Tabscott, doing the ceremonials, presented him.

In contrast with Mrs. Tabscott, who was decidedly on the hen-partridge order, Mrs. Tudor suggested the nuthatch type. She suggested a bustling and managerial little nuthatch who by some strange biological freak had mothered an oversized owlet, Buster being round-eyed and moon-faced, and, as would almost immediately develop, of an owlishly robust capacity for food.

"I hope you don't mind my having brought my little boy along," said Mrs. Tudor as Mr. Broyles stood mutely before her. "But really there wasn't any place to leave him and if you take your eye off him a second he gets into something or tumbles over something. And besides, since his father spends quite a good deal of his leisure time in places like this, I decided it would be a good idea to let Buster find out at an early age just what they're like."

She made a smart darting slap through the air at a languid and rather disheveled-looking bluebottle, one of a small coterie of such pests which were humming above the lunch counters.

"Nasty things!" she said, then addressed Mr. Broyles: "I heard somebody saying only yesterday that somebody else said just the night before that you wouldn't hurt a fly. Well, I'm not that tender-hearted, myself—— Boy!" She snapped authoritative fingers at Dink and he jumped. "Bring me a fly-swatter if you've got such a thing. And if you haven't got one, you just run down to Guthrie's hardware store and tell 'em to send one up. Make haste, boy! Don't stand there staring like a dummy."

"Do what the lady says," commanded Mr. Broyles, "and be quick about it."

The flabbergasted colored man was as quick about it as he could be, considering that going and coming he repeatedly was waylaid by groups and individuals all putting eager questions.

"Don't ast me whut it means, boss," was his most frequent parry. "All I kin tell you is it done come to pass dat fust one w'ite lady sashays in an' meks herse'f at home and now 'nother'n done come, bringin' a young baby eliphint wid her, an' she's tuk charge same ez ef she own' de whole shebang! 'Co'se 'tain't none of my bus'nezz, but de way hit look to me, we's fixin' to be ganged on."

At three o'clock of what, for Mr. Broyles, had been one of the most dragging afternoons of the Christian Era, the telephone rang. That hour registered a change in the personnel of the visiting list but no material change in the situation. In the most matter-of-fact way imaginable, two more ladies, namely, Mrs. Whittemore and a Miss Cornelia Southwick, spinster and active in church work, had dropped in, the former wearing a fixed smile which was at once cryptic and inscrutable and yet casual, and the latter affably interested in Mr. Broyles' furnishings and decorations.

Coincidentally with their advent, Mrs. Tabscott, the first comer, had left, first thanking Mr. Broyles for a most pleasant time and announcing, also in a matter-of-fact way, that she'd enjoyed herself so much she really believed she'd run in again for a spell after supper and rejoin the present company; and at that, Mrs. Tudor had said she would probably be forced to leave early to put Buster to bed, but the other two assured Mrs. Tabscott that they'd still be on hand.

That was the most significant, the most sinister part of it all—the matter-of-factual attitude of these good women.

So at three when the telephone rang, Mr. Broyles, face to face with fate yet still not entirely sunk in despair—but sinking fast—betook himself to the instrument and in a hollow voice said "Hello" into the transmitter.

Over the wire came back: "Hello! Say, Crispy, this here is Coulter."

"Where are you?"

"At Rickey's drug store, cater-cornered acrost the street."

"Whut you doin' over there? Why don't you come on over to these here premises where you belong?" He sank his voice. "I'm achin' to git away so I kin go off and do some thinkin'."

"Well, I'll tell you about that: I don't believe I'm comin' over—not jist yit, anyhow. You step acrost here and we'll talk about it. There's quite a mob out front, in case you don't know it, but don't let 'em stop you. You come on over to Rickey's right away. This is important."

Having crossed bareheaded to the drug store, Mr. Broyles demanded to know what ailed Mr. Coulter.

"Well, you might as well know it now ez later," answered Mr. Coulter. "I'm sorry to tell you but I've about decided to quit the job."

"Quit the job?" echoed Mr. Broyles blankly. "Why, great day in the mornin', Hosshead, you can't quit on me now—not with me in this here jam I'm in!"

"Whut's the reason I can't?"

"Because it wouldn't be fair—it wouldn't be human to do a man thataway." Mr. Broyles' mien was plaintive. "You wouldn't run out on me, Hosshead, would you?"

"I'm tryin' to be fair, but I got to think about myself a little. My wife's one of these here jealous wimmin. 'Twouldn't never do fur her to be hearin' I'd been over there all by myself helpin' turn a retail likker store into a reg'lar Dorcas Society and lallygaggin' with a lot of strange wimmin."

"Lallygaggin'—ha ha!" But Mr. Broyles' laughter was brassy and mirthless.

"And besides, the way things has suddenly went on us, you don't need nobody else standin' watch. You'd jest be a-wastin' the money you paid me. How much have you took in since this here sewin' circle moved in on you?"

"Ten cents," confessed Mr. Broyles miserably. "Buster, he drunk two bottles of soda pop, one sars'p'rilla and one lemon. I said to let it be on the house but no, nuthin' would do his mother but whut she'd pay fur 'em. Ef you must know, ten cents," repeated Mr. Broyles wildly. "And Buster et up enough free lunch fur any two grown people. And broke two plates. And put one of his laigs through a brand-new chair bottom. I bet he's broke somethin' else since I come away a minute ago. I bet he's breakin' somethin' right now!"

"There you are!" proclaimed Mr. Coulter. "I told you you wouldn't need me no longer, nor never ag'in, without that there quiltin' bee yonder breaks up, which it's my guess it won't, because there's

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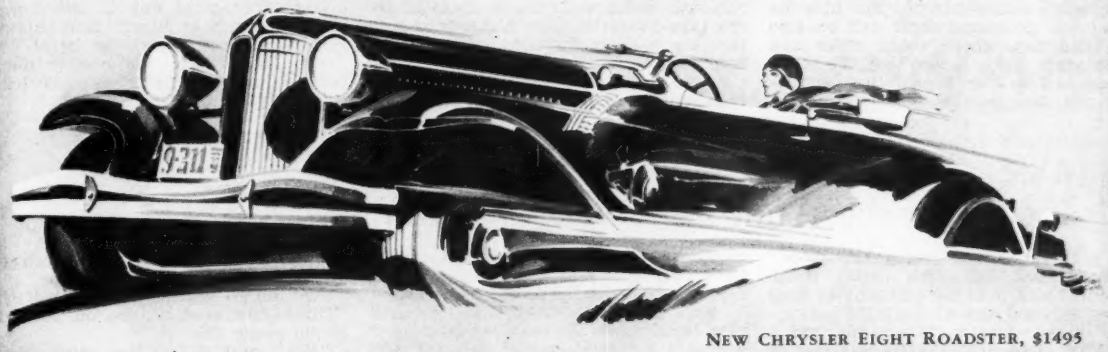

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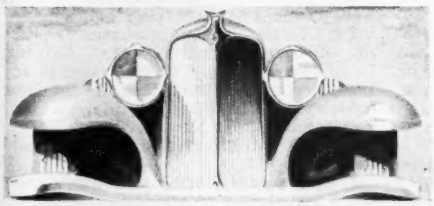

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bein' dirty work done at these crossroads, shore as shootin'! Crispy, listen: I ain't gittin' ready to quit on you, I've already done quit!"

Diagonaling across again to the violated sanctuary of his kind, Mr. Broyles halted only once. That was when one of the assembled throng called out: "Ain't he the abandoned old rip, skirmishin' right back to resoom them gay flirtations!"

His proverbial good nature peeled from Mr. Broyles like a shuck from a roasting ear. His broad face became a bright-red billboard for a black display of maniacal fury. "Jest one more crack like that," he hoarsely declared, "and I won't be responsible fur whut happens. But some undertaker will!"

This sorely badgered but resolute man lasted through the evening and the night. He lasted all through the second day and the evening hours thereof. For him the ordeal was prolonged until well on into the third day, which would make it a Wednesday. Long before that the polite contest had resolved itself into an endurance test, Mr. Broyles, on the one side, passionately, silently, grimly holding the fort single-handed and utterly unsupported by any of his fellows, and, arraigned on the other side, a constant succession of friendly wives and mothers, with new recruits from time to time spelling such veterans as Mrs. Tabscott and Mrs. Tudor and Buster.

It was on Wednesday, while Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Buckner Merrill chanced to be the troops on duty, that, unnoticed by these two pickets, plans for the evacuation reached their climax. Keeping his voice discreetly down, the beleaguered Mr. Broyles had telephoned to this one and that one—to the city clerk regarding the matter of the license, to a firm specializing in the moving of household goods on short notice, to the owner of the property about a compromise touching on the leasehold. In response to his call, two of these interested functionaries came hitherward and, tarrying a short distance up the alley, held with Mr. Broyles a brief conference.

As, following this sidewalk parley, he reentered upon the scene of defeat, he had about him but little of the despondent air which might have been expected in a loser on the verge of capitulation. Rather was there about him a wan exhilaration.

Smiling, he approached the present sentry forces of the late enemy and said: "Ladies, I'm bound to tell you that we won't be meetin' together in this here pleasant way tomorrow."

"Oh, we'll be here tomorrow bright and early, or if not us, some of the others," stated Field Marshaless Whittemore reassuringly. "Tomorrow and every day from now on, Mr. Broyles."

"The Old Guard dies but it never surrenders," murmured Mrs. Merrill.

"Yessum," said Mr. Broyles, "mebbe you-all 'll be here—that's all right with me. But great day in the mornin' "—it was a sworn and solemn oath he was taking—"but great day in the mornin', ladies, I won't be here! And this here Idlewild Saloon won't be here! And nothin' that looks like neither one or both of us won't never ag'in be here—thank Gawd fur it!"

Coming Soon—another Judge Priest story by Irvin S. Cobb

Meet the Aunt *by Holworthy Hall* (*Continued from page 31*)

didn't think it was worth the price."

"Well," said Bill, "it's pretty steep, but still I owe it to my company to keep myself in good shape, don't I?"

To myself, I said: "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of sarsaparilla!" To Bill I said: "Attagarçon! I'll put your name up tonight."

I do hope that Bill's boss appreciated his dogged efforts to preserve his health. Because, from that date forward, his attendance record at Saint-Hubert was practically perfect. Indeed, he never once slipped a week-end.

Sometimes I played a single with him, or we made a threesome with my aunt; sometimes he hired a lesson from the pro; and not quite so sometimes he had a round alone with Patsy. But after that first Saturday, he didn't seem to think that either his *mens sana* or his *corpore sano* was much improved by any combination that included Paul Targerouge. And when I thought of Paul's pedigree, and his title, and his size, and his limelight limousines, and his near-by château with its seneschals and moats and hired girls and everything, and the fact that every time the clock went round, his unearned increment was more than Bill dragged down in a whole year—why, I could hardly blame Bill for being a trifle Yankee at him.

Be that as it may, Patsy went right on recruiting her interest in Bill, and Mother did likewise. Mother said to me: "I can't see a solitary fault in him, except possibly his income."

Just to be fair to both my friends, I said: "Check. And I can't see a thing against Paul, except possibly his nationality—and that isn't his fault."

We all grew a week or two older, during which time Bill took a couple of points off his medal rounds and added them to his temperature.

"Bill," said Patsy, as we were coming into the clubhouse one day, "I can't see why you don't put in three scores, and get a handicap, and play in some tournaments. Why don't you?"

I'd already asked him that, and now he gave her the same answer. He said he just didn't feel that he had all his feathers on yet, and he wasn't going into any competitions until he did. But a bit later, when I had him alone, I mooted the same question again, and he argued con and I argued pro until finally Bill bared his secret.

"Well, to tell the truth, Jim," he said, "I'm laying back for the *Grande Coupe*."

Now, the Grand Cup of Saint-Hubert is something that golfers go grailing for. It's played under handicap, but the permanent challenge trophy is silver inlaid with gold, and if it were any taller it would make a fine kennel for a flamingo; and since practically all the stars belong to Saint-Hubert, the top half of the field is quite as hot as in the Amateur Championship. So it looked to me as if Bill planned to hitch his wagon to a Roman candle, and I thought he was wrong, and I said so. I thought he ought to play in some smaller events first to get a layer of experience.

"But," said Bill, "I've never won a darned thing in my life, and this is the only game I haven't been a clumsy fool in, so I'm not going to begin by shooting for a ball sweepstakes or a tin ash tray. The first prize I win has got to be a good one, or I don't want it. I've got a yen for that cup. But that's exactly why I won't put in any scores till the last minute, when my handicap'll show the game I'm playing then and not now. And I'm going to collect. I'll bet on it."

It sure was exhilarating to hear old Bill Burdakin, who used to be as inferior as a spinach, trumpeting that he was going to cop the *Coupe*. Why, everything else aside, I'd rather planned to win it myself!

When Paul next asked us to dinner at the château he chivalrously included Bill and Bill eventually decided to travel along, although it was pretty plain to me that he was propelled only by courtesy and curiosity. But when we arrived, I could see that he was more impressed than he had intended to be, for the Targerouge castle was originally built to contain royal dukes, and every stone was fraught with history.

While we were having cocktails, Mother asked the Baron how the New York stock market had been trending that day, and what was on the bargain counter.

"Well, I hardly know," said Paul, "because they've just made me chairman of the handicap committee, and that's kept me busy. And by the way, Mr. Burdakin, the committee wishes very much that you'll play in the *Grande Coupe*."

"Oh, do go into it, Bill!" urged Patsy. "Think how cute it'd be on your desk to put paper clips in."

"Yes," said Bill. "But think what a job it'd be to get 'em out again."

Both of them knew, of course, that the cup lived in the club; the winner merely getting his name carved on it, plus a personal prize to solace him in his old age.

"No, seriously," said Paul, "we always like as many foreign members as possible to enter, and especially the good players. But men who haven't handicaps already must hand in their scores at least two weeks before the qualifying round. You'll do that, won't you?"

Bill glanced down at the Baron, whose premature bald spot came just to Bill's shoulder. "Thanks a lot," he said. "I'll certainly think it over." His accent was a trifle dehydrated, but I had a sneaking feeling that he wished he could give me a joyous dig in the ribs. And you can see why, can't you? I could. Bill's private climax had been changed officially, and by the man he most disliked, into a public compliment.

And at the same time I was realizing more than ever that Baron Paul de Targerouge was a chronic gentleman.

Paul turned back to Mother. "Speaking of bargains, though, Mrs. Lansing, I don't suppose you'd be interested in any low-priced curb stock, but I did hear today that the Marconi interests may possibly take over Mexican Wireless."

"I don't think I ever heard of it," said Mother.

I said subtly: "Oh, you must have. It's a crossbreed of Mexican Hairless."

Paul groaned at me and continued: "It's selling around two dollars and a quarter, and intrinsically it seems as if some day it might be worth about five. So that with a rumor like that, in this bull market it might go as high as twelve or fifteen. And then again, if the story's denied, it could drop clear out of sight. But as a speculative bargain it looks amusing."

Mother thanked him, but she wasn't amused. Mother is almost as conservative as a trust company.

Dinner was announced; and it was served with all the waste of man power necessary to remind the rich that they're

"A Perfume . . .
taught me the secret of *Youth*" . . .

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"YOUTH—what is it? An age?... a number of years? No—I thought that once ... before I knew... about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else ... except perhaps ... those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies ... one has at Seventeen! It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a *mood* ... to be recaptured ... triumphantly worn ... forever, if I like!"

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Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

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really rich. Patsy loved it, but personally I don't need six feet of liveried silence behind my chair to help me eat. But afterwards, thank goodness, the footmen let us play bridge by ourselves.

On our way to drop Bill at the station, I said: "Mother, do you realize this is the only time that Paul ever recommended a cheap stock like that? Maybe you'd better get aboard."

Mother shook her head, but Bill said: "On a hot tip like that, I certainly think I'll climb aboard with both feet."

Instantly Mother and Patsy bracketed him with objections, reproofs and advices. They told him that boundless risk didn't necessarily mean boundless gain, and that if he didn't know that, he was a gump.

Bill protested: "Yes, but on a headquarters tip like that——"

"Bill," said Mother, encoring herself for the third time, "if you want us to think you're reckless enough to gamble with the little you've saved, no matter *where* the tip came from, I'll be disappointed in you."

"And so will I," said Patsy. "I'll be perfectly furious."

Bill grinned and said that probably they were right; and after all, two dollars and a quarter was a lot to trust a Mexican with, anyway.

When we left the station for the villa, I said: "Pat, if you'll take the advice of a nephew old enough to be your older brother, you can lead Bill with a string, but you can't drag him with a tractor. I know Bill."

She said: "I'm not going to try to do either one. He knows what we think, and now he can do as he pleases. I'm never even going to mention it again unless he does first."

Just as Bill's boss lavished a short vacation on him I had to go to London for a few days: and when I got back I found Patsy in a mood that was positively swarthy, and Mother was a close runner-up.

"Well, well, well," I said. "Why all the encircling glooms? What's happened?"

Aunt Patricia took the witness stand. "Jimmy, your friend Bill Burdakin has behaved to us like a perfect pig!"

"No!" I said. "What's he done—rooted up the garden?"

She gave me a glower that was remarkably successful for a girl who'd had so few rehearsals at it. "Listen, Jim. Last Wednesday Bill and I went to play at Fontainebleau. And we had a beautiful day. Bill was as jolly and natural as he could be. Well, then he was supposed to be out here Thursday at ten. And at half past eleven—half past *eleven*, mind you!—he telephoned that he couldn't make it. He didn't give any reasons: he just said he had to stay in town. And the way he said it sounded as if he didn't care two cents whether he left me dangling or not. He——"

"Now, whoa, old lady!" I authorized her. "If Bill sounded like that, there's something back of it you don't know about. Why don't you give him a break?"

"You wait! Yesterday he did absolutely the same thing. We had a date at ten, and he phoned at nine that he had to cancel the date. And when I asked what was the matter, he squirmed out of it. And furthermore——"

"But darling," I said, "there sure must be a buzzard in the ointment somewhere. Why, Bill wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything in the world."

"No? Well, I happen to know that he was out here playing today—and he didn't even have the decency to stop on the way past and beg my pardon. He couldn't have been ill those other two days, and it couldn't have been his business, or relatives or friends or anything, or else he'd just have *told* me, wouldn't he? No, after all we've done for him, I think he's the rudest man I ever met in my life."

Now Mother advanced to the fray. "At first," she said, "I imagined that he'd gone into that penny wireless stock, and lost so much money that he was ashamed to see us. But then I looked in the papers, so it can't be that. Have you seen what it's done, Jimmy?"

I said: "Yes. And do you remember I told you that you ought to get aboard?"

Mother sniffed. "I don't speculate; I invest. But after the trait he showed that night, I'm wondering if he's gambled everything away in something equally chancy. Anyway, I shan't ever invite him here again until he's made matters up."

"And whatever it is," said Patsy, "I won't have anything whatsoever more to do with him until I know what made him treat us that way."

Here the telephone rang, and from her hurry to answer it, I readily deduced that she didn't think it was the butcher. But it wasn't Bill, either. It was Paul, and he wanted me to run over to the baronial barracks, which I did.

"Jim," he said, after a trio of burly henchmen had served us each a demi-tasse and a liqueur, "the committee's in a rather awkward mess, and I wanted to speak to you about it. I hate to have to do it, but as I'm the chairman and you're a friend of Burdakin's, and as you've played more with him than anybody else—well, to cut it short, what would you say his average is?"

"Oh," I said, "about 86. Why?"

Paul got up and began to patrol the library. "The fact is, he waited until today—and today was the dead line—to play his three rounds for handicap."

"Hey!" I said. "How could he do that? They have to be played on different days."

"Quite so—in theory. But the new printed rules we put on the bulletin board a fortnight ago accidentally left out that clause, and nobody noticed it until tonight. Everyone else must have taken it for granted. But Burdakin put in the three cards he made today. But do you know what he turned in? They were 97, 99 and 104."

I was so surprised that I nearly spilled thirty cents' worth of benedictine on a five-thousand-dollar rug. Of course anybody can have an off day, but it was a sour coincidence. And it tasted even sourer when I remembered how Bill, usually so modest, had reared his proud crest and told me that, in his first public competition, he absolutely intended to walk off with the *Grande Coupe*. So I had to believe either that he was the victim of a malicious miracle, or else that suddenly he wasn't any more to be trusted than an epitaph. Naturally I pinned my faith on the miracle—and with a safety pin.

I said: "Well, that's almost as strange as a flying turtle. What are you going to do about it?"

"On the basis of today, his rating would be about 20, and that's ridiculous. I suggested letting him show us a few more cards next week, but the committee were all against it. Fact is, there was strong opposition to accepting his entry for the cup. I might say that I made an issue of it. But the committee was so upset by those extraordinary cards today that they won't even give him as much handicap as I thought he ought to have. I thought he ought to have 9."

"Yes," I said, "just about. But if you've already made up your minds, what good's *my* opinion?"

He came to a standstill. "Jim, I'm

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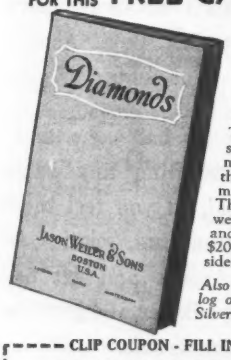

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not trying to pass the buck, but it might save everybody some embarrassment if you'd see him before the new handicaps are posted on Monday, and tell him in advance that we're only going to give him 5. Because, if he doesn't choose to accept that, then tomorrow he could quietly withdraw his entry for the *Grande Coupe*, and nobody could accuse him of poor sportsmanship, because nobody'd know he had the advance information. I'd do it myself, only I think he'd take it much better from you. Do you agree?"

Frankly, it did seem to me that they were giving Bill a mighty skinny allowance. Although, to be sure, 5 in France is equal to 9 in America, because in France we don't start from scratch, but from plus 4. But I could see the committee's viewpoint, and also Paul's, so I consented that tomorrow I'd act the part of Mercury and deliver the Jovian thunderbolt in plain sealed wrapper.

Late the next afternoon I discovered Bill in the bar.

"Hello, Bill," I said; "what was the big matter yesterday? I understand you hardly got back any change out of a hundred."

Bill looked almost as guilty as though the Ten Commandments had beaten him six up and four to play. "Jim, it was a nightmare. It was all I could do to get near enough to a flag to salute it. But if *that* was all that was worrying me, I'd be as chipper as a robin. I suppose you know I'm in Dutch with your family, don't you?"

"Not simply Dutch," I said, "but Hohenzollern. Yes, they gave me a synopsis of previous chapters; go ahead with the story. Have you seen 'em today?"

"Both seen and both heard."

"Well, what's the answer? Why all the fifteen-cent mystery?"

"Jim," he said slowly, "I can't tell you, any more than I could your family—and heaven knows they laid enough stress on it. Maybe later, and maybe never, but not now, anyhow. It's a private matter, and I just don't care to go into it."

"But Bill, what's the sense in serving yourself up hot on your own toast? I won't bear down on it if you'd rather I wouldn't, but maybe you're letting 'em suspect more than you ought to."

"Well, if I am, it's just too bad. But even at that, all I can do is batten my hatch. And there's no fun in this, Jim, and I'd rather not talk about it, if you don't mind." He steered the conversation around the corner into an alley. "I wonder what handicap they're going to give me."

I told him the verdict, and for a minute he looked as if a dose of bicarbonate would do him lots of good. At length he said: "Well, if that isn't a raw-potato hand-out, then I'm a bum! Only why did they stop at 5? Why didn't they set me back to scratch and make me play left-handed? Well, I don't like Targerouge, but by gosh, I'd have guaranteed he wouldn't try to wedge me out of the cup *this* way!"

The only decent thing was to whitewash the Baron on the spot. So I said: "And you'd have been dead right. I know for a fact that Paul himself wanted you to have four more strokes."

That appeased him slightly; but if his remarks about the rest of the committee could have been put into chemical form, they'd almost have blown up Gibraltar. Then in the middle of a sentence he stopped short and stared at me.

"Jumping Judas, Jim, but I've got an idea! Of course I knew I wouldn't be classed by what I did yesterday, but on form. But do you suppose those sweet-scented geraniums figured I was playing off on *purpose*, hoping I'd get a fat handicap? Are they stepping on me because they've got me down as a cheap mug-hunter?"

This time, for Bill's sake, the only decent thing was to kalsomine the whole committee with a white lie. "Don't be a sap. They simply picked you as a dark horse and made what they think is fair odds. I'd call it a compliment."

He shook his head. "You're wrong. I know you're wrong. They aren't picking me as a dark horse; they're picking *on* me as a black sheep! Well, let's get 'em shown."

During the next two weeks, human nature certainly had its innings.

Take Paul. He now held a definite option on all of Aunt Patricia's time, and it looked as if she were making hay at him; but sometimes he carried around a hint of anxiety on his face, and I guessed that he felt partly responsible for Bill's new status at the club, and probably imagined that this had something to do with Bill's new status at the villa. For practically the whole club was regarding Bill as a wily sniper who'd got sniped himself, and by Chairman Paul. And outside of business hours, Paul hated to take advantage of anybody.

Take Mother and Patsy. Whenever they met Bill, they were as smooth as if they owed him a year's rent; but when I sued to have him recalled from exile, a chill wind blew over the moor.

"No," said Patsy, "he knows perfectly well what he's got to do first. And the longer he puts it off, the less I care whether he does it or not. And if you want to, you can tell him so."

Take Bill. I've got to grant that often I was afraid a pretty heavy millstone must be roosting on his conscience—or why should he balk at filling in that three-day gap in his memoirs? But I was so sorry for him, bereft of Patsy and with the finger of public opinion virtually poking him in the eye, that I relayed her message to him.

Bill's brows fidgeted for a second, and then he said: "Jim, I'm going to change my mind and take a wide chance. If you'll swear not to pass it on, I'll spill the whole doings to you, and you'll see for yourself why I can't tell Patsy."

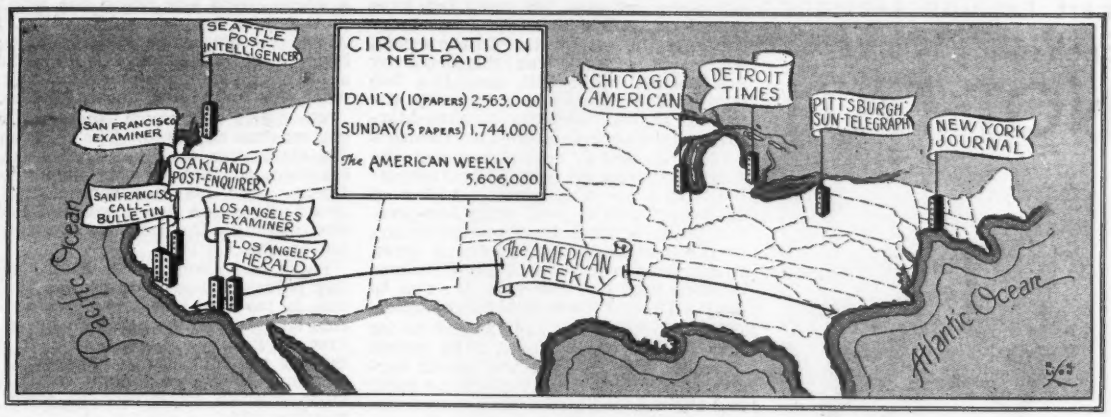
So I swore, and he told, and I saw. For myself, I didn't think any less of him; but you never know when women are going to get feminine. And with Bill as sensitive as he was, there was absolutely nothing that could be done about it, so naturally that's what I did.

And so we came to tournament week. I more than expected that Bill, with so many plagues in his skull, would blow up in the qualifying round; but instead of that, he was as cool as a vaudeville agent, and registered 83—5=78, which just squeezed him into the sacred sixteen. But when the figures were posted, half the people who were standing around the score-board smirked significantly, and the other half gazed at Bill as though they were a posse of naturalists and he was a specimen new to science. Incidentally, I made the grade myself, but Paul, as he told us at the château that night, was shut out.

Before the match play started, I said to Bill: "You know your instructions, kid. Go back to your corner now, and come out fighting at the bell. It's only four rounds; make 'em good."

His eyes were about as enthusiastic as a trout's. "Yes," he said, "and the better I play, the more soot'll be thrown on me. That's all right: I don't give a darn whether it's for the *Grande Coupe* or a paper cup, I'm going soot-collecting."

After which he went out and swabbed up his opponent, 5 and 4. Myself, I drew



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one of those irritating sharpshooters who can never get over 185 yards but have fungus on their niblicks, so I was lucky to win at the nineteenth. In the second stanza, however, I was eliminated by Fred Smith; while Bill, conceding two strokes, beat a one-man team by the name of Count Jean-Marie-Etienne-Marcel Sainte-Valérie Gomichon des Granges.

Did the cinders rain down, and the smirks leap from lip to lip? *Sans blague!* But there was also quite a nicker of excitement and a good many low-pressure bets; because tomorrow afternoon in the semifinals Bill, receiving seven strokes (three-quarters of the difference between minus 5 and plus 4), was to clash with the French amateur champion.

I wouldn't have missed that set-to for fifty dollars—but I missed it by nfteen seconds. Just before I was out of earshot of the villa Patsy yodeled me back; and I found that Mother had warped her ankle badly. So I helped get her indoors, and I got the doctor, and then I drove over to the village and got an invoice of supplies from the apothecary's.

When I got home, I was on the brink of telephoning the club for the results when Paul rang up.

"I say," said Paul, "why didn't you appear for the match? Your friend Burdakin walked away with it."

With consummate tact I suppressed a hilarious yawp. "Did he? By how much?"

"Two up; but he won the first hole and never was headed. He was around in 80 or 81."

We had a little dialogue, and he sent his sympathy to Mother; and then I succeeded in getting hold of Bill.

On my way upstairs, I met Patsy coming down. "It may spoil your appetite, darling," I said, "but Bill's just wrecked the champion. That boy's a marvel, that's what he is."

Without much incandescence, Patsy said: "Oh! Did you think I'm catty enough to hope he'd lose, when we're all Americans? Whom does he play tomorrow?"

"Henri Jusseaume. Same handicap as Bill. Thirty-six holes. Want to watch some of it with me?"

"I'll see in the morning."

In the morning, however, I went over alone, because Patsy had been Red-Crossing Mother and hadn't yet put on her powder and stencils.

At the railroad barrier I caught up with Bill. "Well, old kid," I said, "can you think of anybody you'd rather be today than yourself?"

Bill's smile had a backspin on it. "One Targerouge," he said, nodding toward Paul's torpedo at the door.

I said: "Oh, be Burdakin! By the way, I'm sorry I can't eat with you this noon, after all. Mother's all right, but it was quite a shake-up, and I'd feel sort of mean to stay away all day."

To witness the first half of the finals, there was what the French call an "assistance" of about twenty-five, of which only four percent was American, and that was me. And right from the start it was obvious that the others didn't care a birdseed about the quality of the golf, as long as Bill got barbecued.

At the fourth hole, when Bill was one down, I eased up to him and said: "Don't let it get you, kid. Stay with it."

He grinned. "Oh, it isn't any worse than it was yesterday, and not nearly so big a crowd. I'll last."

From the texture of his grin, however, I was afraid that he was finally getting a little soft-shelled. And I must have been right, because when Patsy joined me at the ninth, Bill was down three.

At the jaundiced attitude of the gallery, Aunt Patricia immediately began to smolder. At first, to judge from what she said, she was merely provoked that a whole crowd was riding one man, no matter who he was. After that, the American eagle came and soared overhead. And by the time Bill had shafted another iron shot, she was reminding me what this tournament meant to him.

We didn't talk much, though. Bill's golf was too depraved. The dudgeon of the Gauls was rapidly tunneling under his skin, so that he was having ego-trouble; and his face showed it. He ended the round five down, and looked like something the cook had forgotten to put in the ice box.

Patsy said abruptly: "It doesn't make any difference how rude he was to us—this is *too* raw and I can't stand it!" And she grabbed my arm and towed me over to Bill. "Bill," she said, "if you haven't anything else to do, and I ask you over to dinner tonight, would you write it down somewhere, so you'd remember it?"

I seldom saw a man more cheered by an offer of food.

According to schedule, Patsy and I went home to lunch with Mother in her upstairs salon; Mother was serene enough until Patsy announced she'd asked Bill to tear a herring with us that night.

Mother said: "Oh! You've made up with him, then? But shouldn't any invitation have come from me—and only after he'd explained himself to me, too?"

Patsy said: "But he hasn't explained anything, and I haven't made up with him." Then she tried to describe how her motive had sprouted; but this didn't go over so good.

Mother produced an expertly maternal voice that I remembered from my lost youth. "I can't prevent your dining with him anywhere else, if you see fit, Patricia, but as things are, I still don't choose to receive him here."

Patsy said: "It's too late. He's had his bid, and I'm not going to take it back."

And they both got all this way and that, and grew more and more dignified, until finally I leaped to the fore. I said: "Girls, I'm going to crack a promise. A promise to Bill. But the way you're skirmishing at each other . . . Pat, the day you went to Fontainebleau, that wasn't where you originally meant to play, was it?"

She looked blank for a second. "Why, no. We started for Chantilly. But then I decided I'd rather go to Fontainebleau, so we turned round. What about it?"

"Did Bill seem very keen on going to Fontainebleau? Or did you have to egg him into it?"

She stayed blank. "Why, I suppose he did it to please me. But he took an awful lot of persuading. What of it?"

"Well, your persuasiveness cost Bill about a hundred thousand dollars."

They both stared at me, and screaked: *"What?"*

I said: "Absolutely. He had ten thousand in bonds in New York; and the night before, he cabled his brokers to sell everything and sock it into Mex. Wireless."

"I knew it!" proclaimed Mother. "I had an intuition. Only, how could he lose anything when——"

"Hold on. It had been pegged for a month at two and one-quarter, so he put a limit of three and one-quarter on it to be safe. Then the next day he left word at his hotel that he was going to Chantilly. And that was the day that Mex. skyrocketed to thirty-six."

Patsy's eyes were plenty wide. She said: "But I don't see how he could lose when it went *up!*"

"I didn't say he lost anything; he

simply didn't make it. The market opened at three and three-eighths—just twelve and a half cents over his price—so they didn't buy him a darned share! They cabled him at his office, and the office tried to get him at the hotel, and Chantilly, and the club here. And if he'd got the cable, there'd still have been time for him to climb on the bandwagon, because it wasn't for two more hours that the big push came. But naturally he thought he was aboard anyway, so when he saw the Paris papers that night——"

Now they were both getting it fast. Mother said: "But wasn't the cablegram at his hotel?"

"No, nothing but a message to get in touch with the office. So he went through one gorgeous night thinking he had the price to be married on—if anybody ever cared to marry him. And then in the morning he found he hadn't made a nickel."

Mother sat fixed. "Of course it was a shock to him, but why should it have made him hide from his best friends?"

Patsy said nothing, but she looked as if she were going to rain.

I said: "One thing, because you'd both jumped on him so hard about speculating. Then that first day he was so sick about it, he didn't want to see anybody at all. And then he got tight, and I don't blame him. And he isn't used to it, so when he came out to play his three rounds that Saturday he still had a hang-over—that's why he couldn't even hit his own hat—and he knew he looked it, so he side-stepped you."

Patsy said: "And when he pretends to like us, he'd be as silly and secretive as that for two solid weeks?"

I said: "Sure! Before he could assemble himself you'd already ganged him, and you wouldn't let it drop and he wouldn't lie about it; and the longer he held it back the more ticklish it got for him. Because what could he tell you, anyway? That if you hadn't teased him into going to Fontainebleau he'd have made enough money to propose to you without feeling quite so much like an office boy in comparison with Paul?"

Then they both fell on me as though I'd stage-managed the whole show.

Patsy wouldn't go over to see the remains of the finals. She said she was too tired, and Mother needed her. My opinion, though, was that she had the hunch that Bill would rather she didn't see the mopping up.

The gallery had swelled to about a hundred, and almost all of them, as in the morning, wore wreaths of raspberry leaves in their hair. But Bill, from his brow to his brogues, was a reconditioned man. He was out in 38, and had cut Jusseaume's lead to two holes, and Jusseaume was growing as peevish as a Pekingese that had caught its tail in a door.

They halved three in a row, and then Bill won the thirteenth and fourteenth to square the match, and took the fifteenth with a birdie 3. And the best of it was that the gallery was getting fairer and fairer. Maybe that was because there were now eleven Americans in the crowd, and our little eleven was leavening the whole lump. Or maybe it was because Bill was selling himself on his deportment.

At this point I was actually hoping that Jusseaume would come unstuck. I mean, that may sound like rancid sportsmanship, but Bill needed this win. He needed it to take him out of the spinach class, once and for all.

Afterwards, though, I was mighty glad that it was neither a gift nor a fluke. He played the next two holes in par, and

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since one of them was a long two-shotter and the next was a par 5, and Jusseaume wasn't a heavy hitter, it didn't make much difference whether the Frenchman took 5's or 15's. Bill beat him 3 and 1, and there was hearty applause.

Bill and I walked up to the clubhouse terrace together. Now that the strain was over, he had on a grin that would have lighted up a dark basement.

"Well, Bill," I said, "it doesn't look as if that potato was so raw, after all. Not the way you ate it."

"Jim," he said, simmering, "I can't grasp it yet. I went out to win, and I did, but—it's such a darned funny feeling, Jim. The first time I ever counted for anything. The first prize I ever won in my life! Gosh, lead me to it!"

On the terrace there was a table, and on the table was the *Grande Coupe Tournoi de Saint-Hubert.* Next to it was a good-sized squarish leather case, half open. The crowd made a semicircle, and the president made a speech, during which Bill unconsciously established a black-and-blue spot on my arm.

"Go on, Bill," I said, detaching him. "That's your cue."

Bill went forward; the assistance applauded; the president put the leather case into his hands. And then suddenly something went moldy with Bill's grin, and he almost gasped. I couldn't see why. He pulled himself together, uttered a few banal thanks in his crippled French and stalked back to me, and his eyes were sort of exaggerated and glassy. Then I saw what had jolted him.

Bill and I had naturally supposed that his prize would be something in silver, possibly even a replica of the big challenge cup. Instead of that, it was a copper casserole; just a common ordinary copper stewpan, with a little silver plaque riveted to the front of it to hold the proud inscription.

"Let's go," said Bill, in a voice about as flexible as a hollow tile.

Lord! I was as chagrined as he was. But France is France. I said: "Right. I'm buying the *champagne d'honneur.*"

"No, I don't want any."

We had taken only a few steps when Paul Targerouge luffed across our bows.

"Burdakin," he said, "that was great work. You deserve a lot of credit. Congratulations."

Bill blurted something appreciative, but I felt that just now he didn't give a haricot for praise, especially from Paul.

Paul said to me: "And Jim, will you tell Mrs. Lansing I'll drop in to see her after dinner, if that's convenient?"

Bill and I went on to the locker room. I said: "I'm going to telephone the family. They're fattening the veal for you already, but they'll want to know you won."

When I came back, he was standing leering at his prize. "And they said," rankled Bill, "I was a mug-hunter! What's that in French—a saucepan chaser?"

"Listen, old kid. The family says, unless we specially want to stay here, to come and concoct cocktails at the house. Wouldst?"

"As soon as I've had my shower," said Bill, "I'll do anything you want, except hang around here among these—these kitchen-ware pluggers."

Three-quarters of an hour later, we docked at the villa. Patsy, a tidy unit in an embroidered linen harness that I didn't remember ever seeing before, advanced with both hands, and said: "Bill Burdakin, you abysmal dumb-bell, I'm so glad you won—and *so* mad I didn't see it."

Bill laid the leather case on the piano. "Much obliged for the laurel salad. But how did you find out I'm a dumb-bell? I've been trying to keep that dark for the last twenty-six years."

Patsy didn't let go his hands. "Because at lunch today Jim did what one of you two stupids ought to have done ages ago. He told on you."

"What's that? See here, Jim, you promised me to keep your trap shut. If you've——"

"Jim," interrupted Patsy, "didn't you ever read a column on etiquette in an evening paper? Don't you see how diplomatic it would be to go and make cocktails?"

So I went and manufactured cocktails. I manufactured them for about twenty minutes. And then I gingerly approached the living room, tinkling loudly as I came to the threshold.

Bill was saying: "But if everything had been different—why, one reason I wanted to win this tournament so much was so I could offer the prize to *you.* And even if it had only been a plated bonbon dish or a pewter stein, it would have meant so much to me that—oh, I can't expect you to understand. But *that* thing!"

Patsy said: "It's something you could furnish a kitchen around, though."

Bill said: "Please don't kid me."

Patsy said: "I'm not. Because a kitchen is something we could furnish a little apartment around, isn't it?"

Bill cleared his throat. "Then—it *isn't* Paul? But these last two weeks I was so afraid it was; that was one more reason why I couldn't tell you about Fontainebleau."

Patsy said, sort of muffled: "Dumb-bell!"

Then there was such a lot of silence in the living room that I hated to disturb it. So I gum-shoed upstairs to the branch telephone, and got Paul on the wire.

"Oh, Paul," I said, "there's a bit of a complication—would it be all right if I came over to see you tonight, instead of your coming here?" Then I went out in the garden and inventoried the snails until Patsy called me.

Uncle Bill said he'd never grip a sou of Patsy's money, so he didn't think they ought to be married until he was garnering at least five grand a year. But Patsy said she certainly didn't intend to be a gray-haired bride, and that if he didn't let her share expenses he could consider himself on the trance-list. So that's what settled that argument.

And Bill's boss raised him a thou; and Mother equipped the apartment and gave Bill a check for fifty thou for a wedding present; and I gave them a car—but I didn't bother to tell anybody that I'd bought it out of my profits on five thousand shares of Mex. Wireless. I didn't think it would be tactful.

I was mighty curious to see what Baron Paul de Targerouge (who was jolly well cut up) would send them. All he sent was a little white box with a scrap of engrossed parchment in it. But at sight of the box, Patsy squalled with delight, for it was jade. And when I'd translated the parchment to Bill, he got red, and coughed, and looked pretty shamefaced.

"I guess I must have been wrong all the time, Jim," he said. "Because nobody but a thoroughbred would ever have thought of *that!*"

"Yes," I said, "and I'm glad you've waked up, because Paul's as big as his grandpa was small."

For Paul had ceded to Mr. and Mrs. William Burdakin, and their descendants forever, the privilege of parking their motor within the grounds of the Golf de Saint-Hubert.

Hoofer's Luck

(Continued from page 35)

a trick like that, eating a man's eyeglasses. I never heard of such a thing in my life. You'll do well to stick to your own kind, son.

I'm sorry to hear that you were the one who gave that muff to that Rocco girl. It caused a lot of talk and I hope it never gets back to your father. Sometimes I can't understand you at all, son. Try and keep out of trouble now. It will only be a few days till you come home and then I want to have a good talk with you.

Love,
Mother

Lowell, Mass.
May 27th, 1910.

Stopping at the St. Charles Hotel.....
Rate ..... .50
Tips ..... .00
Fare from Salem ..... .56
$20.00 for three days.

OPERA HOUSE

No. 1. Robinson and La Fava—(Acrobats)
No. 2. Sarinsky. Hungarian Violinist —(Very high class)
No. 3. Jack Donahue
No. 4. Hub Comedy Four—(Should stick to songs)
No. 5. Florence Brown—(Sings illustrated songs. Very pretty)
No. 6. Motion Picture: Ramona.

Dear Mud:

This is supposed to be a great comedy bill. My stuff goes over the same as always but I don't see where the rest of the comedy comes in. A couple of acrobats open the show. They try and tell a few gags first but they don't fool anybody; one look and you can tell what they are. This Sarinsky the violinist is a swell kid and I've got a date to have dinner with him at a Hungarian restaurant after the show tonight.

The only woman on the bill is Florence Brown. She's here steady and sings songs and they show slides on the screen. She's a good singer but she likes one of those boys in the quartette. They're alright for a town like this but they're in a bad spot following me and the audience is just about laughed out. Their singing goes pretty good though.

My room here is costing me only fifty cents a day and I guess that will please even you. I don't know if I made a good move at that though. They've got me up in an attic, no window but an air shaft.

When I got up this morning I itched a little but it may be prickly heat. I don't think I get enough air up there but it's only for three days and I want to come into Boston with a little money.

I had a couple of funny experiences in Salem I almost forgot to tell you about. I went fishing in a rowboat on Saturday morning. I brought along one of those little pints of rye because it gets very chilly on the water early in the morning and I didn't want to take any chances on getting sick.

It's a good thing I had it too, because sure enough I started to get a chill and took a couple of nips, and laid back to take the strain off my heart for a minute. Well, I must have dozed off when all of a sudden I wake up and see a whale about 50 feet long coming for me.

I wasn't very far out, and I kept my head about me, and jumped out of the boat and swam right for shore. The boys tell me it was only a puffing pig or porpoise and they don't run over 20 feet long but I know different.

You know I wrote you that those

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Enclosed find 25c for Coty Trial Size Perfumed Manicure Polish and Solvent Combination. (Check Polish shade desired)
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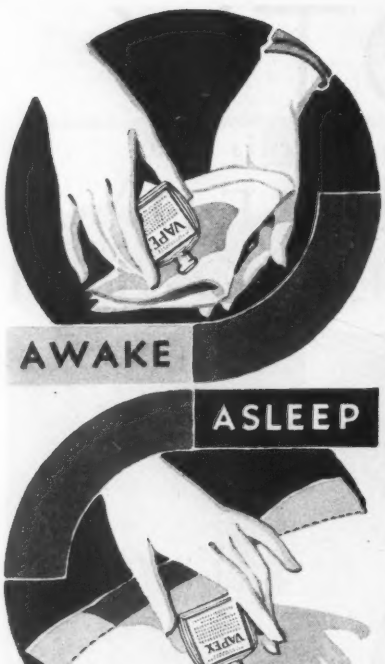

SWIFTLY, SURELY
—VAPEX
RELIEVES COLDS

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A drop on your handkerchief

*VAPEX

Breathe your cold away

*Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

French girls were coming up to my room. Well, the other two finally went out for something—I think I sent them out to get some ice cream—and I figured I'd have a nice quiet talk with Lucienne. Well, everything is lovely and I start to admire her hair. Beautiful stuff, Mud, a real red.

Well, I'm patting her on the head and when I take my hand away, one of the hairs gets caught in my finger nail, and I think I feel something move a little. So I feel her head again, and what do you think? It's a wig. Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather.

She got very sore about it, and then she comes out and tells me that I'll do well if I have my hair when I'm her age. And that she is the mother of the other two girls. I must have a curse on me. I get breaks like that all the time.

I knew that little Joe was up to no good with that carnival. He's working that old shell game, that's what he's got those walnuts and peas for. Stop him quick before they grab him off. They'll send him away for that, sure.

He gets hold of suckers and bets them they can't tell what shell the pea is under. There is just three shells and it looks easy. I don't know where he could have picked it up at his age; I tried to get it down right for years before I could make anything out of it.

I asked that Bengali about Uncle Tim just for the fun of it. I don't go in for that stuff but he says he can see Tim with bars around him some place out West. He didn't say what kind of bars but I imagine he meant in the jug. Anyway, it wouldn't take a mind reader to tell you that. Well, I've got to meet Sarinsky now and try some real goulash.

Your loving son,
Jack

Charlestown, Mass.
May 28th, 1910.

Dear Son:

I told your father what you said little Joe was doing and he wanted to kill the boy. You shouldn't be saying things like that unless you are sure of what you're talking about. Little Joe showed us that trick with the shells and we found the pea every time, both your father and myself, and I'm sure he couldn't make any money fooling people.

I tried to borrow a day bed from Mrs. Mooney for the time you're here but she's got visitors and I'm afraid you'll have to sleep with little Joe.

I told that Leary girl to see you at the theater, but she's got a mean look in her eye and I don't think any good will come of it. I don't know if I'll be able to get your father to come down. Outside of going to the burlesque show once a week he very seldom goes near a theater. However, you can count on me, son; no matter what you're doing you know I'll always stand by you.

I was very hurt to think that you'd go out and drink alone in the morning. I never heard of anyone but a confirmed drunkard who would drink by himself. I don't think you saw any fish at all. You must have been having an attack of the D. T.'s and that's a nice thing for a boy of your age.

I'm glad that you at last showed some common sense and went to a nice reasonable room. I'm sure there was plenty of air coming up through that air shaft, and if not, you could take a nice walk when you got up. I do hope though that you don't bring anything home with you. I just had the exterminator around last week and he won't be back for a month.

That was very funny about that old woman's wig coming off. We all had a good laugh over that. What right did you have fooling around with her head? She had a right to slap your face for being so fresh.

Be careful of that Hungarian cooking, it's even worse than the French stuff you were eating. I saw a man drop dead in front of that "Little Hungary" Restaurant here a few years ago. He had a cute indigestion and had just got to the door for some air when he fell over.

I imagine that Bengali is telling the truth about Uncle Tim and I'll have to tell Maggie right away. She was kind of counting on him being dead, it's been so long, and was getting ready to get married again. It's a good thing that I found that out or the poor woman might have been arrested for bigamy.

Well, take care of yourself and come to the house as soon as you get off the train. It seems like you've been gone a year although it's only a few weeks.

Love,
Your Mother

Woonsocket, R. I.
June 3rd, 1910.

Stopping at the Champeau Hotel....
Rate 1.25
Fare ..... .75
Tips, bell hop ..... .10
$20.00 for three days.

FAMILY THEATER

No. 1. The Neilans—(Two boys and girl)
No. 2. Summers. The Man Who Grows. Novelty act—(Disgusting)
No. 3. Jack Donahue
No. 4. The Highlanders—(Scotch bagpipe band)
No. 5. Feature Picture

Dear Mopsy:

Boy, it sure is good to be back on the road again! There's no place where they knife you like right in your own home town. And when your own father makes a bum out of you in front of all the performers, it's pretty tough.

And that little Joe, what a fine brother he is! I know he was the one that brought that bunch down to razz me from the gallery. The least you could have done was to tell me Dad was coming down to see the act and I could have changed my monologue around and made the guy my uncle.

Anyhow, I've been doing the same talk for years, and he should know I'm just kidding. It's a lucky thing for him the manager didn't have him arrested for breaking up a show like that. I'd just got that first gag out about "My father's so small, he can look a turtle in the face," when he starts yelling, "It's a lie." Of course I could ad lib. out of that one alright but on the next gag that goes "When my father's corns bother him, he thinks he's got a headache," he tried to get right up on the stage.

It's a good thing you weren't with him. It's enough I had to suffer. Right on a Monday night, too, when all the agents were there to catch the new acts. That was a nice way to show my stuff.

Why wouldn't I go down and check in the Rexford? I can't get any rest at home; that little Joe must certainly have a lot of no-good stuff on his mind; he twitched all night and keeps grinding his teeth. He's got more pep in him when he's asleep than when he's awake.

Another thing, you shouldn't have sent that Leary girl down without finding out what she wanted. It's a funny thing, I can tell a bill collector a mile off but they look alright to you. Well, anyway, it's all over now and I'm sorry for your sake that things turned out like that. Even Woonsocket looks good to me now.

This place was originally part of Cumberland, but they didn't want it, so the

part they didn't want got together with another little place and they got a charter in 1888 and called it Woonsocket. That was the year Dad was lost in the blizzard. It's too bad we don't have them any more. I'd like to see one.

A couple of turkeys from this town, the Donnelly brothers they called themselves, came over to the theater in Boston and tried to get all the acts to come to their hotel here, the Monument House, but here's one guy they didn't get. I went to the Champeau Hotel, a French place, and believe me they treat you right.

Mr. Champeau the owner is a real Frenchman; he was so glad to have me stop at his place that he rushed out and kissed me when I stepped in the lobby. You know, just on the cheeks. I would have felt a little embarrassed but I know that's part of a French custom.

There's lots of French people up here and it's a pleasure to be with them after three days in Boston. My nerves are still a little shot but I'm doing alright here. It's a nice bill. The Neilans that open the show are two brothers and a girl and they're globe walkers; they walk around on the tops of big balls and if you don't think it's tough to stay up on those things just try it sometime. I think the act is bound to split up soon though. These two guys are both stuck on the girl. She's English, but she's got a great sense of humor. I don't think she cares anything about either one of them but she's trying to hold the act together.

This fellow Summers is a very clever man in his way. He grows right on the stage; he's really a contortionist. He has to get himself all out of joint before he starts going up.

It would be a great act for little Joe to watch; he likes all that kind of stuff. The day I was home I caught him sticking pins in flies. There's only one thing I regret about leaving Boston and that was that I didn't dust that kid off before I left.

The Highlanders are Scotch bagpipe players and dance the Highland fling. They're Jewish boys and nice fellows. I had a Kosher meal with them this afternoon and it was a dandy.

Well, Mud, I'm going to get cleaned up now and take a little walk. I've got to get myself a trunk and I think this might be a good spot to get it in. Tell Dad I forgive him and to make him feel good tell him I'm telling those jokes about Uncle Ned now. He doesn't like him, anyway.

Always your son,
Jack

Charlestown, Mass.
June 4th, 1910.

Dear Son:

I don't think I'll ever be able to get over the way you treated me. After not having seen you for all that time you stay home for one night and then go off to that terrible hotel where all the burlesque girls stop. What difference did it make what your father did? You could have stayed here for my sake.

I didn't know he was going down to the theater to see you. Some of those fellows that work in the yard with him saw the show and were kidding him that his son was making fun of him on the stage. You know, son, your father is a man six foot two inches tall and a fine figure of a man at that, so why should you be going around saying things like "if he had got his full growth, he would have made a good ventriloquists' dummy."

He should have waited until you got home but you know how hot-headed he is. You should be thankful that I stopped him from going down there again the next night. And then even if

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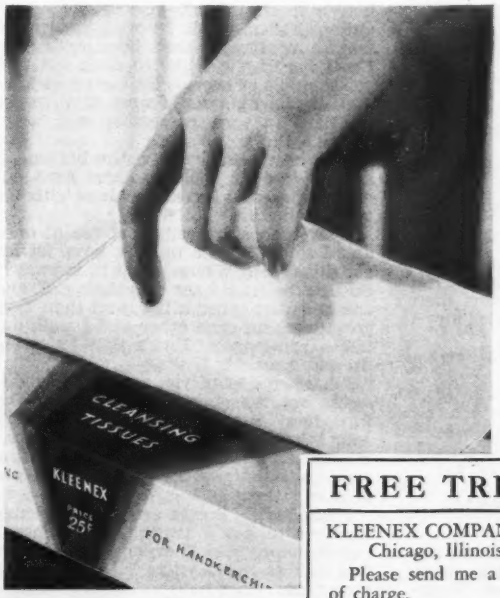

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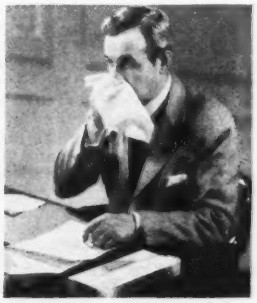

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KLEENEX COMPANY, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge.

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you didn't come around to the house again you could have sent some money over before you left.

You don't need a trunk at all. I took a good look at your bag. Just be a little more careful of it and you'll have no trouble lasting out the season with it. I didn't know that little Joe grinds his teeth when he sleeps. That's a sure sign that he's got worms. He must be eating too much candy and that will do it every time, they say.

That couldn't have been prickly heat you had when you came home. Little Joe has been scratching ever since you were here. If you knew how sick you make me when you talk about how wonderful these French people are. I never heard of men kissing each other before and I couldn't read this letter to your father on account of that and several other things.

Don't be calling good honest Irish people turkeys. It sounds so common. Those Donnelly brothers would probably have been glad to take care of a young Irish boy and charge him little or nothing for it. It certainly wouldn't have cost you any $1.25 and you may rest assured that they wouldn't paw you around or be kissing you.

What a terrible thing it would have been if that La Tour woman had been hanging around on top of all that trouble, although for all I know that may have been the reason you went to the hotel!

I never heard of a globe walker and I hope you don't think that at my age I'm going to try any such nonsense. I have trouble enough doing the housework around here without laying myself up. Besides, I haven't got a ball around here that would be big enough to try it on. I feel very sorry for those Neilan boys. Stay away from English women, son. Those foreigners are bad enough but I'd rather see you with them, but I can't for the life of me see why you can't get acquainted with some nice Irish girl, even one born in this country.

What else does that man do who grows? While he's doing it he must sing or dance. I know they wouldn't stand for an act like that at the Howard. That's the first time I ever heard of Jewish Highlanders. They ought to be ashamed of themselves. I like people who are real and don't try and pretend to be something they're not. I wouldn't advise you to be running around with anyone that could be so deceitful.

Now, son, I don't want you to feel bad about the way your father acted. I'm the one that's hurt. I didn't get a chance to say a word to you and I had so much to tell you.

I warned you about that Leary girl but you're so crazy about women that you told me to send her down anyway, so it's your own fault. It seems there's no end to the people you owe money to. Love from all,

Mopsy—— Hm; Mud was bad enough.

Biddeford, Maine.
June 7th, 1910.

Stopping at the Goose Rock House .75
Fare from Woonsocket..... 3.50
Tips (couldn't afford any tips account of fare)..... .00
Salary for three days $18.75.

OPERA HOUSE

No. 1. The Alvarez Trio—(Clown acrobats. Should be on big time)
No. 2. Owen Burch—(Cornet Virtuoso. Great musician—bad showman)
No. 3. Jack Donahue
No. 4. A Day on the Farm—(Trained animals; bad for other acts on bill)
No. 5. Feature Picture

Dear Mud:

Here I am in another summer resort and it looks like I'll get a chance to use my bathing suit after all. This is a beautiful spot right on the Saco River. What a beautiful place to settle down, if a guy had a little dough and a wife.

We've got an opening act on this bill that would be a sensation in the better houses; there's three guys in the act but the audience don't know it till right near the finish. They all have on clown makeup and they all look alike. One of them will exit from one side of the stage and another one will come from the opposite side and the audience can't figure out how he gets around so quick, but at the end, the three of them come out together and those saps out front must feel pretty foolish.

And then this Burch fellow that plays a cornet, what an artist if he'd lay off the bottle for a couple of days!

They get a smart audience down here on their vacations and I would have killed them if it hadn't been for that animal act that follows me. They've got every kind of an animal you find around a farm—a pig, a dog, a couple of goats, a couple of chickens and a rabbit. You can imagine the noise around there while I'm working.

I'd squawk about it to the manager, but there's a nice German girl that has the act and I don't want to get her in wrong. But I don't think that goats belong around a theater. I'm going to take a long walk tonight and see if I can get that smell off my clothes.

That little pig though is a real performer, smart as a whip. Minnie asks him what time it is, and he grunts out the answer. Like eight o'clock he'd grunt eight times.

The girl's name is Minnie Loeb. She doesn't talk much English but she's got a wonderful smile.

I had a little argument with those Neilan boys before I left Woonsocket. Those are the boys that worked with that English girl, Nancy Tupper. You know I told you how they were both stuck on her, and she didn't give a rap about either of them—well, I notice they've got her all upset and she's been crying, so I ask her if she'd like to duck out and get a couple of beers. We were just having our third glass and were right in the middle of a very interesting talk, when in come the boys.

She got scared because the big one is supposed to be tough, so she runs out of the place and leaves me alone with the two of them.

They both start yelling at me at once and I said, "Wait a minute, boys, let me get this right. Whose girl is it, anyway?" So they both said she was their girl, and one calls the other a liar, and then they go to work on each other and I walk out like a gentleman. How's that for using the old bean, Mud?

I'll try and send you some money this week, but it's going to be tough. The fare here from Woonsocket was 3.50. And I haven't sent my agent any commission for three weeks and I'm getting some nasty letters. I'll have to take care of him without fail.

I wonder if I'll ever get enough money together to get a trunk. Sometimes I get discouraged. They cut me 1.25 for this half so it looks like I'll break about even here.

Well, I've got to drop a line to Mr. Champeau now. That's the Frenchman that ran the hotel in Woonsocket. What a pal! Imagine a man I only knew three days and when I left he cried like a baby, and told me to let him know if I ever needed anything. Can you picture those Donnelly brothers inviting anyone up for a summer vacation for nothing?

He had one of the finest collections of French pictures I ever saw, real art. He told me to pick out any three I wanted and I've got them in my bag.

I'm supposed to take Minnie Loeb out to supper but she drags that pig along everywhere she goes and there's always a crowd following her, so I may try and get out of it. I like the pig, it's very cute, but I don't like that cheap publicity.

Your loving son,
Johnny

Charlestown, Mass.
June 9th, 1910.

Dear Son:

What in the world is the matter with you? Have you gone completely crazy? Here it was little Joe's birthday while you were right here in Boston and you didn't even wish him happy returns. And deep down in his heart that boy worships you. I suppose you don't know that his friends came down to the theater with a lot of vegetables to throw at you and he stopped them and told them they ought to be satisfied to make those funny noises.

Here you've been throwing your money away on strange women, and your father's nose has cost us $16.00 already. And if he knew what you were up to, I'm sure he would have a relapse.

I hope you had better sense than to appear in public with a pig. You can't tell me they're cute or smart either. I was raised with pigs all around me in the old country and I know all about them. That's nonsense, to say they know what time it is. The only time they know is feeding time, and that's all the time.

It does beat everything the way you get yourself mixed up with these low foreign women. You've only been out for a few weeks and it seems as if you've been running around with women of every country, not one decent Irish girl in the lot.

That English girl didn't have enough trouble with those two fools fighting over her but you had to butt in and make it worse. I don't believe you got a cut at all. It sounds like another one of your lies. You're just saving your money to get that girl something expensive.

And for heavens sake get rid of those French pictures. You may think that they're art but the judges around here don't. They give that Gilhooley boy ninety days for carrying obscene photographs and I want you to promise me that you'll destroy them at once.

It seems very funny to me that that man should want to do something for you after only knowing you a few days. I don't understand these French people at all. You spent three days with that La Tour woman and it looks like we'll never hear the end of that, either. Why do you always worry so much about that agent? Your mother should come first.

Little Joe came home very early last night and he didn't look a bit good. He went right to bed and told me if anybody asked for him that he wasn't home. I don't know who he was expecting. I really think the boy has worms and they're running him down.

Well, I'll close now. I'm going in and look at him. He's certainly upset about something. Love.

Your worried Mother

Jack's life continues to be just one girl after another as he reveals in more letters to his ma—Next Month

Cider of Normandy *by Booth Tarkington* (*Continued from page 47*)

inside of Alexandre with the historical bubbling he begin' to experience, and it seem' to me a true frien' of Sharlie Day might find a fiel' of action there. You still think I am talking nonsense?"

"I do, indeed!"

"No," he said reproachfully. "I am thinking. I suppose it would be impossible to convince you of this?"

I told him it would, and, upon that, as we had reached the Rue de Tournon, he departed from me somewhat plaintively. I did him injustice, feeling that he took the amorous misfortune of a friend too lightly; but poor Day's haggard face and my final glimpse of his piteous sweetheart were painfully vivid in my mind's eye. They had not faded from it, a few nights later, when Day rapped at my outer door and, admitted, dropped into a chair with the heaviness of an exhausted man.

He'd been lurking for some hours in the Avenue Henri Martin, he told me, all to catch a misty glimpse of Fanchon departing for the theater and returning in custody of her mother and her aunt. Probably anybody would think him a fool, he said, to care so much, but he couldn't help it. Daudet had written *"L'Arlésienne,"* hadn't he, to show that people could still die of being in love? Day laughed ruefully at himself but said he thought he could do it and he was afraid Fanchon could, too, although she seemed to lack the decisiveness necessary for an elopement. She could wear away into a thin, white wraith of herself, as he had seen—but she just didn't know how to tell her father to go to the devil, and walk out of the house. There were only four days left.

I was helpless to do anything except listen, and when he left he couldn't even promise me to go home and try to sleep. I told Buzot gloomily of this visit, a couple of days later, when he presented himself at my rooms in the afternoon, and at first I again did him the injustice to think him unsympathetic.

"One mus' respect this Alexandre," he said. "An American who has such medieval power over the females of his family, when all the time a poor Frenchman is tol' what admirable slaves the husbands and fathers of your ladies are! You and I mus' be inspire' to seek further acquaintance of such a Master. Let us go to the Devon Bar in the Rue Daunou. I have taken a pain to know that Alexandre will be there, as he is every day from about three o'clock. Come! We will sit at a table and look at him and admire him!"

"Thank you, no!"

"Listen to me," Buzot urged. "Why has Alexandre grown so fond of that bottle' cider from Normandy? Do I need to tell you the difference between such cider and the cider of your New England? Is it from me you are to learn that a great deal of the champagne you may buy in Paris will have a more quieting effect than a great deal of the cider? I inform you with authority that after spending the hour' from three to seven every afternoon at the Devon Bar Alexandre W. Ellis go back to the Avenue Henri Martin wearing a stern expression in his taxi. He wear' that stern expression in order to have any expression at all. You grasp my meaning?"

"Not enough to make me want to look at him."

"Listen to me," Buzot repeated, with the same urgency. "We will sit at a table and after a time Alexandre will notice us and remember he has had the honor of meeting us at Mrs. Pinney's. We will join him and make him mellow with our intelligent appreciation. We will lead him to talk of business and the pair of spectacle' once belonging to the Governor of Missesota; then, when we have sweeten' him and he think' we are fine fellow', we will speak diplomatically of a great frien' of ours which he ought to know because our frien' make' so much money by the sale of his painting'. If it is a forlorn hope, at leas' it is a hope—and you know that they are sailing the day after tomorrow?"

The end of it was that he persuaded me and I went with him to the Rue Daunou. The Devon Bar is a quiet place usually, an ample, walnut-paneled room furnished with comfortable chairs set at square tables, and the bar itself is unobtrusive at one end of the room. Buzot and I took a table against the wall; not many of the others were occupied, though at one of those that were, we recognized two friends from the left bank of the Seine, Resford-Fford, the well-to-do and voluminously unpublished English poet, and young Julius Sohms, the American socialist essayist. Mr. Alexander W. Ellis, a little flushed, sat at a central table upon which were two quart bottles of Normandy cider, two large glass goblets freshly replenished and two objects of unequal size wrapped in blue paper. Mr. Ellis had a companion at the table, an emaciated, elderly man, with yellowish-gray mustaches like the tusks of a walrus, long, mottled hands and a hooked, pendulous nose rising high between watery but inscrutable eyes.

"Who in the world is that?" I asked Buzot.

"It is the Baron de Prad, a Belgian dealer in antiques. I do not know if he is a baron; but his card make' that declaration. He has no shop but an intelligent method; he will pick out a client from the newspaper list' of arrival', send him a letter, study his taste and sell him something remarkable. Observe the expression of Alexandre—highly in gratification. He and the Baron have been negotiating for some day' perhaps and now Alexandre has made a purchase more important than the pair of spectacle' of the Governor of Missesota, I am positive. Those two package' of blue paper obviously contain the treasure which give Alexandre that amiable, proud expression of a new possessor, with the cider assisting. But listen to him!"

Mr. Ellis' voice, naturally a little loud, had become somewhat louder and what he said was easily audible in all parts of the room. "Well, I tell you frankly, Baron, now that it's all done and paid for, I've got some pretty good things at home but I never did expect to be the owner of any such relics as these. I guess we'll just have to drink another glass of this good old cider to the deal, Baron! What say?"

"With pleasure," the Baron murmured deferentially, touching his glass to Mr. Ellis'. "Indeed you are to be congratulate', my dear sir."

"Certainly am!" Mr. Ellis, having emptied his goblet and glanced at the depleted bottles, called loudly, "Waiter! Garsun! Two more bottles doo seeder doo Normandy sivvaplay!"

"Yes, sir, at once," the waiter responded, hurrying forward.

When he had obeyed this patron's order and was returning toward the bar, he was stopped by Buzot, who called to him. "Waiter! You may bring me also a bottle of that cider. I think I will follow Mr. Ellis' good example."

Mr. Ellis' attention was arrested by the mention of his name. He glanced round, stared at Buzot, and a not unpleasurable recognition slowly became evident in his expression. "Oh, hello!" he said amiably. "I remember you—I don't just call your name to mind——"

"Buzot! Of Buzot et Cie.!" Buzot jumped up, smiling, made him a bow and advanced to shake hands with him. "I had the pleasure of a conversation upon commercial and historical topic' with you at the house of your relative in the Avenue Henri Martin."

Mr. Ellis smiled affably. "Yes, of course—in the export business. Cheese. Glad to see you again—glad to see you. Sit down and have that cider on me; I've got something to show you."

"Delighted!" Buzot said, and turned toward me. "If I may bring my frien', whom you will remember also meeting at the house of your relative——"

"Certainly, certainly!" Ellis said, greeting me cordially as I rose and came to his table. "Remember your face perfectly. Glad to see you again. Gentlemen, sit down, have some of this splendid, pure cider with me and let me show you something that'll surprise you. This is the Baron de Prad, gentlemen."

"Delighted!" Buzot murmured, and, as we sat down, he bowed formally to de Prad, although I had supposed the two were already acquaintances. "You say you have something interesting to show us, my dear sir?"

"Certainly have!" Ellis returned beamingly. "Waiter! Garsun!" he called. "Make it four bottles instead of two doo seeders sivvaplay!" Then he patted exultantly the larger of the two blue-wrapped bundles. "Gentlemen, I could give you a thousand guesses as to the nature of this object, but you'd never make the right one. Now what do you suppose it is? I'd like you just to try."

"Something very valuable?" Buzot inquired. "A work of art?"

"Art? No!" Ellis replied emphatically. "I don't get caught that way, Musseer! I never saw an artist yet that had even a glimmer o' common sense or practicalness or had enough business capacity to come in out o' the rain! The way I look at it, Art, that's women's work. A full-grown man that would spend his days making pictures of cows standing around a pond and then try to peddle them around to get enough to keep his family in shoes and potatoes—— No, I better not get started, because it's a subject I happen to be pretty sensitive on right now! Let's get back to something that means something. You try another guess about this little object!"

"Historical?" Buzot ventured. "No, but that is impossible, of course. No great French historical relic is possible to be obtain' in these day'. It could not be."

"You think it couldn't." Ellis' expression was of a sly and cunning mockery, the look of a man whose superior shrewdness has given him, as usual, a triumph. "Well, maybe it couldn't—not unless I happened to pick out the right man, like the Baron here, for instance, to nose around for me."

Buzot looked with earnest inquiry at de Prad. "Something really important?"

The Baron inclined his head gravely; but Ellis made the vocal reply. "Important! Say! Listen! Musseer Buzot, here's a question I want to ask you. Did you

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but have you noticed her teeth?

. . . they look as though she never brushed them

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ever happen to hear that the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte had a mask taken of his features after he passed away on the Island of St. Helena?"

Buzot looked solemn and dramatic. "What!" he said. "But no! The death mask of the Emperor was made, yes—that is history—but it could not——"

"Couldn't it?" Ellis inquired sarcastically. "Just ask the Baron de Prad what became of that mask, if you want to know! It got lost when they were moving Napoleon and all his things to bury him in the Tomb here and it's *been* lost ever since, over a hundred years, with heaven knows how many Frenchmen poking around for it all that time and nobody ever looking in the right place. It'd be funny, wouldn't it, if a plain American business man would come over here for the first time and just take a glance around and pick out the right man to find it for him!"

Buzot leaned back in his chair. "No!" he said, with the effect of gasping. "Do not tell me such a thing is possible! I could never believe——"

"Couldn't you? All right, we'll just drink down another glass of this seeder doo Normandy all round and I'll show you!" Then, when the potation he suggested had been completed and he had sent the waiter for more cider, he triumphantly removed the blue paper from the object before him. "Just cast your eye on that!" he said. "Take a good little look at it and see if you can tell me what it is, Musseer Buzot!"

The revelation was of a plaster copy of the death mask of Napoleon, which is in the Musée Carnavalet. The copy Mr. Ellis had just purchased from the Baron de Prad had been colored a dirty, dark brown and then "antiqued" with a dry, gray paint, which gave the impression of the ingrained dust of years. In American coin it was worth about forty cents, and similar copies may be obtained at that price, and by the dozen if desired.

Mr. Ellis looked first at Buzot, then at me. "Got any idea at all o' what this is?" he asked, waiting for our amazement.

My natural impulse was to tell him; but I suppressed it as Buzot gasped again and then, leaning forward over the colored plaster, uttered a half-choked cry. "What! No! Good heaven', it *is!* The death mask of Napoléon! By heaven, it *is!*" He appeared to examine it almost tremblingly. "How have you come upon such a thing?" he asked huskily of de Prad. "*When* was it discover'?"

Mr. Ellis laughed condescendingly and winked at de Prad. "That's our secret, I guess. The Baron and I don't want to get anybody into trouble. Now we'll just show you this other little thing, Musseer Buzot. Open it up, Baron!"

Upon this, de Prad gravely and carefully removed the blue paper from the second object, displaying before us a small green glass box, or case, with rounded corners and curved edges; three rather bad lilies appeared in white upon the top, or cover, and such little green glass boxes may be had in quantity for a few francs at several shops in the Rue de Rivoli.

"How about *that,* Musseer Buzot?" Mr. Ellis asked triumphantly. "You seem to know your onions. Recognize that little relic from the history of your own country? Any idea what it is?"

Buzot rose, bent over the box and examined it earnestly. "Astonishing!" he said. "It is a remarkable piece—an immensely remarkable piece—but I do not recognize it. It could not also be something of the great Napoléon?"

"No, sir!" Mr. Ellis returned emphatically. "That box isn't and it never

was anything of Napoleon Bonaparte's. Want me to tell you what it is?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"Mary Antanette's soap dish!"

"What!"

"Yes, sir, Mary Antanette's soap dish, found in her own bedroom at the palace right after the massacre!"

"Massacre?" Buzot looked dangerously emotional. "Which—which massacre?"

"The one when they had the Revolution," Mr. Ellis informed him. "The Baron's great-grandfather was there; he came in one door just as Mary Antanette was hurrying out of the other, and he saw this soap dish on the washstand and thought he might just as well keep it for a souvenir. It's been in the Baron's family ever since, and that's why he didn't like to part with it; but it's in the Alexander W. Ellis family now and going to stay there!"

Buzot dropped back in his chair and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. "I am overcome! To think such relic' should be here right in the midst of us and even the government unknowing where to find them! It is a marvel!"

Mr. Ellis, much warmed by this open admiration and by the cider also, slapped Buzot heartily upon the shoulder. "Think so? Strikes you as kind o' funny, does it? Surprises you that a stranger to the country, like me, could just walk in and get hold of a couple o' trifles like this by knowing how to pick my man?" He glanced amusedly at de Prad, who, with great promptness, looked depressed. "Well, the Baron here, he's a pretty good bargainer; but the truth is I guess I kind o' caught him when he was a little hard up and needing quick cash. Like to know how much——"

"No! No!" Buzot protested. "Do not tell me! I could not bear it! I——"

But the triumphant collector of relics, laughing boisterously, interrupted him with another boisterous slap upon the shoulder. "Don't be downhearted, Musseer! You can tell all your friends you had a look at 'em anyway. Tell 'em old man Ellis just came over here once and didn't stay long, but anyhow gave you a look at Mary Antanette's soap dish and old Napoleon's mask before he took 'em along home with him. You tell 'em that and see what they say!"

Buzot seemed to revive; he seized the collector's hand and shook it heartily. "What could they say? They would be speechless! I am speechless myself. The only thing in the world I can think of is more cider! You have discover' the cider, too, my dear sir, this beverage so invigorating but unintoxicating."

"That's exactly the beauty of it," Mr. Ellis, now indeed flushed, agreed warmly. "It's just what you say—invigor'ing but unintoxicating. Waiter———Garsun——"

Buzot interposed and gave the order himself. "This time," he said gayly, "you mus' permit me the privilege of being the hos', and I wish also to beg another favor. It has happen' that I recognize two frien' of mine at another table—two gentlemen of a deep interest in historical relic'. Would it be too much to ask if they might have one look at the mask of Napoléon and the soap dish of Marie Antoinette before such an opportunity is close' to them forever?"

"Certainly, certainly!" the gratified Mr. Ellis responded. "Let 'em look all they want! Friends o' yours? Tell 'em to join us—glad to have 'em!"

Buzot looked round at the table where sat Resford-Fford and Julius Sohms. "Gentlemen——" he began.

But they did not notice him or seem to be aware that he addressed them. Apparently they were engaged in an argument of some sharpness. "You can't put

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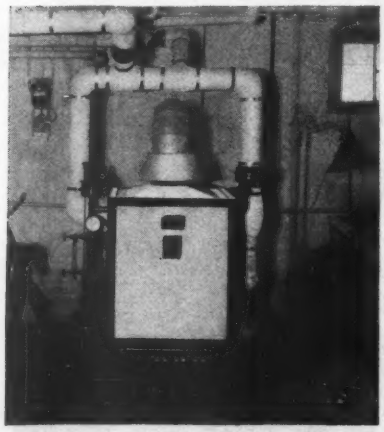

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that over on me—I claimed it first!" Julius Sohms said in a low voice, but one audible to us. "*I'm* going to have his watch!"

"You are not!" Resford-Fford returned darkly, with a covert glance at Mr. Ellis. "You can take his wallet, but *I'm* going to have the watch!"

"Gentlemen!" Buzot said more loudly. "Come to this table, be present' to the mos' remarkable man in Paris today, the Honorable Alexandre W. Ellis, drink some cider and prepare yourself to be astonish'!" The two immediately jumped up and came to our table. Buzot spoke their names for the benefit of Mr. Ellis and the Baron; they sat down and Buzot placed before him the plaster mask and the green glass box. "Tell Mr. Ellis what you think these objects are, my frien'."

Julius Sohms touched the glass box with a forefinger. "I have read a description of this article in the works of the historian, Lenôtre," he said firmly. "Besides, there is an accurate drawing of it in the Bibliothèque Nationale. Unless I am badly mistaken, it is the long-missing soap dish of the Empress Marie Antoinette."

"By George!" Mr. Ellis exclaimed. "You certainly are a pretty smart young man! American, aren't you, too?"

"I think I must be," Sohms replied gravely. "I suppose the soap dish has been temporarily borrowed from some enormously important collection. This other article seems to be the portrait of a person, but I do not recognize it."

"I do," Resford-Fford said in a thoughtful tone. "At least I think I do. It isn't a bust or something of the Emperor Louis Fourteenth or maybe Oliver Cromwell, is it? No; don't tell me! Ah-ha! I have it! It is a portrait bust in wax of Mr. Alexander W. Ellis himself!"

"Wrong! Absolutely wrong!" Buzot cried. "What you see before you is the mask of Napoléon made from his own feature' at St. Helena——"

"Which Napoleon?" Resford-Fford interrupted. "Napoleon who?"

Mr. Ellis, annoyed, struck the table. "Napoleon *Bonaparte!* My goodness!"

"Why, *you* know," Julius Sohms said, addressing Resford-Fford mildly. "It's the one I adapted the song about into French. I want to sing it for Mr. Ellis. Would you like me to sing it for you, Mr. Ellis?"

Ellis looked at him suspiciously. "I don't know whether I would or not."

"Of course he wouldn't," Resford-Fford added. "Look at his forehead, all bumpy with intelligence. Of course he wouldn't."

"I see," Julius Sohms said, nodding. "It goes like this." Immediately he began to sing the adaptation he had made into his own remarkable French.

"Enfin! Dis donc! Il faut que je m'en aille.
Vite! Vite! Napoléon! Il va pleurer.
Ohé! Ohé! La foin n'est pas ramassez!
Entrez quand vous êtes à la ferme encore."

Mr. Ellis suddenly decided that he liked the song. "That's good, that part about Napoleon. I'd like to learn it myself."

"Learn it?" Buzot cried enthusiastically. "We shall all learn it and sing it together! It has an ardor, a military fire, especially when one sing' the passage, *'Vite! Vite! Napoléon!'* which make' it appropriate to the great occasion, the memorable day, when our frien' Alexandre acquire the great mask and soap dish! We mus' not let it pass like an ordinary occasion; we mus' do honor to it. Here we are, a remarkable gathering of men who should have become intimate long ago, and the mos' distinguish' among us has a triumph of acquirement! We celebrate together because we are already dear to one another."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Mr. Ellis protested, frowning heavily, and he pointed at Resford-Fford. "I'm not sure whether I'm going to like *him* or not yet. Maybe I will and maybe I won't. I kind o' think not."

"Dear me!" Resford-Fford looked melancholy. "I was the one that could hardly tell him and the bust apart, too. Well, it's the old story; nobody ever does like me!"

"Don't say that!" Mr. Ellis said promptly and surprisingly. "*I* like you."

"Bravo!" Buzot cried. "The reconciliation is complete! Now I will go to the telephone and speak with my uncle, Buzot of Buzot et Cie., and borrow from him the very larges' of his automobile'. We shall all get into it and go and dine in the branches of a tree at Sceaux."

"Tree?" Mr. Ellis said, frowning again. "Tree? I haven't been in a tree for years and years. What's more, I never ate my dinner or any other meal in a tree, and I don't want to. Anyhow, it's about time for me to be getting along toward my sister-in-law's. I'm not going to climb any——"

"No, no! No climbing," Buzot explained. "It is a little house in a tree approach' by a stairway. There is excellent food and more cider—beautiful, splendid, pure cider. While I am at the telephone I will speak to the Avenue Henri Martin for you and tell them you have met some business frien' from Detroit." He clapped Mr. Ellis upon the shoulder. "Ah-ha? That does it? You recognize that I have acquire' the magic formula of the American who remain' out to dinner and telephone home? An unexpected encounter with some gentlemen invariably from Detroit. I shall not be gone five minute'."

He went lightly upon this errand, and Mr. Ellis set down upon the table a goblet freshly emptied. "Detroit—that's right," he said, and then looked earnestly at Julius Sohms. "I'd like to get hold of a translation of that song you sang about Napoleon. The tune sounded kind o' familiar and it ought to have American words put to it."

"I'll sing it for you in American," Julius said. "As Buzot was saying, it sounds more military in French; but you can decide which you like best."

Forthwith he sang:

"Well, I swan! I must be gittin' on.
Git ap! Napoleon! It looks like rain.
Well, I'll be switched! The hay ain't pitched!
Come in when you're round to the farm again."

"That's good," Mr. Ellis said, nodding in serious approval. "Now sing it in French again. Sing real loud when you come to the part about Napoleon."

Julius complied, and this time Resford-Fford sang with him. "And now," Julius said, when they finished, "we'll sing it half in French and half in American."

They had not quite accomplished this feat, when Buzot returned. "Gentlemen! Up with you!" he cried in his liveliest manner. "The automobile of my uncle is already at the door and we mus' be off! To Sceaux, gentlemen, and dinner in the tree in honor of Napoléon and our dear Alexandre. Up with you!"

M. le Baron de Prad did not accompany us to Sceaux. Instead, he unobtrusively melted himself in the passing

street-throng after having quietly placed in the tonneau of Buzot's borrowed, open automobile a large valise that had been under the table at which we had been sitting. The others did not appear to notice this valise; we rolled away gayly, and twice before we reached the environs of Paris Buzot stopped the car to make purchases. One was of a secondhand snare drum, the other of a small parcel of combs, with which he furnished thin paper. Thus we sped onward through the warm sunset light, emitting, to the obvious pleasure of the population, the martial strains of the "Washington Post" march.

Arrived at Sceaux, and happily installed in the branches of the great tree, we found our honored guest's mood increasingly genial; he placed the plaster mask and the green glass box in the center of the table and requested that "Veet! Veet! Napoleon!" be sung again by Julius Sohms, Resford-Fford and himself. This having been done, or attempted, he broke off to object to an item of the dinner Buzot was ordering.

"Wine? Certainly not!" he said sternly. "I don't drink. I'm no bigot; but I don't drink. If you other gentlemen want wine for yourselves, all right; but don't expect me to touch it. All I require is a little seeder doo Normandy sivvaplay, because the beauty of it is, it's invigor'ing but nonunintox'ing."

His wishes were respected; cider of Normandy in quantity was one accompaniment of a dinner that passed off merrily and somewhat musically. Of the remarkable evening thus begun, sequential details are not requisite to the purpose of this recital, nor could space be found. It may be mentioned, however, that after dinner Buzot and Mr. Ellis danced folk dances in the moonlight under the great tree, with paper-and-comb and snare-drum music furnished by musicians on the stairway, and seldom have more industrious caperings been seen, I think, among those silver-bordered shadows.

The dancing ended in an embrace, with the mask of Napoleon interposing between the bosoms of the two performers, as the owner never allowed himself to be parted from either it or the soap dish, even in the madness of the dance. Separating himself from Buzot, Mr. Ellis lifted the mask on high.

"You know what this puts in my mind?" he inquired earnestly. "It's a mask, isn't it? Well, then, what do you think it makes me think of?"

"What, Alexandre? What does it make you think?"

"We ought to go to a masquerade!"

"Bravo!" Buzot cried. "What a brain! We have a mask; it follows that we proceed to a masquerade! Alexandre, we shall do it!"

"My idea entirely," Mr. Ellis returned. "Do you know what I am? I'm a new man—a new man all invigor'ed but wholly not untoxicated. I left my hat up in some tree. Wait till I get it." As he spoke, he began to ascend the stairway but unfortunately stumbled, and there was a sound of breakage. "Oh, my soul!" he gasped, as we went to assist him and there fell to the ground three separate chunks of plaster. At the same time he thrust his hand into his coat pocket and brought forth several pieces of broken green glass. "Oh, my soul! Six hundred and fifty-eight dollars! Oh, my soul!"

"Six—six hundred and fifty-eight——" Buzot obviously struggled to control a powerful emotion. "Magnificent!" he cried. "Magnificent! But do not think of your loss for one moment, my frien'! We shall gather all the pieces and repair

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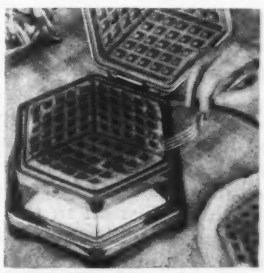

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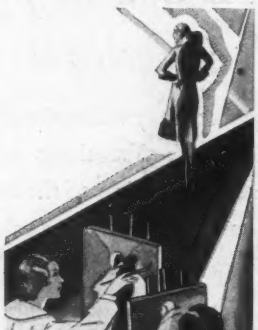

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them with cement tomorrow; in the meantime you shall have absolutely fresh relic' in perfect condition! Wait only a second!" He ran to the waiting automobile, stationed close by, opened the valise that was in the tonneau and returned, bringing with him not only another "antiqued" plaster mask of the Emperor's features but also a green glass box in nowise detectably different from the broken one. "Behol', Alexandre!" he cried. "Yours was from St. Helena; but this is precisely the same, only finer, because it was made when that great man pass' away the firs' time in exile on the Island of Elba. More! Do you think anybody so luxurious as Marie Antoinette would have had only one soap dish? No, my frien'! This one also was discover' by another great-grandfather of that splendid Baron de Prad. It is for you, my frien', and also the mask of Napoléon from Elba. Take them, take them, my frien'!"

With that, he thrust them into the hands of Mr. Ellis, who looked puzzled. "Seems remarkable," he said. "I do remember reading somewhere about his getting exiled to the Island of Elba, though." Then he placidly tucked the plaster copy under his arm and placed the glass box in an inside pocket of his coat. "It won't get broken again in there," he said. "Let's sing that song some more. 'Veet! Veet! Napoleon!'"

Meantime Buzot had been removing the fragments of broken glass from the collector's pocket; he wrapped these in a handkerchief, picked up the three chunks of plaster and, going to the automobile, placed the ruins within the valise. "And now, gentlemen," he called, "off with us again! To the masquerade, Alexandre! To the masquerade!"

We returned to Paris, again enlivening our passage with the "Washington Post," and, once more in the city, stopped at the Bal Bullier in order, Buzot said, that Alexandre should practice his dancing steps a little before the masquerade. Alexandre, clinging tightly to the Elba mask, went willingly forth among the hundred or more couples already dancing, and practiced his steps with the aid of a lively partner, a Mlle. Rose, obligingly introduced by Julius Sohms.

I availed myself of this opportunity to reproach Buzot. I told him that he had once more proved himself to be a harebrain; I had joined him solely for the purpose of being of use to poor Day, a purpose now frustrated, since it was evident that whatever impression in Day's favor we could make upon Mr. Ellis, in his present pliant mood, there would undoubtedly be little or nothing of it left upon the morrow—indeed, the inevitable after-effect of so much gayety, unnatural sweetness and cider would probably be an Alexander W. Ellis of greatly increased nervous irritability.

"But wait! Wait!" Buzot said. "We shall not speak to him of poor Sharlie Day at all. That was only a feeble idea I had if we should have found at the Devon Bar that he had not made the purchase' of M. le Baron de Prad. You see, that poor de Prad he is superbly intelligent, a very nice man though in a peculiar way, and has had a great deal of misfortune beside' a large family in Bruges for which I think he is already on the train to see and take a little vacation that he deserve' and can now afford. Do not reproach me; we are engage' in a supreme philanthropic evening. Again I have been to the telephone and Alexandre shall have his masquerade and——" He interrupted himself, uttering an exclamation and pointing toward the dancing floor where there seemed to be a slight commotion. "Ah-ha! That poor Alexandre appear' to have had another misfortune."

Buzot was correct; Mr. Ellis and Mlle. Rose emerged from the little crowd that had collected about them; they came toward us, Mr. Ellis rueful and the amiable Mlle. Rose using her skirt as an uplifted apron in which were gathered the fragments of the mask of Elba, shattered in a collision upon the floor. By the time they reached us, Buzot was prepared with a consolation, having hurried out to the automobile and returned with a third copy of the treasure.

"Do not waste a thought upon this breakage!" he said benevolently. "Again we shall take all those fragment' with us and repair them tomorrow with cement. And once more behol', dear Alexandre! At Fontainebleau almos' the very firs' time our great Emperor has pass' away they also did not neglect to make a mask of the feature'. It is for you, so take it and do not forget that you now have three. Do not pause to be either puzzle' or grateful; it is yours freely. Ah-ha! I read already what is in your thought'. Being a mask, it suggest' to your recollection the fact that we are on our way to a masquerade!"

"Masquerade?" Mr. Ellis repeated inquiringly; then his expression, somewhat clouded, suddenly cleared and became joyous. "Where is one? I don't want to be an Eskimo, though! I went to one at my country club as an Eskimo and Mrs. Ellis wanted to be an Eskimo-ess, but I certainly didn't let her. I don't want to be an Eskimo tonight; it'd be too warm. Somebody else can be an Eskimo; I want to be something cool and invigor'ing. Listen! Is there going to be some nice cool seeder doo Normandy at this masquerade sivvaplay?"

"Alexandre! Look at me!" Buzot exclaimed reproachfully. "Observe my two eye'! Are they those of a wounded gazelle that you could suspect me of not making this provision for you? 'Yes!' you reply. 'Yes, my frien', they are the eye' of a wounded gazelle!' Alexandre, I forgive you! Ah-ha! Gentlemen of the Guard, are we ready to follow Alexandre and Napoléon? Good! We are! Forward, Alexandre!"

Thus, an indulgent portion of the French capital was once more entertained by a rendition of the "Washington Post" march, this time with a vocal obbligato supplied by Mlle. Rose, who naturally felt that she had become a member of the party. We drove to Buzot's studio and apartment in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and, even as we alighted, perceived how effective his telephoning had been, for music already sounded from his brilliant, open windows above.

When, ascending, we found ourselves in the presence of a merry little company in impromptu costumes, some of them as picturesque as ingenious, and five or six of them adorning young ladies of the utmost comeliness and vivacity, Mr. Ellis glanced about the big room condescendingly from the doorway. "Well, this'll do—for a while anyhow," he said. "Fassy dr—I mean fancy dress. Too warm for a mask; that's right, and besides it'd be better if my face wasn't covered up. Are some o' these people French, maybe?"

"Yes; quite a number of them."

Alexandre nodded majestically but graciously. "Tell 'em who I am!"

"But Alexandre, they already know!"

"All right. Now get me into a nice cool costume and——"

"Of the cooles'!" Buzot responded instantly. "I think it is all arrange' and waiting. Virginie!" he called to a little

Columbine, and, as she nodded and came running to join us, he patted Mr. Ellis upon the shoulder. "You see this kind, pretty Columbine, Alexandre; it is she who has brought that cool costume for you. It is in my dressing room, waiting, and she and your dear frien' Mr. Resford-Fford will help to put it upon you becomingly. Go with them, Alexandre, and trus' them to make you as beautiful as the moon!"

"Moon?" The word seemed to displease Mr. Ellis, and he drew back, frowning. "I don't like the idea. I don't want to go as any moon. When'd you hear me say I was willing to be a moon? The answer is 'No!' Abso—I mean it's final, and I guess likely you've heard that when Alexander W. Ellis says 'No' it doesn't mean maybe. Never changed my mind in my life. No! No moon!"

"No, no!" Resford-Fford reassured him. "Virginie and I aren't going to dress you as a moon. As Buzot said, we're only going to make you that beautiful. Don't you see?"

"Certainly!" Mr. Ellis returned, with one of his surprising, sudden shifts into a happy geniality. "What you waiting for? You two moons come along and get me into that costume, and I'll show these people in here how to cut a few old-fashioned didos! Then we'll go on to the next place. Let's hurry!" He jovially placed one arm about the shoulders of the little Columbine, continuing to clasp the third plaster mask to his chest with the other, and the three, Resford-Fford, Alexandre and Columbine, went merrily down the corridor to disappear through a doorway at the end of it.

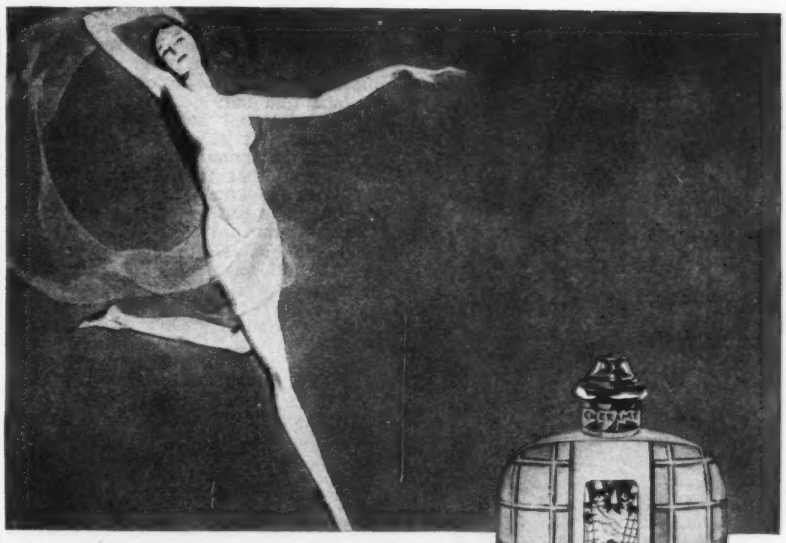
As for myself, I remained for some moments at the studio entrance wondering how in the world all this nonsense was supposed (in the effervescent mind of Buzot) to be of the slightest use to two wan and heartsick lovers. One thing was clear to me, however: I was not an addition to the gayety of the evening and I had work to do upon the morrow—it was time for me to go home.

Buzot had stepped into his bedroom to make himself as beautiful as the moon, I supposed, and at the other end of the corridor Julius Sohms, in a blue domino he'd picked up in one of the rooms, and Mlle. Rose, already wearing a yellow silk window-curtain in the manner of a Spanish shawl, were peering delightedly through the partly opened doorway of the room in which Resford-Fford and the little Columbine were arraying Mr. Ellis. Cries of admiration and "Veet! Veet! Napoleon!" came from that quarter, and, as I let myself out and descended the stairway, I heard strains of song in both feminine and masculine voices:

"Enfin! Dis donc! Il faut que je m'en aille.
Vite! Vite! Napoléon!Il va pleurer."

At eight o'clock the next morning Mrs. Pinney called me on the telephone and asked me, in an emotional voice, for information concerning her brother-in-law. He had left the Avenue Henri Martin at three upon the previous afternoon, she said. At six M. Buzot had telephoned that Mr. Ellis would dine with business friends from Detroit and had mentioned that I would be one of the party. Mr. Ellis had remained out all night; in fact, he was still out. What, Mrs. Pinney inquired with symptoms of indignation, had I and my friends from Detroit done with and to Mr. Ellis?

I replied, with some feeling on my own part, that no matter what the irresponsible Buzot's telephoning had implied I had been merely an innocent spectator; I had last seen the missing gentleman at M. Buzot's apartment.



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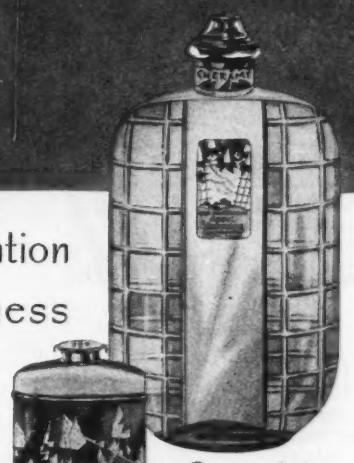

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which I left at possibly a little after midnight. Mr. Ellis was then in good health and spirits, but for any further information I must refer her to M. Buzot. She had already called his number, she told me; he was out and his servant said that he would not return until about nine, at which time she would try again to communicate with him. To my request that if she succeeded she would let me know the result, she replied with a rather curt assent, and our disturbing conversation ended.

She did not call me again, however; and at half past nine I was fretfully trying to work, when the cause of the trouble made his appearance. He was as demure and as sleek as a family cat. "You have a face!" I exclaimed. "To come here after involving me with Mrs. Pinney and the Ellis family requires a certain amount of audacity!"

He placed his Malacca stick, his gloves of the shade called Elephant's Breath, and his hat, of the same exquisite tint, upon my worktable, sat facing me, and waved a hand placatingly. "But my dear fellow, mus' we not all be willing to make these sacrifice' for the sake of that poor Sharlie Day?"

"For the sake of Charlie Day! He was desperate enough before your 'supreme philanthropic evening'; but now heaven knows how much added damage——"

"One moment!" Buzot interposed. "My intentions——"

"Your intentions! Have you returned Mr. Ellis to the Avenue Henri Martin?"

"I? Return' him? I did not have him!"

"Then where is he? What did you do with him?"

"I? What could I? Nothing! I do not comprehend your attitude at all. This American gentleman of whom you speak, a Mr. Ellis, he attend' a little dance at my apartment yesterday evening and appear' to enjoy himself quite loudly. He wear a costume provide' by a little lady who seem' to be a great frien' of his and at four o'clock in the morning after he has cut up a great deal of dido'—as he say, himself—he become weary and depart', still wearing that interesting and striking costume."

"He did? Where——"

"Let me tell you of the costume," Buzot went on. "You should have remain' to see it, and it satisfy Alexandre because it was cool except about his head upon which they place' a very blond wig all curly. The upper part of him down to the waist they appreciatively leave as it was, unchange'; but for the res' of him that generous little Columbine has brought a beautiful, white, flouncing ballet skirt, which had a superb effect after he remove' his trouser' and they fasten this skirt about the waist. You see how simple it was, merely a blond wig and a ballet skirt."

"Good heavens! You mean he was wearing——"

"He wear that costume precisely," Buzot said, "when he take his departure at four o'clock this morning. For myself I naturally went to bed, as the party was over. I breakfast' early——"

"Stop! Where did Ellis go?"

"Where? He went away with his two great frien', a Mr. Julius Sohms of his own country, and a rich English poet of some obscurity of which the name seem' to be Resford-Fford. You see, by that time, he had been very often to the buffet where there is something to please him, and those two gentlemen feel they mus' go with him."

"Where did they take him?"

"Well, you see that is something a little peculiar," Buzot returned in a thoughtful tone. "It happen' that upon my morning stroll I meet this very man, this Resford-Fford, and so when Mrs. Pinney telephone' me at nine o'clock I have been able to help her in a striking manner because from that Englishman I know the whereabout' of her dear Alexandre W. Ellis. I give her the address and urge her to place herself, her sister and her niece in an automobile and fly to him, as he is in urgent need."

"Where?" I asked angrily. "What address? Where is he?"

"One moment," Buzot said again. "You see, it is fortunate that Sharlie Day have his apartment in one place and his studio in another, and that the good Julius Sohms, with care, happen' since yesterday morning to possess a key which fit the door of Sharlie Day's studio."

"Buzot! Where did——"

"I tol' you," he interrupted calmly. "They take him to the studio of Sharlie Day and leave him in repose there upon a divan, still in costume."

"What! You say——"

"Peacefully in repose, my frien', and of such a slumber that he would not awake for many hour' if undisturb'. Well, there is surely nothing to wake him, at leas' until Sharlie Day come' to the studio, which is his custom at about nine o'clock. You see, it is a little surprise for our poor frien' Sharlie. Picture the tableau! Resford-Fford and Julius have not forgotten to take with them the portmanteau of M. le Baron de Prad; all around Alexandre as he sleep', they have place' the mask' of Napoléon, nine of them unbroken and three broken, and upon a table close beside him they have deposit' eleven perfect soap dish' of Marie Antoinette, and one broken. Upon each of these and upon each of the mask', they have paste' a little placard saying, 'Six hundred and fifty-eight dollar'.' You picture the entrance of our Sharlie Day upon this unfamiliar scene in his studio?"

I sat staring at Buzot, my mind's eye fixed not upon him but upon the picture his words conjured up before me, and, so perverse our tricky human nature loves to be, my sympathies suddenly transferred themselves from the unhappy lovers to the tyrant father who woke to find himself in so horrible a situation. He, Alexander W. Ellis, potentate and dictator who had condemned and rejected and banned all painters as impractical and effeminate—he, the hard-headed, masculine, stern man of affairs, waking in a curly blond wig and a ballet skirt, and engulfed in a plaster surfeit of Napoleon masks, not to speak of the soap dishes—waking to confront the neat, sad and inquiring young painter whose guest he had thus disgracefully become and at whose mercy he certainly and practically lay. Simply, this crisis for Alexandre was too acute for the mind to dwell upon.

"In heaven's name," I said to Buzot, "why have you sent Mrs. Pinney, Mrs. Ellis and Fanchon to Day's studio? You gave poor Charlie the chance to extricate the miserable man and win his gratitude; but now with those three arriving upon the scene Ellis is simply ruined with his family and——"

"I shall never win your appreciation," Buzot said, with a melancholy smile. "Give Alexandre W. Ellis a bath, shave him, dress him in his customary garment' and allow him an hour or so to obliterate from his mind that he has spent six hundred and fifty-eight dollar' for two relic' the correct price for which in combination is fifty-eight cent'—I tell you there is too much chance that he will be Alexandre W. Ellis again with the mind that never change'! Oh, no, my

frien', we shall not take such a risk! But an Alexandre still in a ballet skirt and blond wig—and surround' by the proof of his own great practicalness in making certain purchase', and explaining how he came to trespass upon the young man he reject' as a son-in-law—explaining it without knowing how it did happen—well, now you eject into this scene the three ladies of his family vociferously questioning him with agitation and I think you have an Alexandre in no frame of mind but to agree with anything in this world. That scene mus' be about on the point of taking place at this moment; those ladies should be jus' reaching the studio of our Sharlie."

Buzot looked at his watch, and, as he did so, the telephone bell rang. I answered it, and the voice of Day greeted me; he spoke with evident excitement. "I'm trying to find Buzot. He isn't at home——"

"No, he's here."

"Then, for heaven's sake, get him to go back to his apartment and tell him to send Mr. Ellis' trousers to my studio by a messenger."

"What! You don't mean to say——"

"I do!" Day replied emphatically. "There aren't any trousers here in the studio. He thinks he left his at Buzot's, and he's desperate for 'em. How in the world did he ever happen to land here, anyhow? Did Buzot——" Here Day interrupted himself, or seemed to be interrupted, then said hastily, "He says we haven't got time to go into that now. He says tell Buzot to hurry, hurry! Wait! Hold the wire a moment—there's someone at the door."

The telephone became silent; I continued to hold the instrument to my ear, giving Buzot an account of what it had imparted. Finally a voice, not Day's, inquired if I was still there.

"Yes, Miss Ellis. Am I right in thinking that your poor father is safe and sound at Mr. Day's studio?"

"Well, in one sense, he's safe," she said, and there was a musical break in her voice. "He and Mr. Day insist that they spent the night motoring to Chartres to see the cathedral by moonlight and that poor Father is dressed as he is now for Mr. Day to sketch a design for a fancy dress. They're talking to Mother and Aunt Joan at the other end of the room, and Mr. Day whispered to me to tell you to tell M. Buzot to tell the messenger to hurry, hurry!" She was silent for a moment; then, when she resumed speaking, her voice again had that musical break in it—a happier note, I'd have sworn, than it had sounded for many weeks. "Poor Father's making gestures at me, trying to keep Mother and Aunt Joan from seeing him, and I'm sure I know what he means. He means for me to tell you to tell M. Buzot to tell the messenger to hurry, hurry, hurry!"

I restored the instrument to its stand and told Buzot what she had said. "Think of that poor man!" I urged him. "Think of what he is undergoing, standing around in Day's studio in that condition and trying to make explanations to his wife and his sister-in-law and——"

"Yes, I can see it so plainly," Buzot said in a dreamy tone, crossing his legs and settling himself in the comfortable chair. "Yes, a man without trouser'—well, it is something the more fortunate of us encounter only in a terrible dream. After a while I mus' see if I can find that garment of Alexandre; then I mus' discover a messenger to send to him. It is now some minute' before ten o'clock; but Alexandre shall be able to leave that studio by noon, or jus' a little after, at the lates'. I promise it!"

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Miracles (*Continued from page 71*)

the other unable to escape the electric chair on a charge of first-degree murder. After reading the details I decided it was all your work. Was it?"

"Why, Letty, you wouldn't have me kill Larsen, would you, when I knew he was going to commit suicide? And you wouldn't have me hire Lou Pelicano killed when I knew the state was going to kill him, would you? What if both had conspired to kill me? The easiest way out of a fight is around it."

She nodded. "Cold-blooded but practical, Mr. Teller."

Teller flushed. "I play a dirty game as clean as I can," he defended.

"And now I suppose you're planning to take over Pelicano's customers."

"Naturally. To the victor belong the spoils."

"Thank heaven I've quit your employ—or will as soon as I can break in my successor. I'm more than ever glad I gave you back the fifteen thousand dollars you gave me as a bonus." She shivered slightly. "It was blood money. You got to a point where you didn't quite trust me, so you made a generous gesture, hoping that gratitude would make me keep my mouth shut if I should ever be placed on the witness stand."

Teller's face was red with anger, shame and embarrassment. The girl was unjust. And yet he did not blame her for thinking ill of him. He even told her so. "In fact," he added, "I don't think so highly of myself. I'm a boss bootlegger and that lets me out of decent society. But I play the game fairly.

"I sent that sheriff after Larsen to save the fool, after I realized he wasn't going to take my tip and beat it back to Sweden. And I didn't plan to send Lou Pelicano to the chair. I merely planned to have him caught in a robbery and sent to the pen for ten years."

Letty commenced to weep. "It breaks my heart to see a man of your ability and innate decency, for all your cold-bloodedness, mixed up in a war with racketeers. Sooner or later you'll have blood on your hands."

Her grief touched him. He had never known what it meant to have any human being care what he did.

He had previously suspected that his secretary had a sentimental interest in him; he did not like this because he did not reciprocate the sentiment, and he was now more than ever convinced of the truth of his suspicion. He sat down beside Letty and took her hands in his.

"Letty, there's blood on my hands already, although I spilled it in self-defense," he said, and told her the tale of his adventure of an hour before.

"You've got to go away," Letty decided. Her face was desolate.

"I'm going—tomorrow. Dead or alive, gangsters tell no tales to the police and I shall not even be suspected. Gangsters prefer to kill their own snakes, my dear. But I'll have to go—for a while, at least—because Steve Pelicano will never rest until he has avenged his brother."

"What will become of me?" she asked.

A surge of pity swept over him for this girl who was quite alone in the world. For the first time since she had resigned he felt a pang at the parting.

In the surge of pity that enveloped him he felt the strong masculine protective instinct which is the prelude to love. He wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her and tell her she was not alone in the world—that she still had him—that he would take care of her.

Then he remembered that such a man as he was not for such a girl as Letty. No, that wouldn't be fair to her. However, he could do the next best thing—place her beyond the reach of want in the event he never came back.

"Listen, Letty dear," he told her. "You have entrée to my safe-deposit box. I want you to go down to the bank tomorrow morning and bring me back ten thousand in currency; also, all certificates of stock in the box. I want to indorse them to you. If you do not hear from me within three months, all the stocks and bonds are yours. I'll not need them because I'll be dead."

He handed her the check for the fifteen-thousand-dollar bonus she had returned to him several days before. "Take this, too. I gave it with every generous prompting of my cold heart. There was no ulterior motive, Letty. Please believe me. I had money enough to quit two years ago, but I got playing the game and now——" He smiled ruefully. "It's harder to get out of this game than it is to get into it."

"But I do not want your stocks and bonds, Mr. Teller."

"Granted. But if I get knocked off, somebody will have to have them, and if you refuse them they'll go to the state. I haven't a chick nor a child in the world. Been a lone wolf all my life. I've named you in my will, but it occurred to me that I'd better place you in the position of helping yourself. Save a lot of inheritance taxes, you know."

She lifted his hand and kissed the back of it. "I'll wait a long time before I help myself," she promised. "And your fortune will always be waiting for you, should you ever return."

"Oh, I think I'll return. I'm merely providing for eventualities. Young Steve Pelicano can't live forever, you know. He's a wild, reckless, daring fool—and somebody will hang up his number. With his brother out of the way Steve will get ambitious and try increasing the business Lou will leave him. And that road leads to the cemetery."

"Where are you going, Mr. Teller?"

"To California. My name will be Henry Johnson and you can communicate with me at the Hotel Rubicon, in Los Angeles.

"I'm going to motor out, because the enemy will be watching all the trains. Tomorrow morning I want you to buy me a new, high-priced convertible coupé and register it in the name of Henry Johnson. Give our office address, then store the office furniture. I'll communicate with you at your apartment and your salary can go on just the same. I'll need you to look after little things for me, so please don't resign, Letty."

"I wish you would try to get into some legitimate business out in California," she pleaded. "I'd be glad to work for you then."

"There's too much money to be made in Chicago," he told her, and smiled the sardonic smile that never failed to infuriate her. "During my absence my trade will go elsewhere, of course, but it will never be satisfied with the goods my competitor will furnish, so when I come back they'll welcome me home. I have a list of Pelicano's customers and all in good time I'll gather them in—if I survive.

"Now you know what I want, Letty, so run along. I'll expect you to arrange to have my new car delivered here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Don't come yourself. You may be trailed."

They stood up, facing each other. Yielding to a sudden impulse Teller took Letty's face in his hands. "You're such

a fine girl, Letty," he said huskily. "I think I'll kiss you good-by—now."

"I'd rather you wouldn't," she said breathlessly, but he kissed her nevertheless, even though he knew she shrank from that kind of kiss. For a minute she rested her head on his breast and wept silently. Then: "Good-by and good luck, boss," and she was gone.

Teller stared at the door as it closed behind her. "I might do worse than take that girl's advice," he muttered. "And I might do worse than marry her." He felt, of a sudden, an overwhelming loneliness.

Teller proceeded westward slowly. It was spring and the weather was still cool; throughout the desert flowers were blooming. At Yuma he stopped at the Harvey for luncheon, parking his car in front. Presently the overland train pulled in and a rush of passengers descended from it to lunch in the restaurant during the twenty-minute wait.

Teller was at the cashier's desk paying his bill when Polly Cahill slid onto a stool at the lunch counter; he hoped the fellow would not see him but this was not to be. Their glances met—and Polly smiled.

"Hello, Teller," he greeted the fugitive. "Out here for your health?"

Teller smiled back. "You know it, Polly."

"Your Chicago friends have missed you of late." Polly was vastly amused; his luck was too good to be true.

"There's such a thing as pressing one's luck too far," Teller replied irrelevantly. He nodded pleasantly, gathered up his change and walked out to his car. Polly came to the door of the hotel, made a mental note of the make of the car, its color scheme and license number, and waved Teller good-by. Then he fled back into the hotel and sent a telegram to Steve Pelicano.

An hour later, far out on the Arizona desert, where the highway parallels the railroad tracks, Polly, seated on the observation car platform, recognized Teller spinning along in his car and waved.

"An' it won't do you no good to double back to Yuma, mister," Polly soliloquized. "Go ahead or turn back, you're goin' to be picked up wherever you light unless you got sense enough to ditch that car o' yours. I'll get a nice piece o' jack from Steve Pelicano for this tip. Boy, if you only knew what I know you wouldn't feel so cheerful."

Like Lou Pelicano, Polly knew nothing of the principles of war; he did not know Teller would act with discretion. But Teller knew that undoubtedly the fellow had wired or telephoned Steve Pelicano. Instantly, therefore, he resolved upon a course of action.

He consulted his road map, and considered his situation. If a national detective agency in Steve Pelicano's employ had the job of locating him, it was improbable that it had a representative at Yuma. Hence it would have to send one out from Los Angeles, and Teller decided he would have ample time to reach Barstow before the arrival of a spotter.

Even if he did not, he concluded that he would not be arrested if picked up. No operative from a private detective agency could arrest him on a charge of murder and he was convinced that no local peace officer would be asked to arrest him on suspicion.

Furthermore, he decided Pelicano did not want him arrested, for Teller had a strong case of self-defense and the Pelicano crowd could not come into court with clean hands.

No, what Steve Pelicano desired was to have Teller located. He wanted vengeance, and when he knew definitely

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where to find it he would claim it. The thing to do, therefore, was to store the car in the garage at Barstow. Later, in San Bernardino, he would send a second-hand dealer out to sell it for what he could get.

He rode on for hours; then, glancing at the thermometer on the instrument board, he noted that the needle had gone up to two hundred degrees. So he got out and discovered that his radiator was leaking. He pressed a wad of chewing gum against the leak and looked around to consider his predicament.

As far as he could see the gray desert stretched before him. He would have to travel many miles before reaching a wayside garage and he realized he could not travel more than a mile before his motor would "freeze." Then, for the first time, he realized he could not afford to be found on the road.

Far off the road, perhaps six miles, he saw a small, unpainted board shanty among the sage. A homesteader's cabin, no doubt. Well, he might get the car that far. He had a two-gallon canteen of water with him; he would pour that into the radiator and if his patching of chewing gum held . . .

Halfway to the shanty he saw he was not going to make it, so he ran the car into a tangle of high sage and stopped it. He could see a thin column of smoke rising from the stovepipe of the shanty, and with his suitcases he started for it.

Perhaps the nester owned a car of sorts; perhaps he could make temporary repairs to Teller's car, although not until morning, for the sun was already swinging low. Well, he could sleep on the floor for the night, and surely he could get something to eat.

It was a typical desert homesteader's claim upon which Teller advanced. Perhaps ten acres of sage had been cleared away and a rude fence of willow and sycamore poles surrounded it. In one corner of the clearing stood a two-room rough board cabin with a wood-and-canvas lean-to—the kitchen, doubtless.

A nondescript dog came out and barked threateningly at Teller. As he approached closer he discovered a low chicken house; a small yard in front contained perhaps three dozen hens and two goats peered down at him from the top of the chicken house.

Teller threw a stone at the dog and advanced confidently. Just as he was about to rap at the door it opened and the white, terrified face of a woman stared out at him.

She made an effort to speak but no sound escaped her.

Teller lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon, madam. I hope I have not frightened you. My automobile broke down off yonder. Leaky radiator. So I decided I might find help over here."

"I have just been bitten by a rattlesnake!" she gasped.

Instantly Teller realized her predicament. He pressed past her into the cabin and saw a cot in one corner. "Lie down," he commanded. "Where have you been bitten?"

"On the ankle."

"Off with your shoe and stocking. Quick!"

He found the two pink points where the snake's fangs had entered, and slashed into the flesh brutally with a sharp pocketknife, then bent and sucked the wound. He had once read somewhere that this was a good thing to do. When he had spat out mouthful after mouthful of blood, he tied a tourniquet above the wound; then he extracted a cartridge from the pistol he wore in a shoulder holster, removed the bullet and poured the powder out into his palm.

When the blood had coagulated he struck a match, poured the powder into the open wound and touched the match to it. It burned with a pop of flame and the task of cauterizing was done. Then from one suitcase he produced a bottle of whisky and forced the woman to take a small drink.

"You're brave," he announced admiringly. "You didn't flinch during that operation. How long ago were you bitten?"

"About three minutes before you arrived. I heard the dog barking and stepped out into the lean-to to see who was coming. The snake had crawled in through a knot hole in the floor and struck me."

"Well, don't worry about it. I think I've caught you in time. I've sucked most of the poison out; the tourniquet will keep what I didn't get from entering your blood stream in dangerous quantities. The whisky isn't a cure, you know. Tell me where I can get a telephone and I'll get a doctor for you."

"The nearest telephone," she replied, "is twelve miles distant and the nearest doctor is thirty miles distant."

"Then I'll have to bring you to him. You must have an automobile. I saw auto tracks leading in here."

"That was my husband's flivver. He works over at San Bernardino and he'll not be back until the end of the month. He has one Sunday a month off. And he took the car with him."

"I have a car but the radiator will not hold water and the motor is pretty well frozen, I think. Well, you've got to get to the doctor and the only way to do that is for me to walk back to the highway, flag an auto and have it come over here after you."

"It's five miles to the highway. It'll be dark long before you get there, so take a lantern with you to flag with. You'll find one in the kitchen. I'll make out until you return."

Two hours later Teller stood beside the highway vainly endeavoring to flag the cars that came rolling across the desert. Each car that came along speeded up as it approached him; his cries of "Help! Help!" seemed to spur the motorists on. Teller knew why. In the glare of the headlights they could see that he was intact; they could not see any wrecked automobile beside the highway. For aught they knew to the contrary his appeal might be a ruse to stage a holdup. Better to play safe and leave him to the next fellow.

An hour of this and Teller was beside himself with worry and anger. "By heaven, I'll get a car for that woman if I have to kill one of these inhuman people," he decided, and with drawn pistol stepped into the glare of approaching headlights.

"Halt!" he shouted. Then he leaped. Had he not done so he would have been run down. As he cleared the fender a man leaned out the front seat and fired a shot at him, the bullet ripping through his right shoulder. Moreover, his lantern had been crushed and he was in darkness.

For another hour he tried vainly to induce a car to stop; then the traffic dwindled and he realized that presently it would cease for the night.

He was aware, suddenly, that he was thirsty. His wound could not be bleeding very much, because he was not sensible of any particular weakness.

The memory of the woman, alone in that lonely shack, began to oppress him. He knew her leg would swell frightfully; that she would suffer excruciating pain, as well as the mental torment of loneliness and fright. He had told her to

ease the tourniquet from time to time when it became too oppressive. Suppose she had fainted or become delirious, and neglected to ease the tourniquet? Lose a leg, probably.

He cursed all motorists and started back to the shanty. He got off the sketchy trail and wandered a long time in the sage; he was three hours getting back and had fallen with exhaustion twice before the welcome barking of the dog led him to his destination.

Torn, bloody, despairing, he reeled in and struck a match. The woman was lying on the cot and her eyes were closed.

He found a kerosene lamp, lighted it and examined her ankle. Her leg was swollen and discolored, but the tourniquet was loose. Then he felt her pulse and found it very slow, so he roused her from her stupor and gave her more whisky. Next he made a fire in the stove, heated a kettle of water and washed his wound, disinfecting it with a salt solution, the while he told her of his futile efforts to get help.

"I'll go back again at daylight, when I can see to shoot," he promised savagely, "and I'll have a car or a funeral. But first I'll try to plug that leak in the radiator of my own car and get it started. How are you feeling?"

"I'm going to die," she replied simply. "I'm getting worse steadily. I have two little children. They're abed in the other room. I always put them to bed about five o'clock. When I was first bitten I thought: 'O God, don't let me die until help comes, because if You do my babies will die of starvation and neglect before Papa comes to visit us again.'

"Nobody ever comes here, you understand; it would be awful—my poor babies alone here with their dead mother—and the snake might come again. I prayed, and God sent you, Mr.——"

"My name's Teller. Well, I'll stick. I'll take one of the kids out to the highway and surely somebody will stop for us then." He reached over and patted her cheek. "Better give me your husband's name and address so I can get in touch with him in the event——"

"His name's Tom Atkinson and he's herdsman at the Purity Dairy just outside San Bernardino. I'm Mary Atkinson and the babies are Tommy and Jane. They always awaken about daylight—there, Tommy's out of bed now, and he'll want his breakfast right away. Do you suppose you can give him his breakfast, Mr. Teller?"

"Certainly. What do the kids have for breakfast?"

"Well, you might give them each a soft-boiled egg—there are some in the cupboard—and some bread and milk."

"Canned milk?"

"No, we haven't any. You'll have to milk the goats."

Teller commenced to laugh. He couldn't help it. He knew nothing of children; indeed, he disliked them, yet here he was marooned with two children on his hands and faced with the necessity of dressing them and feeding them. He knew even less about goats—and somehow he must manage to milk the two creatures. "I think I need a good stiff drink," he decided, and had two straight whiskies.

"Mrs. Atkinson," he said presently, "why has your husband left you here alone?"

"Please don't blame Tom. He couldn't help it. We wanted a farm and because we didn't have enough money to buy one we had to file a homestead claim. Tom had a year and a half of active service in the Great War and that time would count as a credit on the three years one

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Agnès makes this clever set in black caracul-breitschwantz

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has to live on a homestead before one gets a patent to it. So we filed on a quarter-section here.

"Tom borrowed some money on his insurance policy the government gave him for a bonus, and with what we had saved we came out here and built this shack and cleared ten acres. We planned when we got our patent to the land next year to borrow enough on it to clear the remaining acreage. Meantime Tom has had to go out and work for wages. We knew it would be a long drag but we thought we'd get there and in the end be free and independent."

"Have you and Tom any relatives?"

"No, sir. Tom lost all his family during the 'flu epidemic in 1918 and I was reared in an orphanage. We just have ourselves."

"Well, you've got me now, and maybe I'll be of some help to you. Tell me how to gain the confidence of those goats."

He was half an hour milking the goats, who resented him. Moreover, he had to learn from experience how to milk. Returning to the house with the milk, he discovered the children, two years and four years old respectively, scrambling over their mother on the cot.

"I've got to have something to eat and a few hours' rest before going back to the highway," said Teller. And I've got to take one of the kids with me for bait; otherwise nobody will stop. By Jove, I'm weak or tired or something."

"You have lost a good deal of blood, Mr. Teller," she reminded him.

He groaned. "Oh, Lord, what a jam we're in!"

He had quite a time feeding and dressing the children. They screamed and wept and fought him and made him angry. When it was finally done they fled out into the yard and Tommy thrust out his tongue at him. Thereafter Teller spent a half hour searching for snakes, found one, killed it and felt better.

"Please plug the hole in the lean-to floor," the mother pleaded. "The children are safe in the yard. Timothy will look after them."

Teller assumed that Timothy was the dog.

He prepared eggs, coffee and toast for himself, gave the woman another drink of whisky, found an alarm clock, set it and staggered to the children's bed, where he stretched out and almost immediately fell asleep.

He knew he shouldn't do this, but he couldn't help it. He had to trust to luck that the stricken mother would live until he could get her to a hospital. He had to travel five miles back to that highway and carry the baby girl, Jane. He must have a few hours to recuperate . . .well, let that dog, Pelicano, search for him now . . .

When Polly Cahill stumbled across Teller in Yuma the thought occurred to him instantly: "Teller is at the back of Lou's trouble. That's why he's motoring to California. Chicago's got too hot for him. I wonder if it wouldn't be worth something to Lou's mob to know where Teller is."

However, since he knew Lou to be in jail in Elkhart, he wired instead to the latter's brother Steve, in Chicago:

Have Teller marked down out here
Wire orders Barstow California
Polly

When the train slid into Barstow late in the afternoon Polly went to the telegraph office and found a reply to his wire from Yuma. It read:

Keep him under surveillance until I get out Stop Want to take him myself Stop Leaving for Kansas City Stop Flying from there Los Angeles Stop Communicate with me Hotel Rubicon Stop Your fee still holds
Steve

"You bet my fee will hold," Polly told himself pleasurably, "because I got to have the dough in my mitt before I tell Steve where to find him."

He got his bag off the train and remained in Barstow. His trunk went on to Los Angeles. In a local garage he hired a car and motored to Coyote Wells, which consists of a service station and a water tank belonging to the railroad company.

The tracks ran past the water tank on the east, the highway on the west, and a powerful arc light glowed over the service station and shed its radiance on the highway out front. Polly backed his car in beside the water tank, where there was some shadow, and waited for James Teller to come down the highway.

He waited all night in vain, but he reasoned that unless Teller knew the mob was after him, he would not be likely to desert his car. Instead, he would turn off on a side road. On the other hand, his car might have broken down or he might have met with an accident. In either case, Polly would locate him not far from the scene. At Coyote Wells, therefore, he interviewed the man at the service station.

"Are there any side roads leadin' off the highway to Los Angeles?" he asked.

"Might be some trails known to prospectors, but nothin' an automobile could travel. That mountain range yonder blocks auto travel that way. No, you got to follow the main highway."

Polly was relieved. "Seen or heard anythin' of a feller with a broken-down car? Heard of anybody gettin' wrecked?"

"Feller who stopped here for gas last night told me a well-dressed man tried to stop him down the road. There wasn't no auto wreck in sight but this feller holds a gun on the man I'm tellin' you about. His wife was drivin' so he tells her to step on it an' he takes a shot at him. He figgered it a holdup. Feller had a lantern but the lantern got run over. Feller swingin' it blamed near got run over, too."

"Was the man hit—I mean by the bullet your friend fired at him?"

"I dunno."

"How far down the road did this happen?"

"About twelve miles. There's a big cement bridge across a wash. You can't miss it. The feller was about a mile beyond that bridge."

"Thanks," said Polly and drove away.

Could it be that this man who had tried to stop a motorist was Teller? he wondered. That he was attempting to hitch-hike it, in order that he might not be identified by his car? Polly decided to make more than a cursory investigation.

After passing the cement bridge, Polly proceeded half a mile, then parked his car and started walking down the highway. There was just a chance that the man had been wounded, and if so, Polly might pick up a bloody trail.

He came across the ruin of a lantern. This, then, was where the man had stood. Polly scrutinized the ground and to his great interest found many blood-spots. Looking around him he discovered a trail leading off through the sage. In the soft alluvial soil of this trail he found a man's footprints and more blood. In the distance he saw smoke rising from a house barely discernible in the heat haze.

Suddenly something else claimed his

attention. Midway between the highway and the distant column of smoke there was a flash in the sage. Polly studied it and made out at length a dark object.

"That *might* be his automobile; the flash is sunlight on a windshield," he decided, and retraced his steps to his own car.

Ten minutes later he pulled up in the sage beside the car. The figures on the license plates were the same that Polly had marked down in Yuma. And the license had been issued in Illinois; the owner was a resident of Chicago.

Polly gazed about him, but nothing living was in sight, so he climbed into Teller's car and started it. The motor turned over and Polly backed it six feet, then ran it forward to its old position again. "Car seems all right," he decided. "Well, I'll let the water out of his radiator."

He found no water to let out, which explained the predicament in which Teller had found himself. "Well, I can't let him plug the leak and get away," Polly next decided, so he lifted the hood over the motor, unscrewed the distributor head and removed the breaker points, thus "killing" the ignition.

The situation was plain to Polly now. Teller's radiator had sprung a leak. Not knowing how far he would have to go to get it repaired or replenish it with water, he had turned off the highway and gone as far as he could before the motor began to "freeze."

Teller had then returned to the highway and tried to flag a motor car, but nobody would stop for him. In desperation, therefore, he had endeavored to halt a car at the point of a gun and the motorist had shot him. Thereupon he had abandoned his attempt at hitchhiking and made his way to the cabin.

Polly decided that if Teller had been wounded he would hole up in that cabin until his strength returned; when it did, and he tried to drive off in his car, he would find himself marooned—without ignition, and that would delay him another two days.

Polly knew his twenty-five-hundred-dollar fee was as good as in his pocket—he even decided to hold Steve Pelicano up for an extra thousand.

He drove back to Barstow. Steve, he knew, had left Kansas City at seven o'clock that morning via the transcontinental air line. Allowing for difference in time between Kansas City and Los Angeles, and remembering that the flight occupied fourteen hours, Steve would be in Los Angeles about ten o'clock that night.

At ten-thirty Polly telephoned to Los Angeles and found Steve in the Hotel Rubicon. "Take the first train to Barstow," he ordered. "I'll be waiting there for you. Don't ask me any questions. Did you bring the jack?"

"Sure."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five hundred—what Lou promised you originally."

"I got to have more."

"How much?"

"Another thousand."

"Take a jump in the lake."

"All right, then you find this bird, if you can."

"I was only kiddin', Polly. You've been smart on this job so I guess you got an extra bit comin' to you."

"An' I got to have it the minute I point him out to you," Polly insisted. "You said you wanted to take him yourself, so that lets me out."

"Jake with me," said Steve Pelicano cheerfully. "All I want to know is where he is and that he ain't expectin' me."

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"One more thing, Steve. You go out now an' buy a powerful pair o' field glasses. We got some scoutin' to do."

They met at Barstow early next afternoon, and while they drove down the road Polly told Steve everything he knew regarding Teller.

At the junction of the highway with the dim trail to the Atkinson cabin, Polly focused Steve's field glass on Teller's car and the country beyond, but could see no living thing. So he turned his car confidently into the trail and proceeded as far as Teller's car, from which point the Atkinson cabin was clearly visible.

"We'll walk up this trail," Polly counseled. "There's just a chance you'll find him dead in it."

"If he's dead when I find him you don't get a cent," Steve warned.

"Fair enough. Well, if we don't find him in the trail we'll continue on, keepin' under cover—the sage is high enough to hide us—an' get as close to that cabin as we can before dark. Then we'll size up the pot through the glass. If Teller's there an' shows his nose outside we'll recognize him. You got to get close to use your rod—an' he's got an even break with you unless you sneak up on him."

"If he's in that house I'll get him through the window after dark."

"Good. Let's go."

From behind the brush fence they saw Teller come out to milk the goats. There could be no doubt as to his identity. One arm was in a sling; at two hundred yards, identification through the field glass was perfect.

"I've done my job," Polly murmured; "now give me the jack. It's up to you to do your job without any further help from me, so I'll go back to the car and wait. If you ain't back by mornin' I'll figger you ain't never comin' back, an' I'll pull out for Barstow. 'S fair enough?"

"Sure," Steve replied, and handed Polly the field glass. "You get your jack here an' now."

Polly focused the glass on Teller. "If he ain't milkin' one o' them goats——" he began. He never finished the sentence. Pelicano brought a short bludgeon —an eight-inch leathern tube filled with shot—down on Polly's head. Three times he struck.

"That's the jack you got comin' to you," Pelicano murmured to the corpse. "Blackjack! You would hold me up for an extra thousand, eh?"

Young Steve was, indeed, a splendid executive. Having located Teller, he could see no valid reason why he should pay Polly. Moreover, Polly had tried holding him up for an extra thousand, which proved him to be untrustworthy. Hence, it was doubly good business to kill him. He might snitch later on!

The alarm clock had awakened Teller. He had permitted himself two hours' sleep. He went into the next room and bent over Mary Atkinson. "Well," he asked, "how are you feeling now?"

She stared up at him with eyes that held no sign of recognition. He felt her pulse; it was down to forty. Hastily he forced whisky down her throat and then sat beside her, swaying a little from weakness, and watched her face. There was the gray hue of death on it. He knew she would not last long.

The martyred mother did not regain consciousness. Her heartbeat slowed and finally stopped, and Teller closed her eyes and crossed her hands over her breast. Then he locked the room in which she lay, and in order to distract the children and at the same time make friends, he got down on all fours and gave an imitation of a bear. He discovered, however, that he was as weak as a kitten. So he sent the children outside to play with Timothy, and heated some water and washed his wound with salt solution.

It was hot—over a hundred, as he noticed by a small thermometer hung on the porch. "Got to get that poor little woman buried tonight," he decided, and went hunting for a pick and shovel. He found them and was busy until dark scooping out a grave four feet deep. He had to use both arms and the pain in his wounded shoulder caused him terrible agony. He cursed at first but before the task was done he was whimpering and moaning. He wept again while he milked the goats and fed the children. They were no longer afraid of him, but they shrieked continuously for their mother.

If anyone had told Teller previously that he could have borne up under their uproar he would have called that man a liar. Indeed, he had always disliked children; they were such nuisances. Nevertheless, Tommy and Jane strangely failed to get on his nerves.

He found himself being wondrously patient and kind to them. He whistled for them; he sang; he made grotesque faces; he got a comb and a piece of paper and hummed tunes for them. When they were exhausted he undressed them and put them in bed; he was awed when Tommy came and knelt at his knee and voluntarily recited his good-night prayer.

When they were both asleep, he bent over them and kissed them. Poor little duffers, born to tragedy and poverty and despair! His heart ached for them.

Within the hour he had managed to bury their mother, enfolding her in a heavy woolen blanket. Then, utterly spent, he cast himself upon her cot and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

His first coherent thought, when he awakened, was that he must get to a doctor and he *must* get Tommy and Jane to their father. If he delayed doing this he might get blood-poisoning and die, and then Tommy and Jane, shorn once more of a protector, would perish. His night of rest had refreshed him. After feeding the children their breakfast he turned them out in the yard with Timothy, bathed his wound, hunted around until he found a canvas desert water bag that would hold about three gallons of water, filled it at the shallow well and set out for his car.

Arrived at the car, he got out the tool kit and with infinite labor took the leaky pet cock under the radiator apart, set in a cardboard gasket and replaced it again. He poured in a quart of water and was gratified to note that the pet cock no longer leaked; so he emptied all of the water into the radiator and then tried to start the car and drive back to the cabin. When he did not succeed in this he examined the gasoline line and ignition, and discovered the loss of the breaker points in the distributor head.

Teller glanced around him. In the trail was the track of a small automobile; he saw where the driver had backed it off into the brush and headed back for the highway again. "Well, I'm cornered," he told himself.

He hastened back to the house and en route he prayed, for his soul was in agony now, as well as his body. James Teller, who had not even taken the trouble to think about a Supreme Being, cried aloud now in his agony to that God to Whom Tommy had lisped his baby prayer the night before. He begged God not to allow him to be killed until after Tommy and Jane had been placed in safety. After that Death could come.

"But O God, don't let them kill me between the car and the house. They'd never bother then to go to the house and find Tommy and Jane."

He was so excited that when eventually he won to the cabin, he picked both children up and hugged them fiercely.

After luncheon he cleaned his short shotguns and his revolver, washed his wound, had two drinks and felt better. Then he sat down to make a plan.

When night came and the children were asleep he took a blanket and went out into the sage behind the house, where he lay down. He must not be in that house when the mob came for him. He must not be cornered; he must have room to maneuver, fighting room. And he remembered he had a sentry on guard —a sentry with sensitive ears and nose—Timothy, the mongrel dog.

Some time during the night he was awakened by the barking of Timothy. He listened and decided that the dog was at the brush fence, two hundred yards away; so he crept to the corner of the cabin and peered around. He saw the headlights of an automobile coming along the trail.

"The mob marked me down in daylight," he decided. "They're coming now, when they think I'm asleep, to surround the cabin and let me have it when I step out in the morning. Good old Timothy! He has his uses!"

He stepped boldly out and started across the field; he had not made four steps when a pistol barked from the corner of the porch and a bullet whistled within an inch of his head. He whirled and emptied one barrel of his short shotgun at the flash; somebody cried softly, "Ugh-h!" and he heard the sound of a falling body on the warped board porch. As he leaped back another pistol bullet struck the corner of the house and ricocheted off into the night. Teller did not stop, but continued around the house; when he got to the other corner of the porch he heard something dragging in the dirt. He fired at the sound and the thing moaned and was still.

Out into the darkness of the yard Teller stepped boldly now. Sleep and the coolness of the night had refreshed him greatly; the fever and pain of his wound had diminished; though still weak, he felt strong enough to do battle.

The spirit of the assault was in him; as he approached the spot where Timothy was barking he reloaded his little shotgun and proceeded boldly and confidently, for he knew, better than most men, the extreme difficulty of potting a man with a pistol or rifle in the dark. The advantage was with him, for his weapon was one that sprayed lead. The chances were eleven to one, in his favor —eleven buckshot to one bullet.

Within twenty feet of the brush fence where Timothy stood barking and growling, he challenged, "Who's there?" No answer being received, he made a dash for the fence and sprawled over it . . .

He came down on a human body that did not move under him. He grasped it by the throat with his left hand; still the man did not stir—and the throat was cold. So he struck a match and held it close to the man's face.

"Polly Cahill—and dead as Julius Cæsar!" he cried. "Well, I'm rid of two of them, so here goes for the others."

He walked down the brush fence to the entrance to the yard, entered and crouched behind it, waiting for the approaching automobile. Timothy remained

where he was and continued to bark at Polly Cahill's body.

The headlights swept the entrance and Teller, peering over the brush fence, saw the car contained one man. From the confident manner in which he approached Teller knew that this man was not his enemy, so he rose and challenged:

"Hello; who is it?"

"Is this Tom Atkinson's cabin?" came the answer.

"Yes. Who are you?"

"My name's Thompson. I'm from San Bernardino. Who are you?"

"I'm Mrs. Atkinson's brother. My name's Johnson."

"I have bad news for your sister, Mr. Johnson."

"Something happen to Tom?"

"He's dead, I'm sorry to say. He was the herdsman over at the Purity Dairy in San Bernardino and this morning a bull got him down in the corral and gored him. So the boss sent me over here to find his wife and tell her. I wish he'd sent somebody else. It's a job I don't relish."

"I'll break the news to her, Mr. Thompson."

"Thanks. I wish you would. I can't bear to see a woman cry. By the way, didn't I hear some shooting a few minutes ago?"

"You did. The dog had a coon cornered and I got up to see what he was barking at. I shot the coon."

"You got any instructions regarding the funeral?"

Teller appeared to consider this. "Well, my sister's too sick to attend, that's a certainty," he lied glibly, "and I don't see how I'm going to leave her alone with the children. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you three hundred dollars and you take it back to Tom's employer and ask him to see that Tom is given a decent burial. As soon as I can get away from here I'll drop in at the dairy farm and if there's any additional expense I'll settle for it."

In the glare of the headlights he counted out three hundred dollars and gave it to Thompson. "And here's an extra fifty for your kindness in coming all this distance at night to tell us. I'm obliged to you, Mr. Thompson."

"Thanks. I'm mighty glad the little woman and her babies have you to look after them now."

"You'd better run along now," Teller suggested. "Mrs. Atkinson's asleep, but if she hears your car she'll be asking questions and I don't want to tell her about Tom for a couple of days."

"Sure. I understand. Thanks again for your kindness. The boss will do everything necessary. He liked Tom. Tom was a good man with cattle."

When the car was a mile away on its return journey Teller went over to the cabin porch and struck a match. Sprawled in the dirt beside the porch he found Steve Pelicano, quite dead, with a pistol in his hand.

"So Polly marked me down—for a price—and sent for you to settle your blood feud, eh? You double-crossing animal! You killed Polly to save the fee and on the principle that dead men tell no tales."

He searched the body, found and appropriated six thousand dollars and grinned. "I'll just keep this and invest it for my kids," he decided. "You'd have left them fatherless if you could, so they're entitled to exemplary damages."

By the light of a lantern he buried his enemies that night, but before disposing of Polly he searched the body and found the breaker points.

"Always the fool," Teller reflected. "If you hadn't removed this gadget from my car I'd never have suspected you were on my trail, and I'd have hung around here a week longer until my shoulder healed. You had all the time in the world—and you hurried!"

After breakfast he walked down to his car, restored the breaker points to the ignition and drove back to the cabin. Here he fed and clothed the children in their best, placed them beside him in the front seat and drove to Los Angeles.

At the Hotel Rubicon he engaged a suite and was about to ascend to it when the clerk handed him a telegram. When he got upstairs he read it.

No word from you Stop Are you safe Stop Terribly worried Stop Answer

Letty

That night James E. Teller had a fine time bathing his babies. Then he put their nightgowns on them and ordered dinner; when at last he had them tucked into bed he called the house physician to attend to his shoulder.

"And you needn't get curious and ask questions, doctor," he warned the physician. "I got that puncture from a man who was trying to shoot a little lower and to the left, and he made a clean get-away. I couldn't afford to stick around and argue the matter. A man with two children can't afford that. Come into the next room and take a look at my kids. Aren't they peaches?"

When the doctor was gone Teller placed a call for Letty in Chicago. "Hello, Letty," he cried joyously, when the girl came on the wire. "This is Jim Teller speaking. I've had a lot of trouble but I'm clear out of it now and I'll never be bothered any more. Listen, Letty. Since I've been gone I've made a very curious discovery."

"What's that?" Letty queried.

"I've discovered I love you. Must be something in that old gag about absence making the heart grow fonder. Anyhow, I want to marry you, if you'll have me, but before you answer me I'm going to make you a promise. I've quit and I'll stay quit. If you'll come out and join me we'll get married and settle down to something legitimate."

"The answer," said Letty very distinctly, "is 'yes.'"

"You sweetheart! I'm not worth it. Listen, Letty. I've got two orphan kids on my hands and we're going to adopt them. I'll tell you all about it when you get out here . . . No, they haven't a soul on earth to turn to except me—and I've got kind of crazy about them. One's a girl two years old—Jane; and the other's a boy of four—Tommy. Jane calls me 'Daddy' already."

"But you don't like children, Jim. Are you certain you haven't gone crazy?"

"I am crazy—like a fox. These kids are mine, I tell you, and nobody is ever going to come hunting for them. You'll help me rear them, won't you, Letty? And when we have kids of our own——"

"You're positively goofy," Letty laughed happily. "I always heard the climate of California did things to people—oh, be quiet, you silly darling! I'll start West tomorrow."

A story of the race track by Peter B. Kyne—Coming Soon in Cosmopolitan

S-t-r-e-t-c-h *by Charles W. Paddock* *(Continued from page 41)*

surprising first place in the American championships restored my former confidence and I ran as fast as I ever had.

The mind can go still farther in the development of the body. I once had the honor of knowing a man whose muscles were as taut as steel. Yet that man never took any exercise in his life except an occasional walk.

Everything that he did was in perfect coordination, and even in thinking he used his body as well as his brain. He always seemed to be on his toes, at the peak of his form.

That man was Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin. He did not need exercise as we commonly think of the term. He was in constant exercise in the mere act of talking, dictating and conducting business. When he thought, his muscles thought with him.

An amusing story is told about the Wisconsin Senator's single participation in competitive sports. An important organization in his own state invited him to its annual festival, and after he had accepted he found that the chief event of the outing would be a rifle-shooting contest in which every man present was expected to participate. La Follette never in his life had fired a gun. Of course it might have been easy enough for the Senator to be excused, but that was not his way. He retired to his farm and commenced target practice. He prepared his mind for the event, not his body.

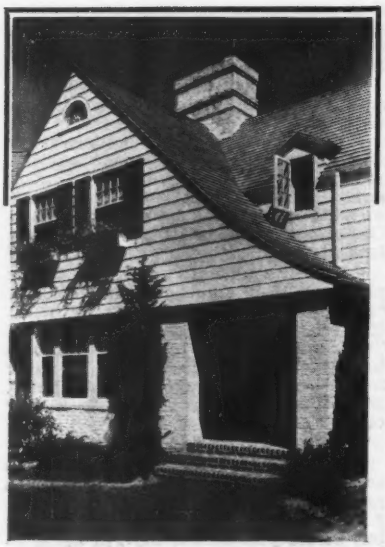
Though he was over fifty years of age when he started, he made up for lost time, and came to the contest itself with superb confidence, even though he was matched against some of the crack rifle shots of Wisconsin. When it was his turn to shoot he said, "Now, boys, I hope each man will be at the top of his form and shoot every shot for a bull's-eye. May the best man win."

It sounded like good sportsmanship, though most of those present did not take the Senator seriously as a marksman. But the name engraved on the cup that day was Robert M. La Follette. He outshot every trained rifleman. When he laid his rifle down he never picked it up again. He had proved that he could do it, and he didn't propose to spend all his life shooting at targets.

La Follette showed what mental concentration can accomplish for the body. It was his supreme confidence that gave him not only mental but physical power. If La Follette had been a prize fighter he would have resembled John L. Sullivan, asking only for a ring, a referee and an opponent.

If the same spirit of confidence had surged through the heart of Jack Sharkey, the heavyweight championship of the world would be in America today instead of in Germany, for despite all that has been said about Sharkey's cockiness and belief in himself, the Boston boy has been laboring for years under an inferiority complex so overpowering that the force of his blows coupled with his ring strategy has not been enough to offset those fatal moments when he has lost control of himself.

How many of us are Sharkeys in our battle for health! We lose confidence in ourselves, and we allow something that we have eaten, a bad night or overwrought nerves to get the better of us instead of fighting back with forceful concentration. If we would all maintain



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a cheerful mental attitude toward our own condition, many of us would keep our health intact.

Next to mental attitude, rest is undoubtedly the most important factor in our physical well-being. Rest is essential for the baby, the child and the growing boy. Rest is necessary when we have reached maturity and are using our bodies and our minds vigorously. Rest is still more important when we have reached the age where strenuous exercise is no longer necessary and our chief efforts have become mental.

One of our greatest all-around athletes today is Douglas Fairbanks. Though not a world's champion in any particular form of exercise, Fairbanks can hold his own with the star of almost any sport, even though he is well along in what we term middle age. Hardly a day passes that "Doug" does not rest after luncheon. He does not always sleep, but he relaxes, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, when most people are at the lowest ebb of their energy, Fairbanks is keenly alive.

If the business man, instead of spending one or two hours at luncheon, tiring himself out with conversation, would allow himself twenty or thirty minutes of rest, permitting no one to disturb him, how much better he would be for the afternoon's problems!

More important to the older man than exercise or food is abstemiousness. In maturity it does not matter so much what we eat, provided it is wholesome. What matters is that we eat little of it. There is no particular virtue in rigid vegetarianism, but there is sense in the sparing use of meat. Each man must decide for himself which foods to avoid.

A safe rule for the average man past the half-century mark is to eat half as much as he has been doing. This precaution alone will add years to his life and prevent the accumulation of overweight. Probably no other race in the world is so immoderate in living as we are, and we are not at all regular in our habits. It is essential that we should eat regularly.

If we would limit ourselves at breakfast to a half grapefruit or a glass of orange juice, Melba toast and coffee, tea or milk; at luncheon to a vegetable, a fruit salad, a pot of tea and cheese—or for variety's sake, a lamb chop or a poached egg—and then eat a substantial meal in the evening, we should be much better off than we are, loading our systems down with "three squares" as though we all worked in the fields from daybreak until sunset.

Even those who do this kind of labor often overeat. Nature has proved conclusively that one big meal a day is enough for man or beast. If we *must* eat three times, let us do so in moderation. The same applies to smoking and drinking.

I have no desire to appear dictatorial. These rules for keeping fit have been learned through experience, and I promise you that if your mental attitude is right, and if you eat sparingly of good wholesome food, rest regularly, exercise properly and prove yourself abstemious, you should enjoy the luxury of health to a ripe old age.

Oh, yes, there's one thing more. Don't forget: Stretch, brother, stretch!

White Face *(Continued from page 64)*

return of the car, delivered himself of certain observations.

"There's murder plain and murder colored," he said to the patient Inspector Bray. "This is murder plain. No music, no fireworks, no lady's boudoir, nothing sexy. A man stabbed to death under three pairs of eyes and nobody saw the murderer. Who was the man that threw the knife, and how did he get it back again? That's the mystery that's beating me."

Quigley, crime man of the Post-Courier and arch-inventor of devils, telephoned to his newspaper:

The devil of Tidal Basin is again abroad. This slinking and sinister shadow passed unseen through deserted Endley Street and left a dead man sprawling upon the sidewalk, stabbed to the heart. Whence he came, whither he went, no one knows.

Under the eyes of three independent witnesses, including Mrs. Albert, the wife of the night watchman at the Eastern Trading Company, Doctor Marford, a highly respected medical practitioner, and Police Constable Hartford, an innocent pedestrian was seen to stagger and fall. When spectators reached him they were dumfounded to see that he was stabbed. The identity of the murdered man has not yet been established.

Who was this stranger in evening dress, wandering in the purlieus of Tidal Basin? What ruthless hand destroyed him, and in what mysterious manner did the unseen murderer make his escape? These are the questions which Central Detective Inspector Mason has to solve. Mason, one of the Big Five, was fortunately in the neighborhood and immediately took charge of the case. A man has been detained, but is he the devil of Tidal Basin?

Elk came to the police station and into the inspector's room where Mason was sitting, ten minutes after his chief arrived. He laid two articles on the table before the great man. "That night watchman takes a lot of wakin'. By the way, he's the husband of Mrs. Albert."

"The woman with the beer?"

Elk nodded. "I found these in the yard—obviously Lamborn threw them over when he saw the policeman." He enumerated his finds. "Notebook an' watch; glass broken, watch stopped at ten P.M. Swiss-made, an' has the name of a Melbourne jeweler on the face."

Mason examined the watch.

"Careful," warned Elk. "There's a smudgy thumb-print on the back."

Mason invited Elk by a gesture to draw up a chair. "What else?" he asked.

Elk took from an inside pocket a quantity of loose paper money and put it on the table. From the pocket case, which also contained a memorandum book, he extracted two new hundred-pound bank notes. On their backs was the stamp of the Maida Vale branch of the Midland Bank; it was a round rubber stamp, and in the center was a date line.

"Issued yesterday."

"If he had an account there——" began Elk.

Mason shook his head. "He hadn't. You don't draw hundred-pound notes out of your own account and carry them about with you. You draw them out because you want to send them away.

"No, these notes were drawn from somebody else's account and given to him. Which means he hasn't a banking account of his own or they'd have been

paid in. Therefore he's not in trade, or he'd have a banking account."

Elk sniffed. "Sounds like the well-known Shylock Holmes to me," he said.

He was a contemporary of Mason's who had missed promotion, and his sarcasms were licensed.

"What else?" asked Mason.

"Visiting cards—any number of 'em."

Elk took them out and laid them on the table. Mason examined them carefully. There were addresses in Birmingham and Leicester and London, but a large proportion of them were the visiting cards of people who had permanent addresses in South Africa.

"All the same color," he said. "They've all been collected within a couple of months. That means he's been on a sea voyage lately; it's extraordinary how people give away their cards to strangers when they're taking an ocean trip."

He looked at the backs of one or two of them: there were penciled notes. One said: "£10,000 a year"; another: "Made a lot of money in Namaqualand diamonds; staying Ritz, London."

Mason smiled. "I'll give you two guesses as to what his trade is."

He picked up a third card; this time the inscription on the back was in ink: "Check stopped; Adam & Sills."

"I'll give you one guess now. He's a crook and a card sharp. Adam and Sills are the lawyers who do the barking for these birds. That places him. Now we'll find his name. Get on to the Yard, tell 'em to call every West End hotel and find if a man has arrived there from abroad. Say his first name is Donald. You'll find out where he came from——"

"Cape Town," said Elk.

Mason nodded. "I expected that. How do you know?"

"His boots are new; they've got a tag to them, 'Cleghorn, Adderley Street.'"

"Then make it South Africa."

Elk was halfway across the room when Mason shouted him back.

"Ask the bureau to get the manager of the Maida Vale branch of the Midland Bank and find if he remembers on whose account two notes for a hundred pounds"—he scribbled the numbers on a slip of paper and handed them to Elk—"were issued, and, if possible, to whom they were issued. I've got an idea we shan't discover that."

When Elk returned, Mr. Mason was sitting, chin in hand, his heavy, round face more than ordinarily blank.

"I'll see Lamborn," he said.

Mr. Lamborn was brought in, voluble and truculent. "If there's a law in this country——" he began.

"There isn't," said Mr. Mason genially. "You've broken 'em all. Sit down, Harry."

Mr. Lamborn looked at him suspiciously. "You goin' to be sympathetic?"

The glamour of legend surrounded Mr. Mason. He was indeed a sympathetic man, and under the genial influence of his understanding and sympathetic heart many wrongdoers had, with misguided confidence, told him much more than they ever intended to tell.

Mason beamed. "I can't be wicked with you fellows—naturally I can't. Life's a bit difficult for all of us, and I know how hard it is for some of you birds to get an honest living."

"I dessay," said Lamborn icily.

"You never do any harm, Harry, by telling the police all you know. And this is a case of murder."

"Nobody says I did it," said Lamborn quickly.

"Nobody says so at the moment," agreed Mr. Mason; "but you never can tell what stories will get around. You know Tidal Basin, Harry—they'd swear your life away for a slice of pineapple.

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"The constable saw you go over to this man and put your hand in his pocket, take out a pocketbook and possibly a watch. When you were detected you threw them over the wall, where they have since been found by Detective Sergeant Elk. Isn't that so, Elk?"

Elk agreed.

"I know nothing about 'em," said Lamborn loudly, and Mr. Mason shook his head with a sad smile.

"You saw this fellow fall and you thought he was drunk. You went over and dipped him for his clock and pack."

"I don't understand what you're talkin' about," said Mr. Lamborn. "I've never heard such expressions in me life."

"Let me put it in plain English. You put your hand in his pocket, took out his pocket case and his watch."

"That is a dirty lie!" said Lamborn.

Mr. Mason looked at Elk despairingly. "What can you do with 'em?" he asked.

"I don't want none of your sympathy," said the ungracious Lamborn. "There's too many people in stir through listenin' to your smarmin'. I see the gentleman fall and I went over to render him assistance."

"Medical assistance, I'm sure," murmured Mason, "you being an M.D. of Dartmoor. Now come across, Harry. You can save me a lot of trouble by telling the truth."

"I——" began Lamborn.

"Wait a moment." Mr. Mason's voice was sharper. "If you'll tell me the truth I'll undertake not to charge you. I shall hold you as a Crown witness."

"Look here, Mr. Mason," said Lamborn hotly, "what do you think I am? I've been treated disgraceful since I've been at this station. They stripped me and took all me clothes away. Give me these old duds to put on. And why did they take me clothes away? To frame up evidence by puttin' stuff in me pocket—I know the police!"

Mason sighed, and when he spoke it was deliberately and offensively.

"If you had a little more brains you'd be half-witted," he said. "That's not an original remark but it applies. There are men twice as sane as you living in padded cells. You poor, ignorant gutter scum, don't you understand that your clothes were taken away to see if there was any blood on them? And don't you realize a man of my rank wouldn't trouble about you if he hadn't a very good reason?

"I don't want you for murder—get that into your sawdust. I don't even want you for robbery. I want you to tell me the truth: did you or did you not dip this man when he was lying on the ground? And if you tell me the truth I'll offer no charge against you.

"Let me tell you this. The whole case may swing upon whether you make a voluntary statement that you took this man's pocket case out of his pocket while he was lying on the ground, or that you did not."

"I didn't," said Lamborn loudly. "I defy you to prove it!"

Mason groaned. "Take him away before I forget myself," he said.

Elk gripped his prisoner's arm and marched him to the desk. "You fool," he said en route; "why didn't you speak?"

"Why didn't I speak?" Lamborn demanded scornfully. "Blimey, look what I'm gettin' for sayin' nothin'!"

A minute later he was charged before an apathetic station sergeant, and went noisily to the cells.

Elk came back to his chief with information that had come through while the charge was in progress.

"The two notes were issued on the account of Mr. Louis Landor, of Teign Court, Maida Vale. Landor is either an American or has lived in America. He's an engineer, a fairly rich man, an' he drew out another three thousand pounds this mornin'—he's goin' abroad."

"*Bon voyage* to him," said Mason, in a cynical humor. "Going abroad, is he?" He gazed at the knife sheath lying on a sheet of paper before him and pointed out ornate initials engraved on a small gold plate. "'L. L.'—they may stand for 'Leonard Lowe'; on the other hand, they may stand for 'Louis Landor.'"

He got up from the table and walked heavily to the apartment which the police matron used as a duty room. On the bed lay Lorna Weston; her face was pale, her lips were colorless.

"She might be dead," said Mason.

Doctor Marford sighed, took out his cheap American watch and looked at it. "So might a large number of my patients," he said listlessly. "I don't know whether you're interested in the phenomena of life and death, Mr. Mason, but at this moment there is a lady waiting for me——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mason goodhumoredly. "We forgot nothing. I've arranged for your district nurse to phone you at the station. We'll have to do something with this woman." He looked dubiously down at the still figure on the bed. "She's a dope?" he asked.

Doctor Marford nodded. "I found a hypodermic in her bag," he said.

"Rudd thinks she should be taken away to a hospital or infirmary."

Marford assented.

Rudd came bustling in importantly. "I've fixed a bed at the infirmary," he said. "Of course they told me they had no accommodation, but as soon as I mentioned my name——" He smiled jovially at Marford. "The resident surgeon is a friend of mine, as it happens. I'm getting the ambulance down right away."

"Have you seen the man again?" asked Mason.

"The man?" Doctor Rudd frowned. "Oh, you mean the dead man? Yes. Your Mr. Elk was there, searching him. I made one or two observations which may be useful to you. For instance, there's a bruise on the left cheek."

Mason nodded. "Yes; he was fighting. Doctor Marford saw that."

Rudd was called away at that moment and bustled out.

The woman on the bed showed no sign of life. The doctor, at Mason's request, exhibited two tiny punctures on the left arm.

"Recently made," he explained, "but there's no evidence that she's an addict. I can find no other punctures, for example, and the mere fact that the shot has had such a deadening effect upon her suggests that she's a novice." He lifted the arm and dropped it; it fell lifelessly.

"When will she recover consciousness?"

Marford shook his head. "I don't know. At present she's not in a state where I could recommend giving restoratives, but I'll leave that to the infirmary people. The resident surgeon is a personal friend of Doctor Rudd's and is therefore in all probability a man of genius."

The eyes of the two men met. Mr. Mason did not disguise his amusement.

"Fine," he said. And then: "Have you ever been in a murder case before?"

The doctor's lips twitched with the hint of a smile. "Manslaughter—this evening," he said. "No, I have not been called in professionally. Not one doctor in eight thousand ever attends a murder case in the whole course of his practice—not if he's wise," he added.

Mason became suddenly interested in

this shabby figure with the pained eyes and the thin, starved face. "You find living not particularly pleasant in this neighborhood, doctor? Couldn't you work your clinic somewhere more salubrious?"

Marford shrugged. "It's all one to me," he said. "My own wants are few and they are satisfied. The clinic must be where it is wanted. For myself, I do not crave the society of intellectual men, because intellectual men bore me."

"And you've no theory about this murder?" Mason was smiling again.

"Yes," the doctor said quietly. "To my mind, this case is obviously a case of revenge. He was not murdered for profit; he was deliberately assassinated to right some wrong probably committed years before. And it was not in the larger sense premeditated: the murder was committed on the spur of the moment as opportunity offered."

Mason stared at him. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I think it." Marford was smiling. "Unless you believe that this man was definitely lured to this spot with the object of killing him, and that a most elaborate scheme was formed for enticing him into this neighborhood, you must believe it was unpremeditated."

Superintendent Mason peered at Marford. "You're not one of these amateur detectives I've been reading about, doctor?" he challenged. "The sort of man who's going to make the police look foolish in chapter thirty-nine and take all the credit for the discovery?"

Then, unexpectedly, he clapped his hand on Marford's bony shoulder. "You're quite right—your theory is my theory." And then: "Do you exclude the possibility that Lamborn may have knifed him?"

"Entirely," said the other emphatically, and Mason nodded.

"I might tell you"—he dropped his voice confidentially—"that that is the ground plan of Doctor Rudd's theory."

"He has another," said Marford. "I wonder he hasn't told you."

Mason looked down at the woman again. "She's got it locked up there." He touched the white forehead lightly. "No, it's an ordinary police case, doctor. Everything looks mysterious until somebody squeals, and then the case is so easy that even a poor old gentleman from Scotland Yard could work it out." He frowned at the woman. "All right; shoot her into hospital," he said brusquely, and returned to his room.

It was Inspector Bray's room, really; a cupboard of a place, with a table and chair, a last year's almanac on the wall, two volumes of the "Police Code," a telephone list a foot long—and three reprints of popular fiction. Mr. Mason took one and opened it.

A taste for thrilling fiction is not phenomenal in a detective officer. With this particular story Mr. Mason was well acquainted, and he turned the leaves casually and disparagingly. Here was a murder the like of which never came the way of the average police officer. There were beautiful ladies involved, ladies who had their own limousines and lived in exotic apartments; gentlemen who dressed for dinner every night—even the detectives did that.

Here murder had a color and a fragrance; it was set in scenes of beauty—in half-timbered country houses with lawns that sloped down to a quiet river; in Park Lane mansions. High politics came into the story; ministers of state were suspected.

Mr. Mason shook his head, scratched his cheek, closed the book and returned to his own murder; to the drabness of Tidal Basin with its jerry-built houses,

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where three families lived in a space inadequate for a Park Lane bathroom. Silent Tidal Basin, with its swing bridges over the narrow entrance to docks, and its cold electric lights revealing ugliness even on the darkest night.

People were living and dying here; one death more or less surely made no difference. But because a man who was a card sharp, probably a blackguard, had met his just end, there were lights burning in all sorts of odd rooms at Scotland Yard; men were searching records; a printing press was working at feverish speed; police cyclists were flying to the ends of the area carrying the wet sheets which described the dead man, and in ten thousand streets and squares policemen were reading the description of a man unknown, killed by one known even less.

Mason got up and walked out to the entrance of the station. The street was deserted. Rain was falling steadily; every window of every house that faced the station was black and menacing.

Why he shivered he did not know. He was too serious a police officer to be influenced by atmosphere. And yet the unfriendliness of this area, all its possibilities of evil, penetrated his armor of indifference.

A queer lot of people . . . A thought struck him, and he slapped the palm of his hand. There were three C. I. D. men in the charge room; he called them and gave them instructions.

"Take a couple of guns," he said. "You may need them."

After he had seen them depart, he sent an urgent phone message to Scotland Yard. Then he went across to Doctor Marford, who was talking to the station clerk.

"What about this man with the white mask? You know everything that happens in this pitch. Is it a yarn or is there any foundation for it? There used to be a man in the West End—had an accident that upset his features—who used to wear that kind of thing."

The doctor nodded slowly. "I think that is the man I have met," he said.

"You've met him?" asked Mason.

"Yes. Why he wore the mask I have never been able to understand, because there was really very little wrong with his face except a large red scar."

Mason scowled and pursed his lips. "I remember the West End man. I see that some of the newspapers are recalling the fact that he was seen years ago. If I remember rightly, he lived in Jermyn Street. He had permission from the commissioner to go out with this thing on his face. I haven't seen him for years, but I remember him well. What was his name—West something—not Weston?"

The doctor shrugged. "I never knew his name. He came to me about three years ago and asked for ray treatment. He was stupidly sensitive and only came after he had fixed up the interview by telephone. He's been several times since, round midnight, and he invariably pays me a pound."

Mason thought for a while, then went to the telephone and called a central police station off Regent Street. The sergeant in charge remembered the man at once, but was not sure of his name.

"He hasn't been seen round the West End for years," he said. "The Yard has been wondering if he was White Face."

"Was his name Weston?" suggested Mason, but the sergeant was without information.

Mason came back to the doctor. "Does this man live in the neighborhood?"

But here Doctor Marford could tell him nothing. The first time he had met his queer patient he had lived in the region of Piccadilly; thereafter he had appeared only at irregular intervals.

"Do you think he's our devil?" asked Mason, and the lean man chuckled.

"Devil! It's queer how normal people attribute devilry to any man or woman who is afflicted—the hunchback and the misshapen, the cross-eyed and the lame."

He could say little that might assist the police, except that he no longer received warning when the man with the mask made his appearance. Invariably he came through the yard that ran by the side of the surgery into the passage which Doctor Marford's patients used when they queued up for their medicine.

"I never have the side door locked—I mean the door that goes into the yard." Marford explained that he was a heavy sleeper and it was not unusual for his clients to come into the house to wake him. "I've nothing to lose except a few instruments and a few bottles of poison; and to do these fellows justice, I've never had a thing stolen. I treat these people as friends and I don't mind their wandering about the house."

Mr. Mason made a grimace. "How can you live here? You're a gentleman; you have education. How can you meet them every day; listen to their miseries; see their dirt—ugh!"

Doctor Marford sighed and looked at his watch. "If that child's normal he's born," he said, and at that moment the sergeant called him to the telephone.

The child had been normal and had made his appearance into the world without the doctor's assistance. The male parent—a careful man—was already disputing the right of the doctor to any fee.

"Half fee, as usual," Doctor Marford told the district nurse and hung up.

The ambulance was ready. He and Rudd saw the woman placed in charge of a uniformed nurse, and Sergeant Elk appointed a detective officer to accompany the patient to the infirmary.

Elk's eyes were preternaturally bright when he lounged into the inspector's room.

"This is a case which ought to get me promotion," he said. "Here I've been workin' for years, an' this is the first real mystery I've struck. More like a book than a police case. Quigley's nosin' round the neighborhood; I shouldn't be surprised if he didn't turn in a new devil."

Mr. Mason indicated a chair. "Sit down, my poor fellow," he said with spurious sympathy. "What are the features of this murder which have separated it from an ordinary case of knifing?"

Elk's long arm went out and he pointed in the direction of the matron's room.

"She's it!" said Elk. His voice shook. "What happened tonight, Mr. Mason? An unknown man has a fight with another unknown man, who bolts. The first fellow walks along an' meets a police officer an' tells him all about it. He's alive an' well; obviously he's not stabbed; yet within a few seconds after the officer moves on, this fellow drops in his tracks.

"A cheap crook comes over an' dips him, an' is seen by Hartford, who tackles the man. They then discover that the fellow on the ground is stabbed. Nobody saw the blow struck. Yet there he is, dead—knifed—an' the knife's well away an' can't be found.

"Out of nowhere comes Mrs. Weston. She'd warned this man he was goin' to be killed. She wants to be sure that it is him. She takes a look at the man on the ground an' drops." He laid his hand upon the superintendent's arm and shook it. "I was watchin' her. I knew the woman, though I didn't recognize her at first. She drops—an' what do we find? She's a needler—a dope. Does that mean anything to you, sir?"

"Yes, it means a lot to me," said

Mason. "Now I'm going to ask you a question: Does the can of beer which Mrs. Albert was carrying mean anything to you, and does that can of beer associate itself in your active and intelligent mind with the disappearance of Mr. Louis Landor—if that's the name of the man who fought with the dead one?"

Elk was frankly bewildered. "You're tryin' to pull my leg."

"Heaven forbid!" said the patient Mason. "Bring in Mrs. Albert. She's waited long enough to get three kinds of panic; I want her to have the kind that will make her tell the truth."

Mrs. Albert came, a pale woman, sensible of her disgraceful surroundings, conscious, too, of her responsibility for her children. She still clutched in her hand the telltale can of beer.

"Sorry I've had to keep you so long, Mrs. Albert," said Mason. "Your husband's the night watchman at the Eastern Trading Company, isn't he?"

She nodded mutely.

"The Eastern Trading Company do not allow their watchmen to have beer?"

"No, sir."

"Exactly," said Mason. "But your husband likes a drop of beer, and it's easy to pass the beer through the wicket gate, isn't it?"

Mrs. Albert could only blink at him pathetically.

"And he's in the habit of leaving the wicket gate undone every night about eleven o'clock, and you're in the habit of putting that can inside the gate?"

Her pathos grew. She suspected a base informer, and was undecided as to which of her five neighbors had filled that despicable rôle.

The superintendent turned to his subordinate. "There's the connection," he said, "and that is where Mr. Louis Landor went—through the wicket gate. Oh, you needn't bother: I've sent some men to search the yard. But if I am any judge, Mr. Landor has gone. I've already circulated his description."

Mrs. Albert drooped guiltily in her chair, her agonized dark eyes fixed on Mr. Mason. Here was tragedy for her, more poignant than the death of unknown men struck down by unseen forces: the tragedy of a husband dismissed from the only job he had held in five years.

"He'll get the sack," she breathed.

Mason looked at her and shook his head. "I'm not reporting to the Eastern Trading Company, though you might have helped if you hadn't hidden the truth when I asked you about the beer. I blame myself for not realizing you had something to hide, and what it was. It might have made a big difference."

"You're not reporting it, mister?" she asked tremulously. "I've had a hard time. That poor woman could tell you how hard it was: she used to live with me till she came into money."

"Which poor woman?" asked Mason.

"Mrs. Weston." She had lost some of her fear in the face of his interest.

"She lodged with you?"

Elk had left the room. Mason motioned her to the chair which the sergeant had vacated.

"Oh, yes, sir; she used to lodge with me till she got this money."

"Where did she get the money from?"

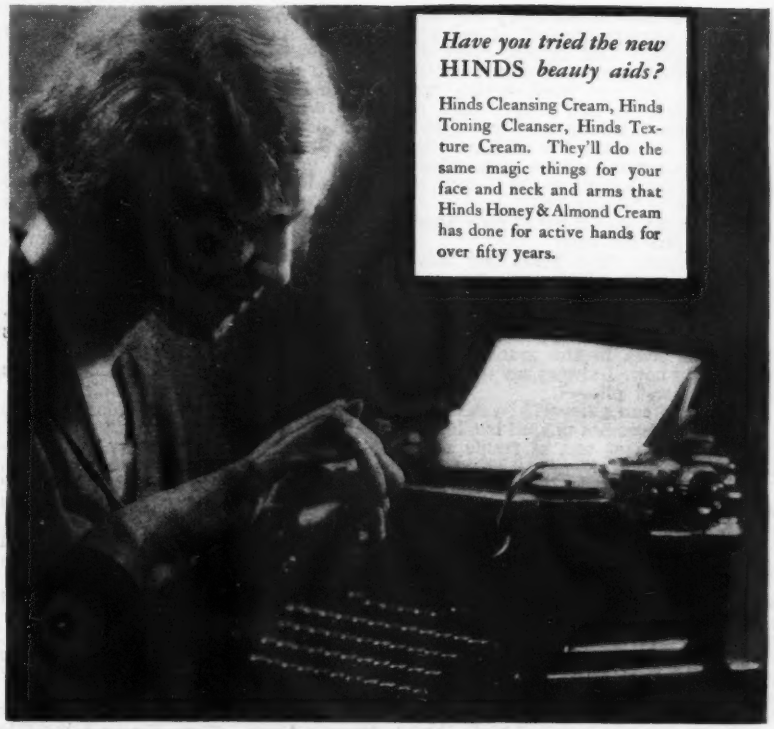
"I never ask questions," said Mrs. Albert. "She paid me all she owed me, that's all I know. I've been wondering, sir, was it her husband or her young man who was killed?"

"Her young man was killed," he said without hesitation. "You knew them?"

She shook her head.

"You knew the husband, at any rate?"

"I've seen photographs of him in her room. They were taken in Australia—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her and the two. When I say I've seen them," she corrected herself, "I was just going to take a look at 'em when she come in the room and snatched the frame out of my hand—which was funny, because it had always been on the mantelshelf before, but I never took any notice of it till she said one day it was her husband and a great friend. It was on the following day I took up the picture to have a look."

"And she snatched it out of your hand? How long ago was this?"

She thought. "Two years last July."

Mason nodded. "And soon after that she came into money?"

"Yes, sir; she left me the next day, or two days after. I haven't spoken to her since. She lives in the grand part of Tidal Basin now. I always say that when people are well off——"

"I'm sure I can guess what you always say." Mason was not unkind but he was firm. "Now, what sort of frame would this be in—leather?"

Yes, she thought it was leather—or wood, covered with leather. "I know she put it in her box because I saw her do it—a little black box she used to keep under her bed."

Mason questioned her and cross-checked her answers, eliminating in the process all possibility that her narrative might be embroidered by imagination. And then suddenly he touched a high note of romance. Had she ever seen a man with a piece of white cloth on his face? She shuddered pleasurably.

"The Devil? I've heard of him. It was him that done it; everybody was saying so in the crowd."

"Have you ever seen him?"

She shook her head vigorously. "No, and I don't want to. But I know people who have—in the middle of the night."

"When they've been dreaming?" suggested Mason, but she would not have this.

The Devil was a possession of Tidal Basin; not willingly would she surrender the legend. When he showed into the charge room a woman made tearfully grateful by the knowledge that she could go to her home and her children, Marford was waiting to say good night. Doctor Rudd had already left.

"If you want me tonight, I shall be at my surgery. I hope I may be allowed to sleep."

Mason had three things he wished to do at the same time—three errands on which he could trust nobody but himself. He decided to perform his first task single-handed and call back for Elk to assist him with the second.

MICHAEL QUIGLEY was coming up the steps of the police station as Mason appeared in the doorway.

"Carri on," said Mason pleasantly; "the body has been removed."

"Who is it, Mason?"

Mr. Mason shook his head. "There was once," he said jovially, "a medical student who was asked how many teeth Adam was born with, and he replied, very properly, 'God knows.'"

"Unknown, eh? A swell, they tell me."

"He's well dressed," said Mason in his noncommittal way. "Go along and have a look at him."

Michael shook his head. "That can wait. What is this murder—a little joke of White Face?"

"Why White Face?" demanded Mason. "Listen, Quigley. White Face doesn't belong to Tidal Basin any more than your devil does."

"He's been seen here," insisted the reporter, and Mason sighed.

"A man who wore a lump of lint over his face has been seen here. Doctor Marford, in a weak-minded moment, told you. You'd see the same in the neighborhood of any hospital."

Michael Quigley was unusually silent. "Oh. Where are you going?"

No other reporter would have dared ask such a question, but Mason knew this young man rather well.

"You'll get me hanged, Michael, but I'll let you come along with me. I'm going to have a little independent search. Your encouragement and help will be welcome. How is Miss Harman?"

Mike almost showed his teeth. "You can collect gossip, even if you can't collect murderers!" he snarled. "Miss Harman is a good friend of mine who is going to marry somebody else."

"I congratulate her," said Mason as they stepped out toward Endley Street. "It must be a terribly unromantic life being married to a reporter."

"There is no question of my being married to anybody," said Michael savagely.

They trudged side by side, cold anger in the heart of one and an idea that was growing into shape in the mind of Mr. Mason. He whistled softly as he walked under the high wall of the Eastern Trading Company.

It was a beast of a night; a wind had risen, with the cold of the steppes.

"Policemen and reporters," said Mason, "get their living out of other people's misfortunes. Has that ever struck you? Here they are!"

"They" were three men walking abreast towards them. When Mason came into view they halted to receive him.

"We've found nothing and nobody," said the senior. "We searched the yard, but there wasn't a sign of a man, though there were plenty of places where he could have hidden."

"And the wicket gate?"

"That was ajar," replied the detective. "Albert, the night watchman, swore it hadn't been opened. It's against the rules to open it unless there's a fire."

"Maybe there was a fire," suggested Mason. "It's a good night for a fire. All right; you can come along with me."

They had only a few yards to go before they came to the place where the pavement, the private yard road and the railway arch formed a triangle.

"This is where the body was found?" suggested Michael, and Mason indicated the spot.

He was still whistling when he walked to the green-painted wicket door and pushed. It was locked now. If he'd only thought of trying that door—but if there *had* been a man behind it he would have shot in the bolts. He must have been hiding there when Elk was searching the yard for the pocket case and watch. But if Mrs. Albert had talked . . .

Mason confided his woes to Michael, a safe recipient, for Michael Quigley knew what not to print.

"You get that sort of thing in all these cases," said Michael philosophically. "And you expect it, anyway. Nobody tells the truth, because there's some twiddling little thing to hide that may bring discredit upon them. Personally, I can't understand their mentality." His eyes roved over the pavement. "You searched the gutter, I suppose? There's a distinct slope to this sidewalk."

Mason looked inquiringly at one of the detectives, but nobody could tell him anything.

Michael straddled the gutter and, pulling up his sleeve, ran his fingers through the slowly moving water, groping . . .

"First shot!" he cried exultantly. "What's this?"

Mason took it. It looked like a button or a tiny brown electric-light bulb.

"It looks to me like a capsule," said Michael, turning it over curiously.

It was indeed a tiny capsule of thin glass, containing something the color of which was indistinguishable.

"I seem to know the shape, too. Now where the devil have I seen those before?"

"It can go to the police analyst, anyway," said Mason, and put it carefully in his pocket. "Mike, you're lucky: try again."

Michael's wet hand went through the water, but he could find nothing. And then he saw what hundreds of pairs of eyes, focused on that strip of pavement, had not seen. It lay poised upon the sharp edge of the curb as if it had been carefully placed there, though it must have rolled into its position through the force of gravity. The long stone hung over the curb; the platinum circle was dulled with rain.

HE PICKED it up, his heart thumping painfully.

"What is this?" Mason took it from his unwilling hand. "A ring! To think those poor, blind bats—a ruby ring! I suppose the ruby's an imitation, but it looks like a ruby."

Michael said nothing. The men were swaying blurs of shadow; he found difficulty in breathing. Something in his attitude must have attracted Mason's attention, for he looked at him sharply.

"What's the matter with you? You look like a dead man! It was stooping down that did it—the blood rushing to your head, eh?"

Michael knew Mason well enough to realize that the superintendent was advancing an excuse for the benefit of the other detectives, and this was confirmed when he sent them groping vainly through the gutters for some new clue. Then he took Michael's arm.

"Son," he said kindly, "you've seen that ring before, haven't you?"

Michael shook his head.

"What's the use of telling me a lie?" Mason's voice was reproachful and hurt.

"I don't remember seeing it before," said Michael harshly.

"Hiding?" said Mason gently. "What's the use? Somebody's bound to come along and blow it all. You were saying only a minute ago how silly people were to keep things from the police—twiddling little things that don't count. And you couldn't understand their mentality. Are you understanding their mentality any better?"

"I've never seen that ring before."

It required a mighty effort on his part for Michael to make this statement. Mr. Mason was by nature a skeptic and not easily convinced.

"You've seen it before and you know to whom it belongs. Listen, Michael! You'll save yourself a lot of trouble, and somebody else more, if you take me into your confidence. It doesn't mean that the person who owns that ring is going to be pinched, or is booked for pads of publicity—you know me too well for that. Hiding, as you say, is one of the curses of the business."

Michael had recovered himself by this time. "You'll be pinching me for the murder in a minute," he said lightly. "No, I don't know that stone at all. I was dizzy from trying to do stunts in the gutter with my head between my legs."

Mason looked at him for a long time, then at the ring. "A lady's ring, I should say—a little-finger ring. That will mean publicity," he said carelessly. "You newspapermen certainly spread yourselves on a mysterious clue like this, and I shouldn't be surprised to find a portrait of the

young lady——" He stopped suddenly. "Not Miss Harman?"

"No!" said Michael loudly.

"Liar," retorted Mr. Mason. "It's Miss Harman's ring! And you knew it the moment you saw it!" He looked at the jewel, then put it into his pocket.

"This man who was murdered was a South African?" asked Mike.

Mason nodded.

"Had he come recently from South Africa?"

"We don't know, but we guess within the last week or two."

"What is his name?"

"We don't even know that, except that it's Donald." Mason's jaw dropped. "Whom is Miss Harman going to marry?" he asked.

"An Irishman named Feeney," said Michael mendaciously. "No; as a matter of fact, Mason, she's marrying me. But I've had a little tiff with her. Can I see the body?"

"Let's go together," said Mason, and linked arms with him.

Their gruesome errand lasted only a few minutes and left Michael more puzzled than ever. Puzzled and terribly distressed. There was no question at all that the man who had dropped that ring, whether it was the dead man or the murderer, was the romantic lover. He must find out the truth at all costs.

He left Mason at the police station and ran out, almost knocking down a girl at the foot of the station steps.

"Michael! Michael!" she gasped. "They told me you were here. I had to see you. Oh, Michael, I've been a fool and I do want help terribly!"

"How long have you been here, Janice?" he asked.

"I've just arrived. There's my car." She pointed to its dim lights. "Could we go somewhere? I want to speak to you. There's been a murder, hasn't there?"

He nodded.

"How dreadful! But I'm glad I knew where I could find you. There always seem to be murders here." She shuddered. "And I've been murdered, too, Michael. All my vanity, all my pride—if it's true. And I feel that you are the only person that can bring them to life again. Where can we go?"

He went back to the car with her. She was in so pitiable a condition that he took the wheel and drove her to Bury Street. He had never been in her apartment before, so he was a stranger to the maid who opened the door.

Janice led the way to the pretty drawing room and closed the door.

"Your shoes and your stockings are all wet—go and change them," he commanded before she started speaking.

She went meekly, and returned in a few minutes with a dressing gown around her, and cowered down in an armchair.

"Here's the cablegram I had." She handed him a folded paper. "Wait! Before you read it I want to tell you. He said he had a farm in Paarl and he was anxious to buy some adjoining property. I was buying it for him and I cabled out to Van Zyl, that nice boy I spoke to you about, and told him to buy it. That is his answer."

Michael opened the telegram. It was a long message.

The property you mention is not at Paarl but in Constantia adjoining the convict prison. It is not and never has been for sale. Donald Bateman, whom you mention as proprietor, is unknown as landowner either here or in Rhodesia. My friend Public Prosecutor is afraid man you mention is Donald Bateman who served nine months' imprisonment at Constantia

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for land frauds; tall, rather good-looking man, long scar under his chin, gray eyes. He left by Balmoral Castle five weeks ago en route England. His frauds take shape of persuading people advance money buy property and decamping with deposit. Please forgive if this little melodramatic. Always anxious serve.

Carl

He folded the telegram and looked at Janice oddly. Then he said in a strange voice: "The scar under the chin. It's curious, that's the first thing I noticed."

She looked up at him, startled. "You haven't seen him? You told me you hadn't. When did you see him?"

Michael licked his dry lips. Donald Bateman! So that was his name!

"My dear, how rotten for you!" he said huskily.

"Do you think that is true? That he is—what Carl says he is?"

"Yes," he said. "You gave him the ring, didn't you?"

"That was nothing; it had no value except a sentimental one—which made it rather appropriate," she added bitterly.

There was something he had to ask, something so difficult that he could hardly frame the words. "There are no complications, are there?"

She looked up at him wonderingly. "Complications? What do you mean?"

She saw that he avoided her gaze.

"Well, I mean, you aren't married already—secretly married, you know?"

She shook her head. "Why should I? Of course not."

He gave a sigh of relief. "Thank the Lord for that! Are you very fond of him? Not too fond, are you, Janice?"

"No. I've been a mad schoolgirl, haven't I? I've been realizing all evening that I didn't—love him. I wonder if you'll believe it. I haven't even kissed him—ugh! Naturally my pride is hurt, but I haven't crashed so utterly as I should if I—well, if this thing had gone on before I found it out. You'll never laugh at me, will you, Michael?"

"No, I shan't laugh at you."

"Why did you ask about the ring?"

He made the plunge. "Because I've been lying about it to Mason—Superintendent Mason of Scotland Yard."

She was on her feet instantly, her eyes wide with alarm. "Scotland Yard! Have they got the ring? Have they arrested him? Michael, what is it? You're hiding something. What is it?"

"I've been hiding something—yes. I've been hiding from Mason the fact that the ring was yours. It was found in Endley Street. I picked it up myself, near the place where the body of a murdered man was found."

"A murdered man was found in Endley Street." She repeated the words slowly. "That was the case you were on. Who was it? Not Donald Bateman?"

He nodded.

"Oh, how awful!"

He thought she was going to faint, but when he reached out to catch her she pushed him back.

"Murdered—how? By whom?"

"He was stabbed by some person unknown," said Michael. "I—I've seen him. That's how I knew about the scar."

She was white but she showed no other sign of distress. "What was he doing there?" she asked. "He didn't know the neighborhood; he told me today he'd never been there before in his life. Nobody knows who did it?"

Michael shook his head. "Nobody. When I saw the ring I recognized it at once. Mason knew that I was lying when I told him I had never seen it before. He may advertise the ring tomorrow unless I tell him."

"Then tell him!" she said instantly. "Dead! It's unbelievable!"

She sat down in the chair again, her face in her hands. But when she raised her face to him her eyes were tearless.

"You had better go back, my dear. I shan't do anything stupid—but I'm afraid I shan't sleep. Will you come early in the morning and let me know what has been discovered?"

"I don't want to leave you like this," he said, but she smiled faintly.

"You're talking as if I were a mid-Victorian heroine," she said. "No, my dear, you go. I'd like to be alone."

And then, to his great embarrassment, she raised his hand and kissed it.

"I'm being motherly," she said.

If there were no tears in her eyes, pain was there. He thought it wise to leave at once, and he came back to Tidal Basin to find the streets alive with police, for two important things had happened; two new phases of the drama had been enacted in his absence.

What secret lies concealed in the drugged brain of Lorna Weston? In the Next Installment of Edgar Wallace's newest thriller the police uncover tangled clues from the mysterious past of Donald Bateman

Back Streets (*Continued from page 51*)

drank in a room brilliantly lighted with crystal chandeliers. Afterwards the guests could repair to an equally brilliant room where there were tables for *vingt-et-un*, poker and baccarat, and a roulette wheel.

Ray, who loved a game of chance, had won eighty dollars at roulette, on O'Ryan's stake of five. There had been wine, but chiefly out of deference to the house. O'Ryan was not drunk, except that suddenly there was about him an air of intoxication that was frightening.

"Come now, you've known your Uncle Fuller long enough to stop trying to pull his whiskers. Ever been here?"

For answer Ray grasped the clutch, throwing it, and with a forward leap over the cobblestones, the car began to rattle and quiver.

"Here, you! Are you crazy?" shouted O'Ryan. "Take your hands off! Let go!"

"Then you take me home," she said, pressing her foot on the first pedal within reach and sending the car careening unevenly along the deserted street.

"That will be about enough of that four-flushing!" he said, red with rage, easily forcing her fingers free of the wheel. "You're going to do as I say tonight," and he began to turn the car in the middle of the block.

"I am, am I!" cried Ray. "I am, am I!" And then, just as the vehicle completed its turn and began its return rumble down the street, she jumped down on the cobblestones.

It was one of those little midnight episodes common enough to city streets.

Plainly a man and a girl in a row, and while the girl picked herself up, the rotter—a swell, no doubt—rumbled away in his horseless carriage.

Luckily the woman was unhurt, so it was unnecessary to pursue the horseless carriage. A policeman questioned Ray, then told her she ought to be ashamed, a nice-appearing girl like her, and to hurry along home and behave herself.

Time and time again, subsequently

helping her to realize what a poor thing her old vigorous zest had become, she was to find herself wishing that, miraculously, the girl who jumped from the horseless carriage that midnight had been lucky enough never to have bothered to rise again . . .

Ray used to say about herself, scrutinizing her face in the mirror, that she was one of those cheviot people who did not show wear and tear.

This was not true, in the sense that it was understatement.

On those occasions when she met someone out of the old Cincinnati days, the outburst of comment was almost identical: "Why, Ray, you're getting better-looking every day!"

The boys in general seemed to think this. It was all she could do now to manage an evening or two a week in which to catch up on her sewing or keep her collection of souvenir spoons polished and arranged alphabetically, according to towns. There was quite a collection.

Just went to show what a cosmopolitan town New York was, compared with Cincinnati. Why, in Cincinnati it would have been impossible to round out such a collection. Here it had been a simple matter.

The boys came flocking to New York like flies to sticky paper. Memphis. Altoona. Cleveland. Dallas. Seattle. And after his return home, scarcely one of them failed to remember her request for a souvenir spoon. All pretty much alike, these fellows, but just the same they kept her from having time to let tastelessness lie along the tongue.

She kept them at arm's length, sometimes almost breaking the arm to do it, and during the repetitious days she succeeded, apparently, in making the cotton pansies and dotted veilings matter, because at the end of the second year there had been a ten-dollar-a-month raise.

From the beginning this ten dollars went regularly to Freda. There were three babies now and affairs had not gone well in Youngstown. The appalling had happened not six weeks after Ray's departure for New York. Herman Hanck had married a notorious woman.

In the wake of the disaster, and Herman Hanck's gesture of final dismissal of his nephew by way of a check for five hundred dollars, the three, Tagenhorst, daughter and son-in-law, had departed for Youngstown.

From the first it seemed obvious that Marshall had steered his mother into rough sailing, because the house which had been traded for the one on Baymiller Street turned out damp and unrentable, to say nothing of the fact that, once established in Youngstown, it seemed impossible for Hugo to hold a position.

Freda's desultory letters dwelt lightly upon her mother's predicament, her particular tussle seeming to center about the three babies born in year-by-year succession, and the fact that Hugo could not even hold the trivial positions that matched his caliber.

The souvenir spoons were for Emma, Freda's eldest, when she should grow up. Every once in a while, this three-year-old tot, her hand obviously guided, wrote in some such vein as this: "Dear Aunt Ray, thank you for the pretty bunny blanket. We are well and hope you are the same." Or: "Dear Aunt Ray, thank you for the one dollar. We are well and hope you are the same."

There was a photograph of Freda's three flaxen babies on Ray's dresser. The two little boys were puny, string-bean images of their father. Emma,

SUPERB AT NIGHT! ONLY GLAZO COLORS HOLD THEIR FULL BEAUTY, EVEN UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

how long since anyone has said

"What pretty hands you have!"

FOR hands that charm—by the sparkle-tipped flight of creamy fingers—no polish provides fingertips of such superlative chic as Glazo's crystal sheen.

What satisfaction there is in keeping your fingertips groomed to gleaming grace! For pretty fingertips make pleasing hands in nine cases out of ten.

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Glazo polishes go on with absolute smoothness and evenness of color. Their crystal surface resists wear, keeps a freshly manicured appearance for a week or more. It does not crack or peel.

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With Glazo's Perfumed Lipstick Reds Nails Smartly Echo Your Lips!

Echo the shade of your lipstick in one of these new Lipstick Reds—a stunning effect now popular with smart women.

Use Glazo *Flame* with a "light" lipstick; *Geranium* for "medium" and *Crimson* for "dark" ones.

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I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

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RC-11-30

overfat, with creases for wrists and her mother's blondness, was Ray's idea of a really beautiful baby.

The little gold pin which the child wore in the photograph, engraved "BABY," was also Ray's gift. "Dear Aunt Ray, thank you for this and for that," the little guided fingers had occasion to write with considerable frequency.

It was fine about Emma. It gave Ray something to shop for. Even when the regrettable need arose for spectacles for Emma, when she was only four, it was a warming chore to be able to have the prescription for the lenses filled by an expert New York optician.

Ray, who loved to spend money, could gratify that instinct by browsing around the novelty stores in search of some trifle she could send to Youngstown. It gave her destination, in the hour after the completion of her own working day. Shopping for Emma.

Incidentally, her eye was always peeled for the remnant, the bit of braid or taffeta, to be put by for future use. She still designed and made her own clothes.

Even as it had been back in the Cincinnati days, the old indictments persisted against her. "Needn't tell me she can dress the way she does on what she earns." This notwithstanding the fact that the yardage from which she made her garments was, often as not, lying about her room.

Not that, in the last analysis, it mattered!

Occasionally, of a Sunday morning, Ray ventured to go to church on Fifth Avenue. It was easy for Ray to conjure a sense of God; to give herself over to the ministrations of ritual. God was a bosom toward which she turned a tired face that ached to cry, and somehow seldom did or could, except in church.

So it went.

One night, in the Eden Musée, of all places, there came to her, from a widower named Russel Loemen, of Chattanooga, her second proposal of marriage.

A city salesman named Edward Macrin had organized, with an eye to entertaining the trade, a dinner-and-theater party, composed of Ray, Loemen, head of the Chattanooga firm which bore his name, and another young woman buyer.

There had been dinner at the Waldorf Astoria, first-row seats for "Florodora" and, afterward, Rector's. Loemen, plainly smitten, had invited Ray for dinner the following evening and they had wandered from Lüchow's to Eden Musée.

"You know, Miss Ray," he said, as they were standing beside a menacing wax Svengali, "Ah can't somehow make myself belong to this spo'ty town. Ah'm a family man, Miss Ray."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Loemen," she replied, "I never thought much about it." As a matter of fact, she had wondered if he were married.

"Look here, Miss Ray, you're going to think me plumb crazy, but Ah'm the kind of man that thinks fast. Once Ah know a thing, Ah know it. Ah haven't thought about much else since Ah clapped eyes on you last night. Ah want to take you back home as Mrs. Loemen. Ah can afford to. Ah'd mighty well like to, and, what's more, Ah intend to."

Instinct told her this was real.

"Mah first wife died thirteen yeahs ago, Miss Ray. Fust time Ah've so much as looked at the same woman twice since. She was a good woman, but Ah believe at last Ah've met her equal."

Thinking it over later, she was to marvel that never once had she hesitated in her reply. Folly lay in that reply, willful renunciation of most of the things her loneliness craved and a chance to redeem what looked perilously like a life in danger of slipping away into nonentity. Folly—yet the reply was on her lips almost before his words were off his.

There were the makings of a prosperous, well-ordered life with Loemen. As she dismissed him, consciousness of this trooped through her mind. Her "No" to Loemen was her inability to keep from walking down the steep depression that had become her life.

That curious external self of hers which had so casually dismissed Loemen was the one with which she had now to reckon. It was the self she carried with her to the business of Longmans-Black; it was the self who lunched at Shanley's on Saturdays; played euchre at public card parties; went once to Saratoga over a Saturday racing event, or went walking on Sunday afternoons in the nattiest of the moment's modes, her skirts plucked high.

It was that external self made the men with whom she now came in contact in growing numbers delight in her free-and-easy companionship, up to that inevitable time when the demand was sure to be for more than that, and then each one of them, feeling somehow cheated, resented her.

In appearance she was at her best. "Dressy and good-looking," the glances of people in public places and on the streets voted her. A swell-looking girl, with whom men were proud to be seen.

"You're the kind of girl who misrepresents, and won't go through," a broker once told her. "That kind of leading a man on is dishonest."

That was being pretty plain. That was being plain enough to start the misery crawling . . .

In a way, it sometimes seemed to her rank immorality not to have wormed her way into the security of a life with Kurt or Loemen. The alternative she chose—the life of the hotel-luncheon; the Albany night boat over Sunday, provided there was the saving decency of another girl in the party; Shanley's of a midnight, were pretenses just as dishonest as one of these marriages would have been.

At least it would have been easier to give for value received. There was at any rate the decency of honest barter in giving herself to a man for home and keep. Her game was to buy without paying. Good times, recreation, gayeties, food and drink.

The anomalous position of playing around with men was one that began to weigh, as more and more her spirits flagged and her ability to care receded.

It was well along in the fifth year of what was becoming the unutterable staleness of the days and nights that, walking along Wall Street one May evening toward the office of a friend with whom she was to dine, she encountered Walter Saxel.

"This is a surprise, Ray," he said, taking her hand slowly, regarding her in anything but the key of surprise.

It might have been Vine Street, after they had not met for twenty or thirty hours, instead of five and one-half years. It might have been almost anybody she was encountering there in the narrow din of Wall Street, except the one capable of bringing to her this surge of almost unbearable excitement.

"Well, of all people!" she said, just as she would have said to any other from home. "What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing here? Why, we've lived here for almost two years now."

"You don't say so!" she said, with the usual polite surprise. But inside of her, tumbling, was the chaos of the thought that for two years they had been walking the same streets, breathing the same

air, and she had not had the miracle of understanding to sense it.

Seeing him was to stir into pain again the mortal sickness at her heart.

They stepped into the shadow of the Treasury Building and, for an hour, talked at the tempo of those who have little time and much to say.

"I felt bad, your leaving Cincinnati as you did, Ray. Without a word."

She was suddenly, after the five quiescent years, so hurt and bitter that she did not trust her lips to frame a reply. "You knew I was here, Walter?"

"Well, yes, in a way."

"You look well, Walter. A little stouter."

"Getting along in years. I'm the father of two."

Without a thought for her, without even a suggestion of awareness of the silent scream of terror she could feel dart through her as he said this, he took out a small leather case and showed her the two, their small faces bunched together. She did not look long, because all she saw was a spinning pin wheel the size of the picture.

"Fine, Walter," she said, and returned it. "Your family here?"

He seemed to regard her in mild incredulity that she could be so unaware of the momentous. "You didn't know? I'm a junior partner. Friedlander-Kunz!"

It had come so soon, then! Rightly, normally, as it should. He was a young banker now. Looked it, in the well-made gray sack suit that fitted his slightly stouter figure. He was almost imperceptibly gray at the temples, too.

"Oh, Walter, I'm glad!" She was. She was, even if miseries that had for so long lain half frozen in her were rushing in quickly released streams.

"My mother died last April, Ray."

He had suffered, and not even that had got through to her.

"Walter, dear Walter."

"Curious thing about that, Ray. I always wanted you to know Mother."

He could say that, apparently without knowledge that he was twisting her pain.

"I wanted to know her, Walter."

"My wife's parents died within two weeks of each other two years ago."

So he had been through death and birth and by now was in the sinew of settled manhood! They, he and Corinne, had between them the ropy, fibrous, tightening bond of private sorrows and private ecstasies. Life, death, birth. Maturity was part of his general thickening. His fingers with the square tips. His face, now that the cheeks were heavier, seeming squarer than of old.

Solid, substantial. A banker. Already something moneyed about him. The solidity with which he had said "my wife." Even while it excluded her, the solidity, as always, wrung her admiration.

"You have been through a great deal, Walter."

"Good and bad, Ray. And you?"

Her lips began to slip away from their firm tension, and she hauled them back to where she could feel them smile.

"Same old Ray, I guess, Walter. Working along, living along, playing along best I can."

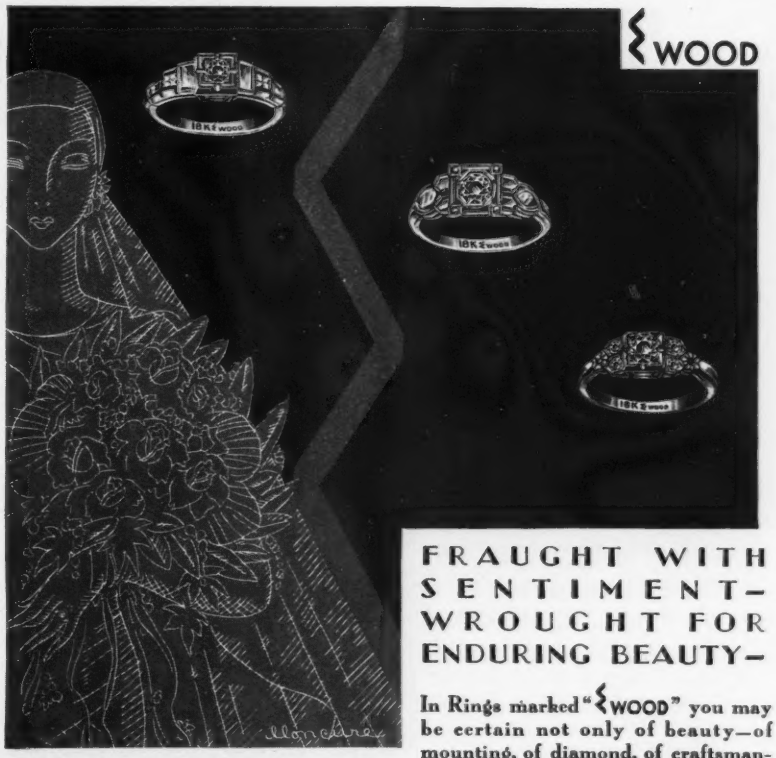
Something of tenderness came out in his face, in a way she knew by heart.

"I've missed you, Ray," he said, as if realizing it as they stood there.

She was conscious of her lips again and her will to keep them firm. "And I've missed you, Walter. I mean—missed the way we used to have of talking over every little thing that happened. I'm like that. I like to listen to every little thing about a person."

What nonsense this, and yet her lips talked on.

"That's true, Ray. You were always a



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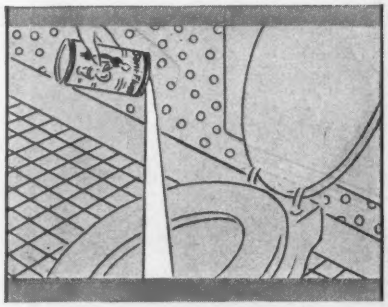

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good listener. Flatters a fellow like the dickens to be listened to. Remember the day I thought they were going to bounce me at the bank because I honored a power-of-attorney check for eleven hundred dollars after the power had lapsed?"

Did she! They had sat four hours in the C H and D waiting room, while he let the last Hamilton train pull out, discussing his dilemma. She had gone home at three in the morning, leaving him to snatch sleep on the hard bench of the station and they had met again at breakfast to devise a way to cover up his predicament. Did she remember!

They stood for an hour, tearing apart the obscuring years, Walter reconstructing, step by step, the processes that had brought him East.

"My wife's mother's brother is Felix Friedlander, of the firm of Friedlander-Kunz. Reason they never took Solomon Trauer into the banking house was because he preferred his own town and his own little business. They look on me as young-blood, you see."

Her eyes ached with the years of seeing.

"Well, anyway, seems there has always been an agreement between Felix Friedlander and his partner Kunz never to force an issue in order to favor a relative. But when one of the junior partners was sent to Berlin to open a branch there, that constituted an opening that was part of the ordinary course of events, and so they sent for me."

"Walter, you will go far."

He would! There might be nothing of the genius of industry or high finance about Walter, but he would carry on with munificence, and a certain Oriental magnificence, the traditions of so stately a house as Friedlander-Kunz.

In the eventuality of succession Walter, with his charming, gregarious manner, his inborn unction, his shrewd capacity to withhold a decision until just the right moment, his well-oiled mathematical bent of mind, coupled with all the ready-made power of banking paraphernalia behind him, would carry firmly forward.

This much she knew irrevocably about Walter. As they stood there in the violet dusk, his talk with her grew more revealing, more confidentially a résumé of the past since they had met. The business ramifications of his life, since marriage. The crucial occasion of the summons to New York. The present difficult years of adjustments. The complicated fabric of international banking.

Her own elementary mathematical instinct made his talk comprehensible. Her facility in bookkeeping was the result of a talent. For years she had kept her father's books, and Kurt's. Even where she could not fully comprehend, she could be intelligently interested, and Walter, feeling himself heeded, let expansion take place that carried him back to the days when she could listen for hours on end.

"It's getting chilly standing here this way, Ray. Couldn't we step into Fleischmann's for a bite of dinner?"

That she was being waited for by a broker who was to take her to Lüchow's did not even occur to her. What did occur to her must have flashed into her face, because he said hastily:

"I often telephone home not to wait dinner when I am detained. Will you come? It's been so long since we have had a talk. I feel the need of it, Ray."

As she stood there, her inability to deny him came over her with finality.

The coming-together of Ray Schmidt and Walter Saxel was something so

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gradual, so innocent of scheme or plan, that it was impossible, looking back, for Ray to determine exactly when she reached her decision to leave Blaymey's. More than that, it was even difficult to go back over those conversations with Walter that had dwelt upon the feasibility of a flat.

Certainly there was in Ray, the day some two months following the encounter, as she rode in a cab, holding hatboxes and minor baggage, no overpowering realization that, in traversing the short distance from West Twenty-third Street to the red-brick apartment house on Broadway, she was burning bridges behind her.

There had never been an instant in the years intervening between their first meeting and this transition in her life, brought about by the step she was now taking, that subconsciously she had not been prepared to do whatever was desired by the one human being in the world whose wish was her law.

Even back in the Cincinnati days, Walter, she now realized, could have had this for the asking. This, or less, or more: everything, or as he had chosen to decide, nothing. As he wanted, then as now.

In fact, she caught herself thinking one day, it was sweeter this way. In almost any other relationship, she would have given him less. This way, it was all or nothing. Yes, it was sweeter . . .

Here was a situation that unfolded itself not by machination, but as naturally as a flower unfolds itself.

Indecision, doubts of her which had characterized their early days, seemed to have vanished, because he said to her, so simply that her heart did not even quicken by a beat: "Ray, this can't go on. The time has come for us to have a place of our own. We need a flat. Some place where we can be quiet and alone. This kind of thing cannot go on without becoming conspicuous, even in a city like this."

"I've thought of that. You have so much to consider."

"I want you to feel about all this, Ray, as a Frenchwoman would feel about it. The time has come for us to call a spade a spade. My feeling for you and my feeling for my wife and children are things separate and apart. I can be loyal to both these feelings, because they are so different."

Should she despise him for that? The thought rushed to her that now was the last instant of her last opportunity to keep her life her own. To refuse to become part of an active disloyalty to the wife of a man who coveted and was coveted in return. To refuse to become the mistress of a man who took pains to establish this wife's footing.

There was yet time, but so fleeting was the hesitancy that her next question was acquiescence. "Shall you find the—the place, Walter?"

"Yes."

It was better that way. The talk of money would have been abominable to her. What he could afford, or what he would afford, was sure to be right.

What he chose was a rear apartment on the third floor of a five-story red-brick building on Broadway, not far from Central Park. The bathroom and bedroom required gaslight all day. But the large living room, dining room and kitchen were filled with morning sunshine and remained bright into late afternoon.

Into this small place Ray fitted with the close adjustment of a bit of fungus to its wall. Immediately it became home to her; the first premises that had ever allowed her the full privacy of a kitchen in which to putter unrestricted.

There was a parlor set consisting of

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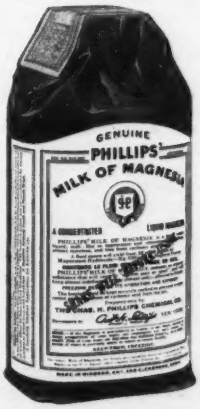

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL (SARCOPTIC) MANGE MEDICINE AND GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MEDICATED SOAP
A complete scalp and hair treatment
Glover's Mange Medicine—as active in 15 minutes in stopping germ growth as 5% carbolic acid is in 48 hours.
MASSAGE scalp with finger tips.
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FREE—New booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.
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five pieces, mahogany with freckled cinnamon plush upholstery edged in ball fringe; a substantial five-piece bedroom set of walnut, and a dining room in the same solidity. China closet laid out in a handsome Haviland fish set; sideboard with a little set of balconies for cutglass objects, to say nothing of a Vernis-Martin curio cabinet into which would cram the tiny ivory carvings, filigree objects, porcelain dogs and cats that had always delighted her heart.

Within a week small gay tassels dangled from the end of every window shade, and a litter of silver-framed photographs, fringed scarfs, bisque and porcelain objects covered mantels, tables, dresser and whatnot.

A small bisque angel attached by a bit of ribbon to the center chandelier of the living room was to dangle there in swimming position until, from proximity to the gas jet, its pale thighs took on a sootiness that would not scrub off.

Immediately this flat became to Ray her kennel, her business days little more than long chilly intervals between leaving mornings and returning evenings laden with thumb tacks, screening, meat grinder, toothbrush rack, cushion tops, tidies and luxuries for the larder.

At once there developed in her, full grown, out of the Zeus of past experiences, a talent for cookery, garnered from long years of memories of the house on Baymiller Street; abetted by the many times she had assisted her father or Tagenhorst at the huge old range. At their very first dinner in her flat the table was spread with a completeness that was more and more to characterize it. Polished silver and well-filled cruets. Heavy silence cloth covered with a weighty damask.

And so, almost overnight, as it were, this abode took on a lived-in aspect, even in that early period when the place stood silent all day long during her absence at business and the evenings, except the one or two in the week Walter managed to spend there, were solitary.

And Walter liked it. Immediately it assumed for him something of a Hamilton interior. Here he could stretch out in a Morris chair and be a little gross in the things he wanted. He dared to be himself in that flat.

It was the same with Ray. Almost incredible to her was the rapidity with which her interests narrowed to the interests of this flat. Even on those evenings when she did not see Walter, there was not only occasion and obligation to be home, there was desire.

Walter had installed a telephone. That was lovely. It hung in the entrance foyer and on one or two occasions had been ringing as she unlocked her door. It was like a voice screaming for her presence, and she liked it.

It seemed to her that the men she had been in the habit of meeting after work hours must have sensed what was what. Actually they did not, but what they did sense was her indifference And within the month, without comment even from the men and girls with whom she was thrown in contact at Longmans-Black, she was free to go home to walls that enclosed her like the grateful folds of a shawl, there to putter, there to adjust, and most of all, there to wait.

If during the long, quiet evenings the telephone against the wall crowed, there was the invariable thrill of jumping to its mouthpiece. If it did not—well, there was tomorrow, and if not tomorrow then the day following, or the day following that.

Once, when she was unlocking her door at evening, her hands filled with small packages, frantic to get to the telephone before it stopped ringing, there was no one at the other end of the wire when she finally did reach the instrument, and despondency flooded her.

She would never have ventured to telephone Walter, either at his business or at his home—a brownstone house on Lexington Avenue. So for two hours thereafter she sat moping beside an instrument that would not ring again.

About eleven, Walter, equally disgruntled, put in an appearance.

That was the evening that Walter suggested she give up her position.

"I want to feel that you are here when I want you. It helps me to talk things out with you. That's why it upset me this evening when you didn't answer the telephone. Needed to talk over that project of the Jersey City Trust with you. Helps me. I need you, dear, on call."

There was never any more to it than that. It came as a shock to her; it came as something more than that. It meant cutting loose the last tie that bound her to a busy outside world of which she had always been a gay part. It meant—well, it meant cutting away from under her the business ground upon which her feet had so long stood.

"I've been a business girl for fifteen years, Walter."

"And now your business is me, Ray. I need you."

The suffusing sweetness of that was almost more than she could bear.

It had always seemed, in the days when she had dared let her mind wander to the possibility of life with Walter, that nothing of a character that was not part and parcel of ecstasy could ever get at her again. With him, even the dull day would be lived on a singing plane.

Nothing of the sort. The ecstasy was there, all right. But the incredible change had been so quiet. No doubts, fears, sense of the forbidden.

The first night with him was like feeling her body become the life stream upon the secure bosom of which he could lie blessedly safe and secure. They were elements bound tightly in the wonder of blending so perfectly. No words, now, needed to be spoken. The light of the perfection of the understanding between them had been kindled at the altar of that first night.

But a few nights following, drawing down her stocking to administer to a blister on her heel, she said to him:

"It is wonderful that I never need be afraid any more of revealing to you an ugliness about me. We are one, Walter."

He looked at her without flushing. "One," he repeated, after a pause so imperceptible as to be perceptible only to her.

The thought of Corinne was to begin to lie at the bottom of a pool of silence between them, seldom stirred, seldom causing turgid waters.

Trifles happened from the first. The iceman, calling up the dumb waiter, demanded to know if she wished her weekly bill made out to "Miss" or "Mrs." "To Miss—— No, no! Mrs.——" "Mrs.," of course! The vacillation had been a slip, causing the iceman to laugh in a way that was bad to hear. "Mrs." it must be from now on.

Mrs.—what? Mrs. Schmidt. What did it matter so long as indubitably, past redemption, past chance, past anything that could ever happen, she was "Mrs." to Walter? And so "Mrs. Schmidt" read the name on the bell-plate. Walter laughed when he saw it, without self-consciousness or sensitiveness.

"That will make it easier," he said.

She wanted him to be tender over it and hold her closely when the precious implication of the "Mrs." sank in. When

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he did not, her tenderness flowed out just the same. She was "Mrs.," all right. To him.

And so, rapidly, grew the trifles that cemented the newness of the situation into accepted fact. Before Ray realized it, life had taken on its new routine; a slow-paced routine, which, far from keeping her pitched to the state that would have coincided with her heart's delight, kept her a little doused, as it were. Humbly quiet. Content to sit at sedentary tasks, looking out over the back roofs and the back windows while rain drizzled or sunlight slid along the walls.

The days were each like a warm bath from which she was reluctant to emerge, lying back in them as if it was enough just to wait. To wait for the ringing of the telephone in the entrance hall.

Even on the days when Walter did not come at all, or on those rarer ones when the telephone did not even ring, there was no disappointment connected with the waiting. The pattern of Walter's time was fairly well defined. He came on those evenings when to absent himself from home seemed most natural.

But always on the eve of a pending banking problem, Walter came. Strange, too. She said little as he talked, listening always with an adoring attention, but slow to advise. He liked that.

A woman across the hall named Hattie Dixon used to visit in and out during the long days. Hattie, who was forty but still striking in a bold Spanish way, used openly to quiz Ray about Walter's financial status.

"Is your friend well off?"

"I guess he is."

"You guess? Don't you know?"

As a matter of fact, Ray did not. It was a subject that had never come up for discussion between them. But more and more it was being borne in upon Ray that, despite a conservative hand to the purse strings where she was concerned, Walter, while his position in the banking house was still that of junior partner, was not only permitted, but expected, to sit in on various negotiations which it was assumed he would ultimately have to meet as official.

Obviously, already Walter had begun to lay the foundations of a fortune. The handsome house on Lexington Avenue testified to that. Ray would still walk out of her way to look at a house occupied by Corinne. This was a narrow brownstone structure, with a high stoop, windows handsomely crisscrossed in net, small iron balconies across the sills.

On one occasion, as Ray had been passing on the opposite side of the street, there descended the stoop the slightly heavier, but still blondly pretty Corinne. It was winter, and her hands were tucked primly into a rug-shaped moleskin muff, and her handsome moleskin dolman, fringed in chenille, fitted her to perfection. A pretty little peafowl of a matron. Snug. Right. Tight.

Curious that, viewing her, little of the anomaly of her own position smote Ray. Corinne was someone to regard wistfully from a distance.

No sense of social misdemeanor smote Ray. She would have given much, of course, to feel free of a furtive sense of poaching on another's preserves, but Corinne's was the place in the sun of the victor.

Ray's position on the edge did not intrude into that security, except in the sense of—that was the part you did not permit yourself to think about! No denying that Walter was being unfaithful. That was terrible. That was wrong—of them both.

And yet, if the edge you shaved off

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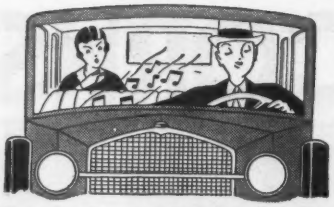

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the pie before you put it into the oven were sufficient to keep another spirit alive! That spirit was Ray, living on leavings, on crumbs from the rich Corinne's table; exulting on leavings, with no point of view except the one engendered by her yearnings and her spiritual and bodily hunger.

That busy little matron, hurrying along in her modish furs, was being cheated. There was no argument against that; just the sickening knowledge that it was true. And yet, admitting this, it seemed so indubitably that what Walter gave to Corinne was in no way lessened by what Walter gave to Ray.

Shameful self-justification, of course, but a man could care for two women at the same time. The husband and father in Walter were Corinne's. His first loyalties were hers.

There would be no hesitancy in his choice between them. Every aspect of his polite life was bound up in Corinne. She had rights: property rights, legal rights, moral rights, ethical rights.

The woman in the flat, content with the leavings, walking surreptitiously behind the moleskin wrap, was not a menace to this security. Not even to the well-being.

According to established precedent the woman in the flat should have been shrouded in mole instead of in the plain home-tailored jacket. Not Walter! No lavish hand where Ray was concerned. Even while she wondered and sometimes resented, it was the way she preferred, helping somewhat to alleviate the sting of the anomaly of her position.

It was imperative to find some philosophy to help reason out to herself her lack of horror at what was happening. Ray wanted to experience spiritual nausea at her dilemma, and yet, all the while, it was impossible not to go through the days to a singing of the heart such as she had never known. Never even conceived!

That was how the days, those first few years, spread themselves out in a fan of delight. The delight of that first little clearing of its throat, before the telephone rang. The delight of filling her flat with the small inexpensive objects in which she reveled. The delight of shopping for foods that were warming to Walter's palate. Even the delight of long hours indoors.

This, then, the old Ray, with her gayety undiminished, but her desire for its more palpable forms—the theater, the race track, the restaurant—practically vanished. On a few occasions, such as Walter's absence from the city, she had attended horse races, lunched at the hotels or gone to theaters with Hattie Dixon, but the fact remained that over a period of three years she had not ventured out of her flat for more than two or three consecutive hours, and then only at long intervals. The ever-impending contingency of that telephone call!

The appearance of a slight but persistent bronchial cough, which threatened to become chronic, lessened the rigor of this régime. The old physician who occupied a neighboring apartment diagnosed her complaint as one induced partially, at least, by lack of fresh air and exercise, and prescribed at least four hours daily out of doors.

To Ray, who had a horror of even a slight indisposition, there was something peremptory in the old doctor's dictate. A sickly woman would be an abomination to Walter!

When she suggested to him that he try to arrange his telephone calls so as to allow her more freedom of action, there was such genuine bewilderment and rueful surprise in his face that she declared,

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Dr. Edwards **OLIVE TABLETS**

between kisses, that she did not mean one word of it.

"Why, Ray, I never thought of that! You've been tied down here like a slave."

"I have loved it, Walter. It's just that I'm beginning to think that if I don't get out more I'll turn into a fat bronchial old lady and you'll hate me."

"I never want you to stay in on my account again," he said, and lied.

"Why, Walter, I wish I hadn't mentioned it, if you're going to take it like that."

"I'm glad you mentioned it. Trouble is, I never can tell ahead just what days I can get here for lunch. As for the other—well, you know the situation on Lexington Avenue."

Did she! She knew it by heart, by rote, by day, by night.

"Tell you what I'm going to do, Ray. I'm going to make it my business to try to let you know by eleven every morning what my plans are for the day. No use your sitting here like a bump on a log all day long, waiting. Funny thing, now, I never thought of that, and you goose," he said and kissed her, "you wouldn't speak up if it killed you."

The thought that flooded her was how unselfish he was, after all, and if possible her tenderness to him became tenderer.

"Walter, have you any idea how much I love you?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, I know you like me a lot, darling, but what I mean is—well, I mean it's on the principle that you can't pour two tumblers of water into one. I sometimes think I love you more than you're built to hold, Walter."

"I'm a one-tumbler-capacity man, is that it? Well, I don't know just what you mean, but it sounds to me as if you're saying something I mighty much like to hear."

Once he was frank with her in a way that she was to hoard as something precious. For the first time he referred to Corinne in other than such indirect phrasing as: "You know the Lexington Avenue situation"; or, "There is no use my doing anything on Lexington Avenue that may make it more difficult for us."

They had been sitting on the cinnamon plush sofa in the overheated and by now overcrowded living room. It was evening and they had just dined—too well.

He had been telling her of a pending loan from the house of Friedlander-Kunz to one of the small principalities of southern Europe, which, if consummated, would create an international deal of many millions. While his position in the firm was, at the time, little more than that of bystander, it struck Ray that vast affairs hung closely in Walter's offing; affairs so vast and so close that their imminence frightened her.

"Walter, some day you will be a great international banker and forget all about me. Never do that, Walter. It would be like throwing me out of a boat into the ocean."

"Why, Ray, what's got into you?"

"I don't know. Silly of me to say that, wasn't it? I didn't mean to interrupt."

"But I want you to," he said, kissing her, "when you feel like that. But I'm surprised at you, Ray."

"I'm surprised at myself, Walter. Don't pay any attention to me. Go on."

"You know how indispensable you are to me."

"I think I do, Walter. But I wish you'd say it more often."

"I'll try to. I keep thinking you take it for granted."

"I know. Men are that way. It's their great sex error."

"I know things aren't easy for you.

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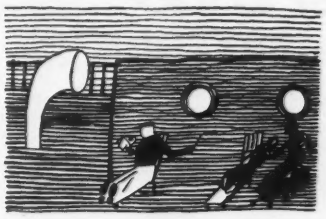

"Why does that man make such funny faces, Mamma?"

"He isn't making faces, Frankie. He is moistening his cigarette to keep it from sticking to his lips."

"But why does he cough, Mamma? And spit?"

"Be quiet dear. He got the end of his cigarette wet. And he doesn't like to chew tobacco."

"Look Mamma, do gentlemen use rouge?"

"No, Frankie, that red spot is *blood!* The poor man tore his lip when he moved his cigarette. It's too bad *somebody* doesn't tell him about Marlboro's Ivory Tips!"

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State plainly which letter of monogram you desire for large center initial

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45 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Ray. As a matter of fact, neither are they for me—this arrangement, I mean."

"I realize that, boy."

"Life is a complicated-enough arrangement—without this—this——"

"Don't I know it?"

"Guess I shouldn't have said that, should I?"

He shouldn't. He shouldn't.

"But I figure you know where I stand, Ray—between you and Corinne, I mean."

She sat for a moment without breathing.

"I'm in love with my wife, Ray. You know that."

"Yes," she said, trying to make the word audible.

"What makes you so wonderful, Ray, is that you're not the kind of person to go flying off on a tangent at a remark like that. You understand."

"I do, Walter," she said, feeling as if there were ropes around her heart trying to haul it from its moorings.

"I love Corinne, Ray."

If only he would quit saying it!

"Whatever doubts I may have had back there in the beginning——"

Then he had had doubts! Damn Freda! Damn life! No, no, no—as if that morning at the Zoo would have made any difference!

"Whatever doubts I may have had back there when we both were free are gone now, Ray. I did the only thing there was to do. Corinne has been a good wife, a good mother, and I owe much to her—connections."

Cad, you. No, no! Darling, you. Life is like that. Nobody is all good, all bad.

"And I love you too, Ray. Lots of women could never understand that. The French do. Corinne couldn't. It is a strange thing, Ray, this loving two women at the same time in different ways. Sometimes I feel so puzzled about myself that I marvel I keep sane."

(Himself. Himself.)

"Strange! Take that little woman in the house on Lexington Avenue. She hasn't your mind, Ray. Can't pin her down. One of those skidding woman-minds. Ambitions for all sorts of things that shouldn't matter, but do. Stewing over the children. Worrying over cooks and fur coats, stair carpets and winter apples. Financial affairs of our friends.

"Most loyal little creature you ever did see. Go through fire for me. Wonderful mother, good housekeeper, fine appearance, great connections, go through fire for me."

(You've said that once.)

"Knows how to wheedle her uncle where my interests are concerned. Great little diplomat. Kind of woman who will head a home in as fine a fashion as a man could wish."

(Go on; maybe it will help me to hate you!)

"I'm telling you all this, Ray, because I feel I owe it to you and because you understand. If I seem nervous sometimes and jumpy, it is because I'm in the devilish position of wanting to be two places at the same time. Here, and there with her and the children."

"Better if you'd never clapped eyes on me!"

"Yes, if you look at it in a certain way. It is a dangerous position, and yet, I wouldn't change things. I couldn't give you up, Ray. You're the only person in the world with whom I am myself. That's a fact. The one minute in the day that I really become myself is when I enter this door. You're the reason, Ray. Always the same. Selfless. When you love a person you love him more than you love yourself."

(You don't! You don't! You don't!)

"Often when I've gone away from here

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and get to realizing the way I've sat for hours talking about myself and my affairs, I get ashamed. Corinne is all ambition for the children, for the home, and for me, and that is as it should be.

"You're ambitious too, but in another way. I can talk to you about my work. I need that, Ray. Just between you and me, I'm in deep waters most of the time; in the midst of affairs that seem over my head. That's why I need encouragement and understanding. Sometimes it seems to me that if I don't get here to talk things over with you, I can't go on. I firmly believe I am qualifying every day for my work, but half the time I'm panting, Ray. With fear."

"My poor boy. You have it in you to accomplish what you set out to accomplish."

"I have, haven't I, Ray? Say that again."

"You have a good, strong, receptive mind, Walter. You have cool judgment, caution and solid reasoning power. You are a splendid mixer. You have personality. You observe and you remember what you observe."

"I do. Take this case of the Fulton Mortgage and Trust Company. Remember my telling you about our firm and the Mississippi Valley loan?"

"The time you went out to St. Louis?"

"Yes; remember you looked up some data on the Mississippi Trust matter at the library for me to study out on the train?"

"I love looking up data for you, Walter."

"I couldn't have talked about that Mississippi Valley problem any place in the world the way I did right here, Ray. That's what I mean. I needed to think out loud."

(You needed me to think out loud!)

"I needed your sympathetic understanding. You've got sympathy and understanding and patience and sweetness, Ray, and I love you."

"And I love you, Walter, so terribly that sometimes it frightens me."

"Tush! Nothing to be frightened about. So long as you are the dear, sweet, patient girl you are, nothing can go wrong. If I had my way, Ray, I'd be here twice as much as I am. Remember that and be content."

"I am content."

"And more than content?"

"More than content."

"How much more?"

"So much more, Walter, that if I were to go to sleep tonight and never wake, I would have died the happiest person in the world."

He could have cried . . .

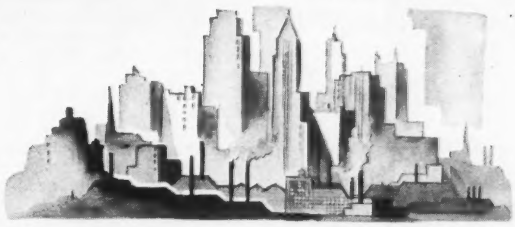
One day, as Ray was seated before her writing desk going over her household accounts, it occurred to her that now that more of her time was her own, it might be a good idea to "take up something."

Money matters, where Walter was concerned, had from the start been a source of strain and self-consciousness between them. It was not that he was exactly penurious. It was just that the subject of money seemed to embarrass him.

His way of evading was to leave, the first of every month, five new twenty-dollar bills stuck in the bisque basket on the back of the bisque figure of a fish peddler on the shelf of the sideboard. That, apparently, was the monthly sum he had figured would cover the expenses of the little ménage.

In a way it did. Thirty dollars' rent left a sufficient margin for gas, telephone, ice, food, clothing and incidentals. But barely more than sufficient.

It meant managing a bit, hunting



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around for remnants for her own dresses and watching such items as gas, laundry, car fares and cookery, when Walter was not about. Once or twice Ray had run beyond her allotment, but there had been her own small nest egg. When that petered out, as it did, to her surprise, owing chiefly to the troubled problem of little Emma's eyes, there were a few occasions when it became necessary to raise the vexed question of money.

There had never been any demurring. The money had been forthcoming, not out with it and down with it then and there, but after his departure, there it would be, tucked into the basket of the bisque fishmonger.

Strangely, this delicacy on the part of Walter was secretly the source of much hurt pride to Ray. Again and again she told herself that it could not be penury. Walter was already reputed to be wealthy. Not that he ever permitted Ray, who understood most of his financial affairs so intimately, to know what he was drawing from the banking house. But what she did know was the amount of Walter's life insurance and the nature of his private holdings.

It was wrong of Walter to place her in the rigid vise of an allowance. Dear knows she spent his money far more conservatively than she would have spent her own.

His expenditures on his family were beginning to approach the magnificent. There were two nurses for the children now. A closed carriage, closed coupé, landaulet and the children's phaëton and Shetlands.

Within six years Corinne had refurnished the house on Lexington Avenue and Walter had recently purchased a mansion at Deal Beach for a summer home.

All this was as it should be. But it seemed a shame that the thought never seemed to enter Walter's head that it might be within his power to lighten things materially for Ray.

It was one thing to have to count hopefully on a small killing at the races in order to be able to send a money order to Freda—nothing could have induced Ray to divert Walter's funds into her family channel; but it was quite another matter to be obliged to confess to Hattie Dixon that balcony seats were all she could afford for a matinée, or that tea or a drink at Martin's afterwards was too much a stretch of the purse.

"You're a fool. Ask! Catch me not asking George for what I don't see!"

That must have been true, because Hattie was usually well supplied with money by the hale Buffalo broker whose occasional week-ends in New York were the source of noisy parties in the Dixon flat.

"Ask! Them as asks, gets."

Perhaps. But even when the allowance was running low, solely because of her expenditures on Walter's behalf, the words would not come. Guilty of the very reticence she resented in Walter, she tightened her purse strings for a series of small private denials until the next appearance of the bank notes in the bisque basket.

Curious that Walter should subject her to this. But even though at times her blood boiled, she would invariably melt into a state of idealization of his shortcomings. What a small boy he was!

Hattie had suggested an explanation that was as peculiar as it was possible.

"He don't care for the money. I know those Jewish boys. Look at the way he throws it around every other way! He don't care for the money, Ray. He wants to keep you little. He figures if he dikes you out too flashy, and other fellows begin throwing eyes your way, that will take away his feeling of security about having you here when he wants you."

There might be something in that. It was not improbable, after all, that this might be Walter's way of keeping their relationship on a plane safely away from the calculating one that was so horrible to her in the women with whom Ray realized she was now classed. She might shop with them, lunch with them, attend races with them, but secretly she regarded her alliance as something special.

That was why the idea of "taking up something" smote her pleasantly. It would enable her to earn pin money and at the same time improve herself. The desire to improve herself was one which had flashed intermittently over Ray since those days when she had made sporadic attempts at elocution, burnt wood and Delsarte.

What could she do? It must be something that could be accomplished at home. Gone were the days when she even felt the urge to leave the house of a morning for a day among the moving marts of men. Gone, and strangely there was no desire for their return. The flat was so snug. The ease of sleeping late was pleasant. The sweet delights of waiting were unquenched.

There had been a woman in Cincinnati who had made a good living in ceramics. China painting was fashionable, lucrative and genteel.

There was a sign in one of the windows of a ground-floor apartment of the building in which Ray lived. "China Painting Taught. Fifty Cents a Lesson." Even Walter was receptive to that idea when she broached it.

"You girls are always wanting to mess around in one thing or another," he said. "Never saw the like with women nowadays. Restless, that's what you are. But go ahead. China-paint to your heart's content."

The following day she began learning to outline pink and yellow rose petals on teacups, with a green leaf lying on the saucer.

"You would be surprised," Ray was fond of remarking to "the girls" during their visits to one another, "how much my work has done for my nerves. Quieted them down like anything."

A vigorous, high-busted blonde, a Mrs. Saperlee, had recently moved into the building. Her flat was one of the elaborate front ones. Men and women in evening dress met there over card tables covered in green felt.

During the day Mrs. Saperlee passed around left-over sandwiches and half-emptied bottles of good vintage with a generosity that established her flat as headquarters for afternoon gatherings of girls with time on their hands. Euchre and poker games flourished there among them, usually for indifferent stakes.

Mrs. Saperlee was one of Ray's best customers. "I know just how you feel, dearest, about the china painting quieting your nerves. Gets your mind off yourself. I think I could use another dozen of those sweet little ash receivers with the forget-me-nots and pansies."

The girls kept a flow of orders coming in. Dresser sets, consisting of comb and brush tray; hair receiver; hairpin tray; powder box; souvenir cup and saucer inscribed with the recipient's name. It was pleasant work, leaving no evidence in the flat, except a small table laid out with objects that had not yet gone to be baked.

It is doubtful if Walter, after the first little while, when the arrival of each new piece from the ovens was an event, was even conscious of the considerable

traffic in china painting which occupied part of Ray's days. That she executed pieces and small sets was known to him. What he did not realize was to what extent the side line took care of such matters as little Emma, certain delicacies which found their way to the fulsome meals, or the hassocks, sofa pillows and lounging robes that were constantly making appearance for his comfort.

It was easy to concentrate on the china painting. Here, the mind had free play. Then, too, going for a china-painting lesson was simply a matter of throwing on a cape over her wrapper and going downstairs. By now she had become almost inseparable from the indoors.

It was easy to become a home body. For a while Ray, to combat this, determined upon a daily walk, but that petered out. After her marketing, it was good to be home again.

There was something big and exposed and unfriendly about the old street scenes in which she had reveled for so many years of her life. The ogling of the men frightened her. Traffic seemed to have quickened in the years since she had been daily part of it. There were many of those hateful automobiles now, and electric cars with the habit of clanging right upon her, and something disconcerting even about the eyes of the casual passers-by. Eyes that stole her privacy.

One day something happened that discomfited her so that she trembled for hours after it had occurred. Whom should she encounter on the street but a Cincinnati girl whose name had been Retta Speigel before marriage. Retta and Ray had attended one year at high together, immediately after which Retta had married and moved away.

"Ray!"

"Retta!"

"Well, if this don't beat anything! You living in New York, Ray?"

"I certainly am."

"Well, if this don't beat anything!"

Retta was a matron now, the kind of woman whose husband would call her "Mother."

"I married a Toledo boy, Ray. We moved East three years ago, when he got transferred to the eastern headquarters. He's a draftsman. We live in West Orange. Nice little home out there. My oldest boy is eleven."

"My, my! You certainly don't look it, Retta," lied Ray, a victim of the silly trembling that had hold of her.

"And you—honestly! The same old tony Ray. You married, Ray?"

"No. I came East after my father died. I—I'm just going along as usual."

"I see," said Retta, her eyes suddenly roving and roving until Ray could have screamed; "I see. Well, it's mighty nice to have seen you. Give my love to old Cincinnati when you write out there. Good-by."

Such a trifling incident to cause her to go scurrying back to the security, the overheated privacy, the snug safe retreat of her flat.

That night she told Walter the incident. "I can't begin to tell you, Walter, what I suffered. I thought—I thought I'd die."

"Thought you'd die? Why? That's not like you."

"I know it, Walter. Just seems like I hate to meet people any more."

"That's nonsense."

"I know it is. I'm not ashamed of anything."

"Of course you're not."

"If I had to do it all over again I wouldn't change things. It's just that I'm getting sensitive about silly nothings. I'd rather stick here at home,

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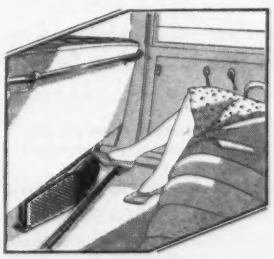

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Walter, where, even if you're not here, your things are hanging on pegs."

He was moved at that, and pinched her cheek: "Goosie."

"I guess I am." She wanted to cry, but she would not. She knew his masculine dread of tears. Corinne cried. Walter was not sympathetic to tears.

Besides, it needed only one glance at him to know that he was bristling with something to tell. That was why his glance half slid as she talked. He was not so much listening as waiting. He was like a small boy, she thought, her indulgence flowing over her sense of hurt. He is waiting for me to ask what is on his mind.

"There's a girl!" he said, when she sprang back from his arms, grasped him by the shoulders and said, "What's on your mind, darling?"

He felt for a cigar. She was before him, bounding over to his humidor, withdrawing one, lighting it and passing it from her lips to his.

"Now," she said, and wound her arms around his neck and lay with her ear to his heart—"now what?" How safe it was there!

"Ray," he said, "something mighty important is about to happen to me."

"You mean the Guaranty loan is going through?" She lay tense and waiting.

"Looks to me, Ray, as if Felix Friedlander is getting ready to put his house in order. He's a sick man. He sent for me today to have lunch with him. Important things are about to happen in the firm, Ray."

"Walter, you don't mean——?"

"I do."

"But Mr. Kunz!"

"That's just the point. Kunz is no spring chicken, either. Ultimately he plans to retire, too. Oh, not today or tomorrow, but looking ahead, from what I was able to understand, that seems to be the picture. It looks to me as if I'm directly in line."

"I don't know what to say, Walter."

"Don't say anything until it happens. But I am giving you an idea of what may happen."

"I always knew some day—of course. But to think there is talk about it already."

"Not exactly. Don't misunderstand. It is just the nearest the old gentleman has ever come to putting a card on the table. Talked and beat around the bush. Kept harping on the two foreign loans I've been telling you about. That's not all. I'm going to France."

It seemed to her, lying there, that everything about her just stopped. Her heart; its beat. Her blood; its course in her veins. The noises and sounds of everyday life, including Walter's voice against her eardrums. This was vacuum. Lying there against Walter's heart, conscious that "I'm going to France" had been said, and yet not hearing it any more.

"Felix Friedlander seems to think I'm the man to swing the deal from that end. And I—well sir, Ray, I don't know whether I feel so set up or so bowled over that my wits have deserted me. I came straight here from the bank."

Walter was frightened. She could feel him tremble. Walter needed to be bolstered.

"What this amounts to, Ray, is international banking. If I go over there I'm mixing myself up with the history of two small principalities. If I don't feel up to tackling a thing like this, now is the time for me to come out like a man and say, 'Look here, Uncle Felix, this is all very fine but I'm not ready!'"

(Yes, Yes. Yes. Stay with me, Walter. Don't outgrow me. Stay with me.)

He was frightened. She would have given everything to be able to reach out her hand and say to him: Stay with me, Walter. You will fail. In this snug nest of our compatibility, be content.

But Walter would not fail. He would succeed in the way the slow, the plodding, the tenacious and the unbrilliant can succeed. Properly guided; always properly guided, always within eye-and-mind grasp, he would succeed.

"You will succeed, Walter." She did not add: Properly guided, you will plod to achievement. But it will be your grim desire rather than your talent that will succeed. "You will succeed, Walter."

He caught her wrists. "Does it seem that way to you, Ray? Sometimes it seems to me you know me better than I know myself."

"I know you will succeed."

"To hear you say that is worth everything."

"You need not worry about your lack of experience. You are the one to make use of the experience of others."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, a quick cloud chasing the satisfaction across his face.

"Why, darling, that you will climb higher on the underpinnings that others have already erected." Nor did she add: Because you are emulator, not creator.

"I know how long my arm is. I will not try to stretch beyond its reach."

Exactly! Said better than she could have said it, even had she dared.

"Never make a move on your way up, Walter—anyway, until you get the knack of walking in a high place—without consulting someone who is wiser than you are. You'll get that knack, Walter. This is a high place compared to the old days, and see how gradually you have been climbing up the mountain almost without knowing it. Watch the other men who have succeeded before you, in your kind of work. Watch. Take their advice up to the point where you believe in it and from that point use your brain as if you had two of them. One brain for, and one against. May the best of your two brains win!"

"I think you will have to be my other brain, Ray."

"You'll succeed, Walter."

He had never been so tender with her. "I love you, Ray. Don't know what I'd do without you. You give me nerve. You give me confidence. I'll show them. I've never really let off steam. Ever observe that about me, Ray? I'm the sort that goes slowly until the right moment, and then—bingo!"

(The sort that goes slowly until the right moment! What about the Guaranty case? It had been like holding back horses to keep him from plunging into what would have been a terrible mistake. Oh, Walter!) Of course, though, she said nothing of the sort.

"You saw the way I handled the Guaranty case. Another temperament would have snapped up the first offer and made the mistake of his life. Did I? Not me!"

(How she had forced upon him the policy of waiting! Had caused him, in fact, to reverse, by cablegram, a decision of impulse.)

"I'm going to be a force in the banking world, Ray. Governments will have to reckon with me. I've a level head, Ray, if I do say so myself, and I know how to keep it square on my shoulders."

(Her phrase, this last.)

"Corinne, now, doesn't quite understand. She's all impulse, ambitious for the children, ambitious for me, for the home, and naturally she sees only the immediate result. That's what I love in you, Ray. Your level head. Sometimes after I've talked with you and got my

bearings, I see myself as I am. Take today: come here scared out of my wits, admit it, but feel now as if I could go across the Atlantic and make terms with high government moguls, as if I were one of them. Kiss me, Ray, I love you."

"Oh, my dear. Oh, my dear, dear!" she said. "How terrible never to be able to find words to tell you how much I love you!"

"Darling, what can there be sinful in loving you as much as I do, so long as no one else is really hurt by it?"

How they salved and salved themselves with this philosophy which she had concocted out of darts of spiritual neuralgia.

"That is my credo. To live so as to hurt no one else. Otherwise all is fair." (Her phrase.) "I could stay here," he said, "and let life and international banking and success flow past me like so much water."

Ray knew that he could not, but thinking of the brownstone house on Lexington Avenue and the implacable stone front of the banking house, the miracle of having him all to herself smote her simultaneously with fear and ecstasy.

He would be going away, sailing away. The days would be each an empty dice box out of which every cube of meaning had fallen. Days and days! Her lips would not ask how many but—as was often the case between them—he replied to her unspoken question.

"I know what is on your mind, dearest. It won't be long. I'll be back by the end of June."

This was only March! Even his short trips had been almost unbearable, and now this! She felt her lips twisting and hid them against his coat.

"If only it were possible to take you with me!"

He was thinking that there would be Corinne, too, to placate. And strangely, it smote him that leaving his wife would be a deep pang all its own. Two women from whom it would not be easy to be away. There was a prank of circumstance for you!

Corinne would cry and hang about his neck. Yes, Corinne would cry. It would have been pleasant having Corinne along, but Ray, now, would be a godsend! What joy she would take in making everything easier . . .

"The time will fly, sweetheart, and next trip you shall come along."

She sat with her hands loose and dead-looking in her lap. "Yes, of course."

"I want you to do some reading for me while I'm away. That will fill your time."

"Yes, of course."

"You won't get into mischief, my sweet?"

The question was rhetorical and absurd and he knew it and she knew it and they laughed and embraced. Mischief! Mischief, when it was difficult for her even to put foot into a world that flowed outside their private happiness. Mischief! The mischief of counting the days.

Dear, dear heart. Dear, dear darling. She was embarrassed at the rush of these endearments to her lips and half the time she restrained them. It was enough to lie there and cry inwardly at what was about to befall her and soak in the sweet moments that were at hand.

All night she lay in his arms and the tide of their ecstasies rose and receded, leaving them bathed in something stranger and sweeter than peace. When dawn broke, it was he who lay in her arms, the small boy—asleep.

In Fannie Hurst's December Installment Walter's reticence about money leaves Ray in a perilous predicament while he is in Europe

SOME people collect postage stamps, some, beetles, some, miniature ivory elephants.

I'm making a collection of beautiful places, but my collection is rather limited so far—the sun sinking into Lake Michigan, viewed from the Michigan shore opposite Chicago, a certain stretch of road in Idaho where the late afternoon sunlight on the mountains is reflected in the South Fork of the Boise River, and the Columbia River when the air is hazy with the smoke from distant forest fires.

Maurice Baring tells of his collection of beautiful places in "Around the World in Any Number of Days."

"... a lake in Manchuria covered with large pink lotus flowers ... Linfa, the deserted ruin of the Roman Campagna, rising from waters thick with water lilies ... in the Scilly Isles, that island which is a white garden set in the bluest of seas ... Brusa in Asia Minor in the spring, where the nightingales sing all day, and the roses are in full bloom, and the noise of running water is forever in your ears."

Well, I should think anyone would be intrigued by such a collection of beautiful places, and I for one am going to find these, or others, in far away corners of the world to add to my collection. Not in the distant future when an armchair by a fire will appear most attractive to me, but now, while I can see with the eyes of youth and enthusiasm and appreciation.

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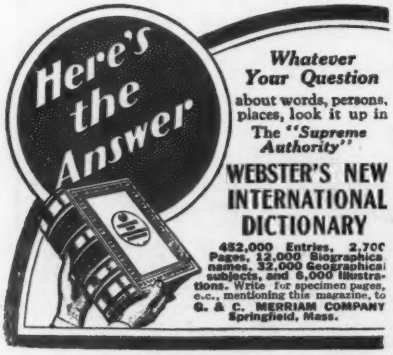

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